

Britannia

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No. 17

THE CURE *for* UNEMPLOYMENT

FOR a good many years now people have lulled themselves with the hope that this curse would lift itself; and this time last year it appeared as if there were really some grounds for such a hope. From the worst year of all, 1920, unemployment had fallen a little, year by year, till the year 1924; it then turned the corner and began to rise a little; then came 1926 with the General Strike and the coal stoppage; but, with 1927, we seemed really on the up grade. Unemployment, though still at the very high figure of 9·6 for the year, was less than it had been in any year since 1920.

But in April, 1928, the curve which had up to then run more or less parallel to that of 1927, with the customary monthly bumps and dips, suddenly turned upwards. It rose—it went on rising—it was 12·8 last November. It is still soaring upwards. The total numbers given in the last issue of the *Gazette* are 1,131,000 men, 235,000 women, 73,000 juveniles.

In eight years we have had with us, roughly speaking, somewhere about a million men unemployed; and the number is rising.

The Army of the Workless.

WHAT has been the policy of the country with regard to this army of people? For an army it is, if we remember that men have wives and children. There must be, roughly, about three million of persons concerned, if we count in all these.

To begin with, we are spending as a nation about thirty-six million on unemployment pay, and fifteen million on out-relief, of which the Minister of Health declares about eight million go to the unemployed; that makes about forty-four million a year for one million or so unemployed and their families, not an absurdly generous contribution.

What have we done to provide them with work? Here is the record of the Unemployment Grants Committee as given in their last annual report:

By Susan Lawrence, M.P.



Miss Susan Lawrence, M.P.—An Impression by Kapp.

SCHEMES APPROVED.		
Period.	No.	Value.
December, 1920–March, 1922	3,523	£26,574,000
March, 1922–June, 1923	2,917	15,874,000
July, 1923–June, 1924 ..	2,780	24,222,000
July, 1924–June, 1925 ..	2,272	20,639,000
July, 1925–June, 1926 ..	1,240	17,566,000
July, 1926–June, 1927 ..	63	792,000

The Committee further tell us that in June, 1927, they still have fifteen schemes under consideration of a value of £244,193. The truth is that we have been standing by, banking from month to month on trade improving; without any national policy, except leaving things to take care of themselves.

The effects have now become so frightful that last Christmas the Prince of Wales made an appeal for charity; and in so doing, I think, he did really and truly represent the country and give a voice to the general spontaneous emotion of the country. The Government is going to give £ for £; we are going to spend £20,000 on the Royal Parks; and the Unemployment Grants Committee is to be roused from its sleep, and to start a certain number of new schemes.

All honour to those who subscribe to the Mansion House Fund; but can it really be imagined for one moment that private charity can meet such a need as this? The value of private charity here is not so much what it does as what it shows. It shows that the feeling of humanity is still alive in this country; and that thousands of people are anxiously and earnestly willing to help.

But is there really nothing better to be done? Is the thing so very difficult to deal with? I do not think so for one moment. I believe that the truth is that unemployment, as it now exists, is not a great calamity, but a great opportunity.

Let us, therefore, examine our position coldly and calmly.

A Picture of our Wealth.

FIRST of all, if it were true that we were all poor together, or if we were all growing poorer, it might be necessary to preach patience. But is it so? *The Times*, in its review of the year—and surely we could have no safer or more moderate authority—tells us that:—

Industrial profits began to take an upward turn at the end of the year 1922; in 1923 there was an increase of 30·6 per cent., in 1924 a further rise of 6·6 per cent., followed by advances of 8·7 and 6·3 per cent. in 1925 and

1926. In 1927 there was a setback of 3 per cent., owing to the General Strike of 1926 and the prolonged coal stoppage. That decrease will be more than offset by the present increase, for the profits announced in 1928 will exceed those of 1927 by an appreciable sum.

Profits are rising, therefore, but what about our national savings? We are doing very well there too:—

New capital issues for the eleven months reached a total of £364,185,000, as compared with £308,515,000 in the same period of 1927. The total is the highest since 1920, when the issues of capital exceeded £422,000,000. But in that year the value of money was less than half what it is to-day. If allowance be made for this factor, the new capital issues in 1928 have never before been equalled.

It goes on to point out that, of this vast sum of money, over £160,000,000 has been invested outside this country.

That is not a picture of a poverty-stricken country; it is the picture of a country with vast resources, a country financing other countries, and perfectly competent to deal with the human misery caused by the fact that great old industries are depressed, and that newer trades are rising.

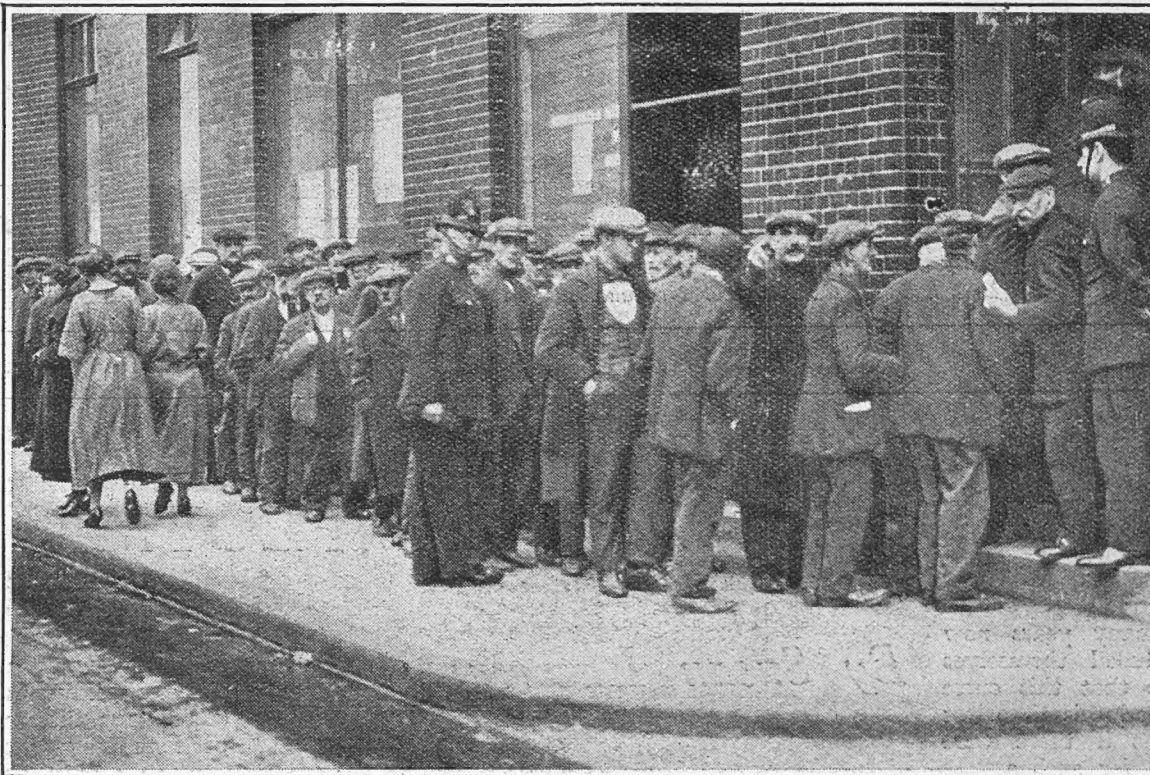
An Infectious Disease.

WHAT, then, are the reasons for unemployment? Everyone will answer at once—trade is depressed. That is true; but there are one or two other things which are usually forgotten.

First of all, unemployment is an infectious disease; it tends to propagate itself. A million unemployed means, from the point of view of business, a lesser demand for goods. It isn't in the least a coincidence that the miners' children are in rags and that the woollen trade is depressed; and what trade wants is not more *saving* (as the statistics quoted of new capital shows), it is more *spending*.

It is not, really, good business to send money to India to build new cotton mills, when we have plant and labour at home standing idle. If, by loan or by taxation, we were to divert the national savings to the development of our own country, and, consequently, to the creation of a home market, we might—if the operation were wisely and prudently managed—do much for the prosperity of our country.

And, secondly, suppose the depressed industries did revive, would this mean an end of unemployment? Almost certainly not. If those markets were recaptured it would be by the same road—competition, reorganisation, closing down useless services and plants, adopting every labour-saving improvement in technique. To modernise industry means, in the present circumstances, dispensing with the services of a great amount of labour. We have now, therefore, and



Looking for the job that rarely if ever turns up. A typical scene outside a Labour Exchange.

are likely to have for some time, a greater labour force than we can fully employ; their poverty restricts production; and yet, at the same time, profits are rising higher; the savings of the nation are greater than they have ever been before.

Under such circumstances, unemployment is only a calamity if we choose to make it so. Properly used, it is a great opportunity; an opportunity, for this means that we are now in a position to do two things: to improve very greatly the mental and physical efficiency of our workers, and to increase the capital wealth of our own country; these two things, taken together, will do away with unemployment, and leave us a richer and more efficient nation. They will cost money; but it will be money well spent; far better than the useless drain of unemployment benefit and poor-law relief.

Stop the Flow of Juveniles.

FIRST of all, supposing for one moment (and only for one moment) that there was really no profitable work on which we could employ the unemployed—we ought to settle which persons should be unemployed. The census returns of 1921 showed over nine hundred thousand persons under sixteen in industry, persons who, it is clear, would be much better off in school. Education with maintenance up to sixteen; what are the objections? Only that it would cost a great deal of money.

It is said, I know, that the machine could not do it. I am old enough to have talked with people who did the work of the 'seventies; and when I reflect how the London School Board, with a machine to create, with 300,000 children who had never been to school, with schools to build and teachers to find, boldly passed a bye-law for compulsory education and proceeded to enforce it as the schools went up; when I think of those heroic days of education, of what Mr. Gladstone said in 1870, and what the authorities did, I can only marvel at the want of spirit of our educators of to-day. We had, in truth, a much tougher job then, and we tackled it like men.

And this great national reform is, obviously, a much easier thing to do in a time of bad

trade. For there are unemployed juveniles as well as unemployed adults. We should relieve the labour market by stopping the flow of juveniles; and, what is at least as important, we should stop the horrible demoralisation of the boys left idle at the most impressionable time of their lives.

Work to be Done

BUT this is a gradual relief. Is there no work that needs to be done, suitable for men used to heavy labour such as the miners? Let us take one Royal Commission only—the Report of

the Royal Commission on Land Drainage. The Ministry of Agriculture reported that at least 1,755,000 acres of land were in immediate need of drainage, and of these only 285,000 acres had as much as a drainage authority. The experts had planned out the road basins that needed drainage and divided them into four classes in order of size: there were seventeen schemes for areas of 1,000 square miles and upwards; ten schemes in Class 2; twenty-eight schemes in Class 3; thirty-five schemes in Class 4.

The Ouse scheme has a whole book to itself; about a three-million scheme planned, in default of which this splendid land is "likely to revert to its original state of swamp." But the Royal Commission, when it came to doing the work, merely uttered a cry of despair.

The nature of the work makes it an ideal scheme for the employment of the best diggers in the world.

Unnecessary Misery.

AND there is a good deal of other work. I see that Mr. Garvin has turned his attention to roads, and he is a thousand times right. Again, there is a great piece of work to be done in housing; not, indeed, the piece of work which our Government has done lately, that of putting more of the cost on the rates, but in getting the houses built. There is afforestation.

If the whole country were one estate, managed on business principles, we should do what any man would do with his factory, if we had money to spare and work was slack: we should improve our equipment.

Indeed, in contemplating this question, it is not only the misery of the unemployed, but the fact that that misery is unnecessary which fills the heart with rage.

In subsequent issues of *BRITANNIA* we shall examine the vexed question of *Unemployment* from various angles and submit for the consideration of our readers the opinions of some of the greatest authorities in the land.

Simultaneously, we shall approach the twin-problem of *Safeguarding*, in a discussion unhampered by vested interests or party politics.

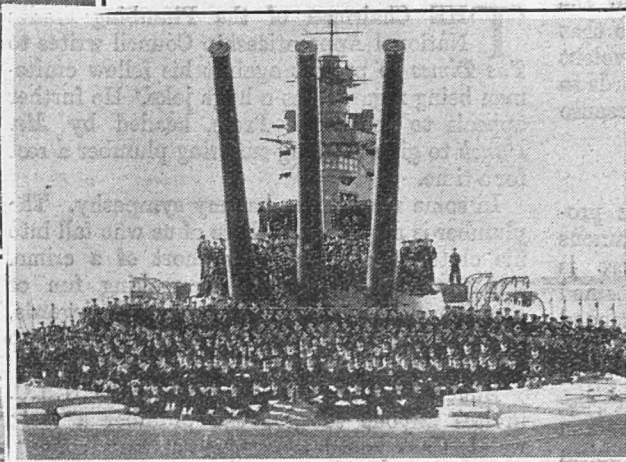
Next week Sir Henry Page Croft, Bart., will lead with a straight answer to the question: "What is *Safeguarding*?"

BRITANNIA'S DIARY

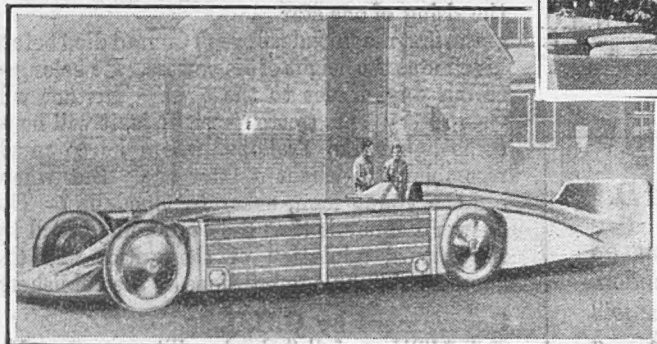
A CRITICAL SURVEY OF CURRENT EVENTS



Professor Einstein recuperating after a strenuous session. Five pages of a manuscript which contain a further development of Professor Einstein's theory of relativity will be published within a few days.



The ship's company of H.M.S. "Rodney" before leaving Portland for the Mediterranean.



Major H. O. D. Segrave's new car "The Golden Arrow" in which he hopes to break the world's speed record at Daytona, Florida. Our picture shows the car as it will be when completed. It has cost £15,000 to construct and is 1,000 h.p.



Lord Birkenhead in the sunshine at Madeira, probably pondering on his articles for BRITANNIA which will re-commence on his return at the end of the month.

THE 1928 trade returns show a decline in imports of £21 million and an increase in exports of £14 million. The total imports for the year are valued at £1,196 million, and the total visible exports and re-exports at £732 million, leaving a so-called adverse trade balance of £464 million. This figure is a puzzling one.

We know that our imports are in fact paid for either in goods (to which the Board of Trade figures relate), in service (of which shipping is the chief), or in foreign currency coming to us from foreign dividends, or from tourists. We know this because failing these methods of payment we should have in the long run to pay in gold or by borrowing money abroad, and we know we are not doing either.

The puzzle is that when, before the war, we were the great creditor nation, our excess of imports was smaller than to-day. No economist has ever given a really satisfactory explanation of this. In this connection the decline in the imports of grain (no less than £13 million) and a net decline of over £6 million in food imports as a whole is symptomatic. We are actually and physically consuming less than we were a year ago. This is no doubt necessary, but people who profess to find proof in these figures that we are "holding our own" are easily satisfied.

A Prince of Talkers.

I CANNOT get excited over the centenary of Edmund Burke. There are two difficulties in politics. The first is to get power; the second is to use it wisely. Burke failed at the first hurdle. The reason was simple. Burke was a bore. When he rose to speak, the rest of the House rose too. His majestic eloquence, his unfailingly exalted sentiments, were poured out to empty benches. His chief achievement has been to provide a specious historical basis for the self-complacency of the 19th century politician.

His theory that nationalities are organisms whose evolution will proceed naturally and for the general good if only historical continuity is preserved, has been proved ludicrously false. He attacked the French revolutionists and applauded the revolt of the American colonies

because the latter had constitutional precedent on their side and the former were acting against it. To-day we find in France the chief conservator of historic European culture; in America the chief challenge to its influence. This may be a good thing or a bad thing, but it knocks the bottom out of Edmund Burke.

Social Services.

A WHITE PAPER issued last week gave the cost of "social services" for 1927 as £383,230,483. In 1911, when the country was infinitely richer, the expenditure for social services was £63,077,551. Of this vast increase some £60 million is accounted for by war pensions, and the rest by the extension of the franchise.

When every one in receipt of money from the State, other than for services rendered to the State, is disqualified from voting this expenditure will reach a limit. Otherwise it will continue to increase.

Reaction Triumphant.

KING Amanullah's attempt to Westernise Afghanistan is at an end, and with his reign will go the new régime of top hats and Paris models.

It has been a somewhat inglorious failure, this effort to foister new lamps for old on a people obviously devoted to their old methods of illumination. But Amanullah was a stout-hearted if intrepid reformer, whose buoyant personality made many friends on this side, and there will be considerable sympathy with him in his failure. It is nevertheless interesting to find reaction triumphant in the East. Are we in for a wave of it?

Peacehaven for Ever.

SO the Ministry of Health will not allow Peacehaven to change its name again. It began in a fit of frenzied patriotism as Ansac-on-Sea. Then in the great days of pacific enthusiasm the wolf took on sheep's clothing. Now it is as anxious to forget the peace as it was to forget the war.

This seems to show a sound, if belated, access of commonsense, and it is perhaps only natural that it should have frightened Whitehall.

People who want to change their names anyway want to change other things as well—even their rulers.

America and Reparations.

M. POINCARÉ has secured yet another triumph and will now remain in office at least until the present attempt to solve the Reparations problem has been ended one way or the other. The prospects of settlement have not been helped by a semi-official announcement from Washington that the United States will not agree to be the "dumping ground" for any scheme of German bond flotation which might be devised in order to liquidate by a capital payment some or all of Germany's debts.

But Washington's bark may well be worse than the American investment market's bite, and there is little doubt but that some large flotation under allied or neutral auspices will have to be made if any total sum acceptable to the allies is to be accepted by Germany.

A Great Financier.

I AM sorry that Sir Basil Blackett, the new chairman of the Empire Communications Company, was not appointed as one of the British members, instead of being merely a deputy member, of the Reparations Committee.

Sir Basil Blackett is without question the ablest man the Treasury have had for many years. How many pages of Mr. Keynes's famous book, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* are really the literary consequences of Mr. Blackett (as he then was) will probably never be known, but it is certain that what was not actually written in the Treasury file was spoken in private by the then Controller of Finance long before Mr. Keynes translated it into such brilliant journalism.

I can only hope that to-day Sir Basil Blackett's advice will be not only sought, but followed, as it was not ten years ago.

A "Malevolent and Unscrupulous."

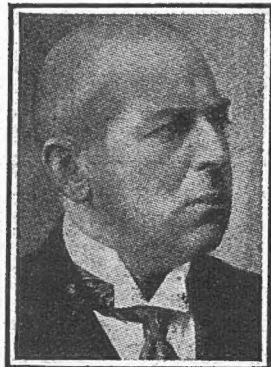
THE Communist organisations, with the open support of Mr. Cook, the Secretary of the Miners' Federation, are organising a march of unemployed miners on London. The General Council of the Trades Union has advised

its constituents that it cannot support the march, which must obviously impose severe hardships utterly without benefit to the unemployed.

The benefit will accrue, however, if the march takes place, to the Communist organisations which are promoting it. The marchers will demand a high scale of maintenance in lieu of work, a six-hour day, and state pensions at 60. To obtain their refusal is the object of the demonstration. It is not without justice that *The Times* describes the purpose as "malevolent and unscrupulous." These are strong words to come from Printing House Square, and because they are strong they are welcome.

Is Our Civilisation Declining?

THE excellent Oswald Spengler has produced the second volume of his famous work—*The Decline of the West*. There is probably no book ever written which contained so much falsehood and was yet so eminently worth reading. Spengler believes that human society is an organism which goes through a regular cycle of growth, inactivity and decline, and which, always at the same point in the cycle, gives off an indefinable spiritual exhalation called civilisation or culture.



Dr. Oswald Spengler.

The period when this occurs is just prior to what he calls the megapolitan stage—the age of great cities—which is undoubtedly a feature of all civilisations, though our vanity sometimes forbids us to realise it.

Whatever the merits of the Spengler theory as a whole, it is a fact that the Roman Empire discovered and used central heating, and that it was only rediscovered for general use in our lifetime. But whether for that reason modern civilisation is going the way of ancient Rome is a large question. Spengler has no doubts, but he raises a good many in his readers.

No Bread and Few Games.

THE Soviet Government has been forced to reduce the bread ration of the Moscow and Leningrad garrisons. When we remember that it was to the discontent of the Army, not in the front, but behind the line, due almost wholly to shortage of supplies, that led to the fall of Czarism, the significance of the news becomes clear.

At present the towns are precariously dominating the vast peasant population of Russia. If the townspeople begin quarrelling among themselves we shall see changes, though I am not one of those who regard any dramatic move to the right as a political possibility. The peasantry hate the urban dictatorship, but they will never surrender the lands which they gained in the Revolution and will distrust anything which looks like a return to the old régime.

Dictators—Professional and Otherwise.

THE *Daily Herald* is alarmed at the increasing number of dictators in Europe. Has it not occurred to our contemporary that personal dictatorship is a form of government that can only come into being in response to an overwhelming popular demand? Perhaps it has, and that is why the *Herald* is so uneasy. For, after all, dictatorship is the invariable refuge of a people from the mis-rule of professional politicians.

History provides only one instance of a purely political régime which ended in a dictatorship accepted with acclamation. That instance is in England.

The simple people of these islands are nearing the end of their patience. The discontent which threatens to end Mr. Baldwin's honourable but ineffective administration will not peter out in the tame acceptance of King Log or King Stork.

Giving the Plumber a Rest.

THE Chairman of the Plumbing Trades National Apprenticeship Council writes to *The Times* to protest against his fellow craftsmen being regarded as a huge joke. He further appeals to the comic Press, headed by *Mr. Punch* to give the long-suffering plumber a rest for a time.

In some respects he has my sympathy. The plumber is no joke. To those of us who fall into his clutches he is nothing short of a crime, and the only alternative to making fun of him would be brutal murder. In other words, the joke is a harmless safety valve for pent-up exasperation.

But when the chairman of the P.T.N.A.C. invites anyone to give the plumber a rest; well! I ask you.

LORD BIRKENHEAD.

Lord Birkenhead is at present on holiday. On his return to London, towards the end of this month, he will contribute to *BRITANNIA*, a weekly commentary on current affairs, political and otherwise. The national importance of this arrangement—probably the most interesting ever made in modern journalism—is obvious.

No elector can claim to be well-informed unless he has read Birkenhead in *BRITANNIA*.

ORDER *BRITANNIA* TO-DAY

Tariffs and Wages in Australia.

THE British Economic Mission in Australia, which went out at the request of the Federal Government, has submitted its report to Mr. Bruce, the Australian Prime Minister. For us, the most interesting conclusion reached



Sir A. Duckham.

by Sir Arthur Duckham and his colleagues is in regard to tariffs and the cost of living. They find that the use of the tariff wall to bolster up an artificial standard of living has definitely failed largely owing to the system of fixing wages by reference to the cost of living as determined by arbitration courts.

Whenever, thanks to the tariff, the Australian producers are able to increase their internal selling price, the arbitration system at once concedes higher wages. The producer follows with a demand for a higher tariff. The time has now come when Australian trade is hopelessly disorganised by an artificial level of internal prices and an ever increasing one—all of which goes to show once more that industrial prosperity depends not on tariffs but on industry and thrift, and on good management and wise government.

The Modern Novel.

MR. PHILIP GUEDALLA, having persuaded Manchester to agree with him that the English novel gets worse and worse, is speaking to the Authors' Club next Monday on literary biography, which, I rather fancy, he thinks is getting better and better. As far as Mr. Guedalla is concerned this is true. His *Palmerston* was in every way noteworthy, and his new biography, *Wellington*, is eagerly awaited.



Mr. Philip Guedalla.

Our novelists, however, are not so black as they are painted. After all our own generation has seen the rising of one star of the first magnitude. Joseph Conrad died before his time at the height of his powers. He belonged to our day, if not to the ages. Neither will Galsworthy be forgotten, or if he is, it will be to come again like Trollope, whom he so much resembles, to delight a later age. But where are the young men, asks Mr. Guedalla? The answer I fancy is that they are being killed by the absurd adulation of the critics and the boosting of bubble reputations by the publishers.

Government by G.H.Q.

WITH a full-fledged military censorship at work, the only way to ascertain what is going on in Yugoslavia is to go and see for yourself. We may, however, be reasonably sure that the country is meantime being run on strictly martial lines by the General Staff, and that the Croats who resent this innovation are finding it advantageous to keep their own counsel.

The last Serbian general I sounded on the Croat question informed me quite definitely that, in his opinion, there would be no solution until the younger generation of Croats had passed through the Army and there learned to be good Yugoslavs—by which, I presume, he meant, good Serbs.

There will, of course, be an earnest endeavour to resolve the crisis, but I cannot see the Croats obtaining more in the way of autonomy than is enjoyed by an English County Council.

Why a Penny Post?

THE leading business associations are making their periodical protest against the three-halfpenny postage. Since the bulk of business letters go at the pre-war rate of a halfpenny and since even the letter post rate has not gone up proportionately to the cost of living, I fail to see the slightest ground for the attack on the post office.

If it can make a profit out of charges only very slightly higher than those of 1914 it must be, as indeed it is, a very efficient institution, and I could only wish that the distributing organisations could do the same. The argument that if the penny postage were restored it would be largely used for circulars, and would thus really lead to higher profits, is a boomerang.

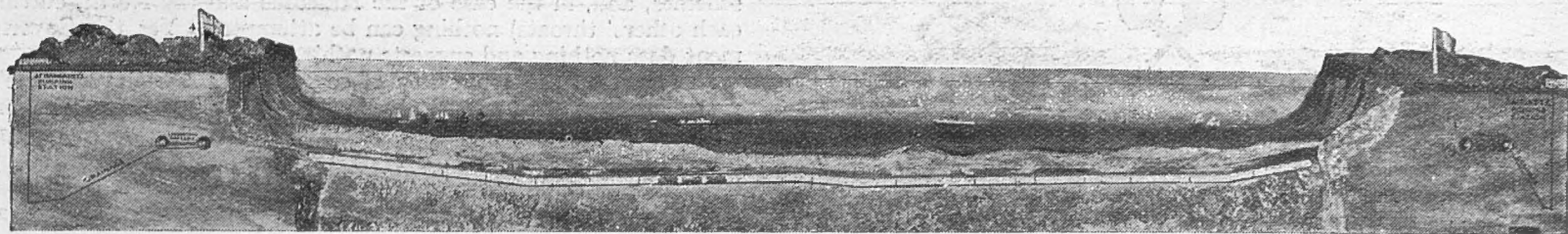
Before the war no business man sent circulars by penny post, and if he could do so now it would only be because the rate was relatively a good deal cheaper. This is precisely what it would be, and the business men who press for the change are really asking for a subsidy from the taxpayers as a whole.

The grounds for claiming this are surely inadequate. It is not true that a circular in a sealed envelope has a greater "pulling power." If it goes to a business address it is opened by the office boy; and at home it merely adds to the natural disharmonies of the breakfast table by creating false expectations.

TO FRANCE *in* HALF an HOUR

The New Channel Tunnel

By FREDERICK HEATH



This fascinating model of the proposed Channel Tunnel is now being displayed at the Selfridge Store in Oxford Street, London.

THERE are, at present, three ways of crossing the English Channel; by steamer, which leaves one on occasions sick unto death; by aeroplane, which sometimes has the same effect; and by swimming, which does not concern us. There is need for a better way, and the Channel tunnel provides it. New schemes for the construction of such a tunnel are to be vigorously discussed by a new House of Commons Committee under the chairmanship of Sir William Bull. For too long a time the Channel tunnel has been regarded as a joke by some and a deadly peril by others. It is, to-day, neither the one nor the other; but a practical scheme which receives the support of all progressive minds.

Before dealing with the arguments against it let us state briefly what the construction of the tunnel means.

In broad effect it means a railway journey from London to Paris, the cross-channel part of which will occupy half an hour in a comfortable, well-ventilated train. Passengers would enter the train at Dover, like they enter one now at Birkenhead Park to cross under the Mersey to Liverpool, and detrain at a station in Calais. The train journey would then be continued to Paris.

There would be two tunnels—one going in one direction and one in the other. The trains would be run by electricity. There would be no stations, but at certain defined places there would be control boxes and general safety appliances.

As Safe as the Piccadilly Tube.

YEARS of most careful engineering research have proved that the actual construction of the tunnel presents no difficulties. A machine was devised some time ago that will cut through the material to be found on the bed of the English Channel (chalk marl). This material contains 75 per cent. of chalk and 25 per cent. of clay, which matter is impervious to water.

The tunnel would be lined throughout with re-inforced concrete. No part of the tunnel would be nearer to the bed of the Channel than 130 feet. The mechanical difficulties for the actual excavation of the tunnel have all been surmounted and the engineers are ready to push their machines out to sea and make that first small hole which will slowly widen to a completed tunnel as safe, comfortable and familiar as the Piccadilly Tube.

What of the cost of such an enormous work? There was once a scheme which would have involved an expenditure of £200,000,000. This, one is glad to hear, has been forgotten. Under the new scheme the Channel tunnel can be constructed in three and a half years at a cost of £30,000,000, all of which can be found without costing the British taxpayer a penny.

The money is guaranteed by a company representing British, French, Italian, Spanish and Belgian interests, but it should be remembered that this country will retain the controlling financial interest.

6,000,000 Passengers a Year.

THERE are other facts worth noting; the sympathetic interest in the tunnel displayed by the directors of the Southern Railway, who foresee the great advantages which will accrue, not only in passenger, but in goods traffic; the statements of Baron d'Erlanger and other experts as to the increase in traffic which the tunnel would produce.

It is stated that, at a conservative estimate, instead of 1,000,000 passengers crossing from one side of the Channel to another in the course of a year, the tunnel would attract between 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 passengers. At a charge of ten shillings per head per passenger the revenue from passengers alone (without any merchandise traffic) would be £2,500,000 a year. These are estimates made by sound experts and not by irresponsible optimists.

What then prevents the scheme from coming into being? Nothing but old habits and old prejudices. All the arguments against the Channel tunnel may be said to be based on fear and the military mind, and they are of such a kind that the public opinion is easily moved to support them.

So far as the Channel tunnel is concerned, the bogey of the past is the bogey of the present. The naval and military authorities exploit this bogey between them and make it impossible for the Government to sanction the construction of the tunnel.

These authorities regard the tunnel as a danger to these shores. They draw terrible pictures of the tunnel being destroyed from above water or pierced from below water; and more dramatic still, they visualise masses of French troops rushing through the tunnel in trains to the capture of Dover, and as a consequence, the capture of London!

Laying the Bogeys.

THE Committee of Imperial Defence, it should be remembered, sat on the Channel tunnel, never slept in their beds afterwards, and persuaded the Government to have nothing to do with it. All the old ladies of both sexes wrote to the *Morning Post* in panic after seeing visions of thousands of armed men pouring out of the tunnel into Dover. This was enough.

An examination of the naval and military objections to the Channel tunnel will prove how idiotic they really are. The main objections may be summarised as follows:

1. The naval authorities contend that depth charges and explosives from submarines could destroy the tunnel.

2. The military authorities claim that by treachery arranged between some one in France and some one in this country, control of the tunnel could be suddenly obtained and troop trains rushed through from Calais. A train load every ten minutes has been suggested.

These objections look alarming. They are merely the tortured nightmares of minds produced by a discipline which nips and destroys logic and commonsense: of minds much occupied with fears.

The answer to the first is that no depth charge can penetrate the depth of the tunnel, and that the thickness of it makes it impossible for any submarine explosive to damage it.

The answer to the second is that if the War Office possesses an Intelligence Department it would be utterly impossible for troop trains to leave Calais without somebody at Dover knowing something about it in good time.

Also the Channel Tunnel Committee have provided the most careful and effective methods of protecting the tunnel in case of the wild emergencies visualised by the naval and military chiefs.

These are most effective. There are five (two of which are secret). One is the automatic flooding of the tunnel in such a way that the great engineer, Sir Francis Fox (who built the Hampstead tube) said of it that, "not even a rat could get through the tunnel."

Another is the blocking of the tunnel by landslides produced by mines which could be fired at a moment's notice; and the third is the use of poison gas.

A Scheme Proved Sound.

THE alarmist objections raised by the naval and military authorities can now be said to carry no weight. Provision is adequate against such fantastic terrors as that of foreign troops pouring out of the tunnel and on to the Dover road (the French by the way are our friends, and it may be assumed that guns and machine guns can concentrate at Dover on the entrance to the tunnel), or of submarines piercing the tunnel with explosives.

That the scheme for the tunnel is sound in every way is beyond question. What the public has to decide is whether the construction of the Channel tunnel shall once again be delayed and possibly finally abandoned at the dictation of the naval and military alarmists, whose objections are now universally ridiculed and proved invalid.

So far as any possible invasion of this country is concerned, the defenders of it would be well advised to look up into the air rather than down into the depths of the English Channel, where the new tunnel may be used with perfect safety.

BRITANNIA



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COAL: THE FACTS.

THE working of the relief organisation in the coalfields proceeds. The public have responded with very considerable generosity and the Government grant, by doubling the public contribution, has brought the relief fund to a total of nearly £1,000,000. There is, unfortunately, no reason to hope that this sum will do more than alleviate very temporarily, and in a few districts only, the deplorable conditions which now prevail.

The Government have adopted as their policy—if it can be called a policy—the notion of "tiding-over" a temporary period of acute distress. Unfortunately, underlying this notion is a profound misconception of the facts of the case and of the duty of the State in relation to them. The task of the Government is to set a term to the period of distress. Until this has been done the process of voluntary relief is no better than the pouring of good wine into broken bottles. The labour of Tantalus was not more futile, or more tragic.

The Facts about Exports.

WHAT are the facts? In 1913 our exports of coal were roughly 73 million tons. In 1923 they were 79 million tons. To-day they are 50 million. In terms of value, our exports were worth £99 million in 1923 and £45 million to-day. There is, unfortunately, no mystery about these figures. We know exactly what has happened. We are exporting, even to-day, to Southern and Central Europe, to South America, Africa and Asia more than we exported in 1923, which was the record export year. To the North Sea countries (Germany, the Netherlands, France, and Germany) and to the Baltic countries we are exporting to-day 25 million tons as against 57 million in 1923.

The Baltic trade has gone to Poland and the North Sea trade to the reconstructed coalfields of France and Germany. We may mention in passing that the standard of living in Poland is set down by the International Labour Office as the lowest in Europe, while their production of coal is increasing yearly and can and will be raised in a very few years (unless something is done) by another 15 million tons per year.

The British coal owners' policy, with its disastrous results, is recorded in the drop in export values (more than 50 per cent.) between 1923 and 1928. This policy has been the subsidisation of export accompanied by the restriction of output. The idea underlying the scheme has been, of course, by reducing supplies on the one hand and winning back markets on the other, to reach a point when prices can be raised to a paying level against the foreign consumer.

The result has been, throughout every month of 1928 (except January) a heavy fall in British output as compared with the same month in the previous year, but also a progressive decline in export prices. In plain English, the policy has failed. The average price of exported coal was actually 2s. 5.3d. per ton less than in 1927, and the sacrifices entailed on the country at large by the closing down of pits, and on the home consumer by the subsidisation of exports at their expense, have been fruitless. The Continental producers have merely met reduction by reduction.

THE plain fact is that the world coal industry is overmanned, and that the capacity to produce exceeds the demand. Even supposing that by further reduction in prices we succeeded in recapturing from Poland the trade we used to do with Scandinavia and other countries, what would be the result? We should merely add to the world's ills an economic crisis in Poland—an important customer for British goods—without remedying our own crisis.

There are only two lines along which a measure of salvation may be expected. The first is international co-operation; the second is the energetic prosecution of the extraction of oil from coal.

Both these things are pre-eminently and specifically tasks calling for Government action. The advantages of the international regulation of coal are obvious to all, but, until the British coal industry is more of a unity (at present the Midlands, the Northern coalfields, Scotland, and South Wales are working independent sales schemes, and, in the case of the Midlands and the North, cutting each others' throats) nothing can be attempted. Yet the Government does nothing and suggests nothing.

In regard to the conversion of coal into oil the Government's record, thanks not to Mr. Baldwin but to Lord Balfour, who set up the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, is not so barren. But the work of the Fuel Research Board is hampered by lack of funds, and experiments both in low temperature carbonisation and on the much more promising liquefaction process at present associated with the names of the German chemists, Bergius and Fischer, can never be satisfactory until they are carried out on a far larger scale.

Work instead of Relief.

THE problem is no longer a scientific one. That coal can be converted into oil is a fact proved beyond question. The problem is to make the conversion a paying proposition, and this implies the need for experiment with production on a commercial scale. Here is a case where Government financial assistance might be productive a hundred times over, while the sum required is relatively very small. But here again some measure of centralisation of the British coal interests is an essential condition to assistance.

The taxpayer would rightly demand that his money should be spent only in the interests of the country as a whole and that arrangements should be made to ensure that the benefits of any new discoveries shall not accrue to the advantage of one among several competing groups. Nor must the coal owners be allowed to enhance our present crisis by over-production in the new field.

We have said nothing in all this of the moral issues. But the deterioration of a large section of the population is going on under our eyes. Whatever the original causes of our discontent, there is no dispute about the results, and these results point clearly to the third duty of the Government.

We do not suggest that local relief work should be started. Even if the Government at the eleventh hour woke up to their responsibilities and set about the solution of the practical problems which, without Government guidance, even pressure, are likely to remain unsolved, there would remain a surplus of miners who will never be employed. To immobilise these men and their families in the stricken districts would be a heartless piece of folly. But the Government might well turn their attention to what used to be called the "Mond" scheme for unemployment relief. Briefly, this scheme provided for the payment of unemployed benefits or their equivalents to employers who would in this way be able to increase their output without adding proportionately to their labour costs and would thus be enabled to reduce their prices.

A Practical Policy Wanted.

THE administrative and political difficulties of the scheme are immense. The fact remains that it is a scheme with vast possibilities of good. A million pounds spent this way would re-employ for a year in productive industry more than 16,000 families. If only half of them were genuinely absorbed in new industries an immense permanent gain would have been achieved. Further, it must not be forgotten that even the temporary re-absorption of so many consumers into productive industry would have a beneficial effect on unemployment outside the coal industry.

WE do not put these three suggestions forward with any foolish pretence that they provide a complete solution of the difficulties of the coal industry. Still less do we pretend that their immediate effects would render the work of relief superfluous. But our concern is to point out the distinction, so unaccountably neglected by Mr. Baldwin, between those constructive measures which are the first duty of Governments, and the supplementation of poor relief, which is the proper duty of voluntary organisations. The evil that men do lives after them. Nothing that any man can do, be he the most honest of statesmen or the most generous of philanthropists, can cure the immediate distress. But constructive measures taken to-day can bring a measure of hope to men's hearts, without which no voluntary efforts can even alleviate the present suffering.

The present policy of the coal owners has failed, and without the assurance that new and more national measures are to be taken at once, the duty of the Government is clear. They must formulate a practical policy of constructive reform, and they must see that it is carried out with all the resources which British capital, British science and British labour can supply.

THE KELLOGG PACT

By *SPECIAL CABLE*
FROM
WILLIS J. ABBOT

IT may be difficult for British readers of Washington news to understand the significance of the delay in the ratification of the Kellogg Treaty in the U.S.A. Senate. For that matter it is difficult to many Americans. The non-political minds would accept as a truism the proposition that a treaty negotiated by the Secretary of State of the United States, applauded by the President, given almost universal support by the Churches and Peace societies of the nation, and having for its purpose simply the renunciation of war, would be adopted without delay. Instead of which there is a prolonged discussion.

Able Opposition.

Two reasons for the prolongation of the debate exist. There are Senators who are sincerely convinced that the Treaty involves some renunciation of the sovereign rights of the U.S.A., and possibly a certain tendency to put this country into affiliation with the League of Nations. Senators Reed, of Missouri, Blaine, of Wisconsin, Bingham, of Connecticut, and Moses, of New Hampshire, cherish this opinion, and each of these is a man of recognised ability and outstanding influence.

In the second place there is pending the administration's bill for the construction of fifteen new cruisers and an aircraft carrier for the United States navy. The popular opposition to this increase in the navy is very widespread and exceedingly vocal. There are many Senators who think that the bill ought to be beaten. More Senators would like to be relieved from the necessity of voting upon it at all. This is a short session of Congress, expiring by constitutional limitation on March 4th. If the debate on the treaty can be sufficiently strung out, it is possible that the Cruiser Bill will not be brought to a vote at all prior to the adjournment, a situation which would greatly please the Senators who would like to dodge it.

For the latter reason some of the very acrimonious comment which has appeared in the French Press concerning the debate on the treaty is unfair. The delay is more a matter of political strategy than it is evidence of mere acquiescence by the United States in the principle of the renunciation of war.

The defence of the treaty is centred almost wholly in the competent hands of Senator Borah. For the first time he is found leading a movement for the association of the U.S.A. with European nations in an international agreement. His bitter opposition to the League of Nations and antagonism to the World Court are matters of history. On this particular issue, however, he has been making a magnificent fight, insisting that no right of the United States is sacrificed in the slightest degree, and protesting against any

endeavour to weaken the treaty by reservations, interpretations or collateral notes to the Power concerned. It should be kept in mind that the opposition has apparently despaired of actually defeating the measure. Its attention has been turned rather to attaching to it some form of interpretation which would make clear a certain Senatorial attitude to the other signatories. It is pointed out that Great Britain, for example, at the time of the signing of the treaty, exempted from its operation wars that might be caused by obligations of the League and the necessary exercise of force in territories for which Great Britain was responsible. The argument

interpretation. Great Britain has the right to assert the right of self-defence. We take exactly the same position. The terms of the treaty are the same for all nations. The principle is the same for all, though we might not all agree as to the application."

Great Britain and Neutral Trade.

There is apparent a certain tendency, both in the Senate and in journalistic discussion of the treaty, to drag into it some reference to neutral rights on the high seas. The question is raised whether if, despite the treaty a war should spring out of some action by the League of Nations, and Great Britain should attempt, as in the past, to control neutral trade with either of the belligerents, the protection by the United States of its shipping would be considered a war in self-defence.

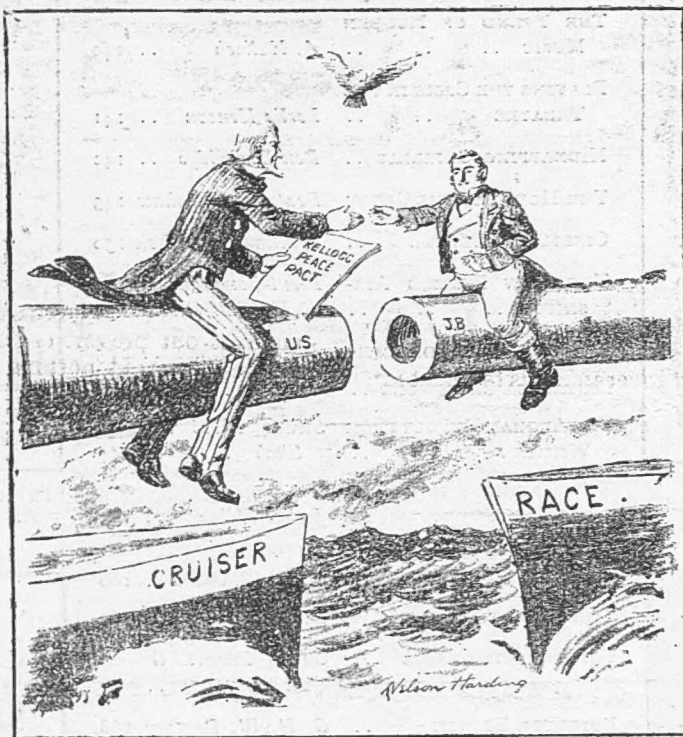
Here, again, the advocates of the treaty take the affirmative view, the opponents expressing doubt. Senator Borah falls back upon the proposition that, just as the United States Supreme Court refuses to lay down a rule of law in advance of a presentation of a concrete case involving the application of that law, so the Senate or the treaty-makers ought not to interpolate any endeavour to define self-defence.

Senator Reed added to the complications of the debate late last week by offering a resolution directing the Secretary of State to negotiate treaties with all countries providing for the freedom of the seas. If this issue and the Monroe Doctrine find a place in the Senate discussion, those who are striving to prolong the debate will have no trouble to accomplish their end.

The Rich Man's Folly.

An example of hostile journalistic comment on the treaty and an effort to defeat the Cruiser Bill is furnished by this paragraph from the *Chicago Tribune* a most influential Republican newspaper: "The rich man is unlocking his doors and sending his watchmen away. The creditor is tearing up his notes. The wooden city is discharging its fire department. Every folly which could be committed is being committed. The man is going mad whom the gods wanted to destroy."

Notwithstanding all the delay and the acrimony of the discussion there can be little doubt of the ratification of the treaty and of its approval by the overwhelming majority of Americans. The whole tone of public sentiment as expressed by the Press is one of deprecation of the seeming ungraciousness of the American acceptance.



"Can't Good Fellows Get Together?"

(Brooklyn Eagle)

of the group which is opposed to unqualified ratification is that the United States should protect itself by declaring the right of the nation to wage war in self-defence, and also by asserting the purpose of this nation to defend the Monroe Doctrine by force of arms.

The Right of Self-Defence.

Senator Borah's answer has been that no specific declaration of the right of self-defence is necessary, as that is implied practically by the very existence of the nation. In response to heckling, he declared that an expedition into Mexico or China, to protect the lives and properties of citizens of the U.S.A. resident there against the attack, would come within the definition of self-defence. He insisted that the treaty was in no sense qualified or limited by diplomatic notes expressing the understanding of foreign nations prior to their signature.

He denied that the treaty would bring the nation any nearer to the World Court or to the League, and he summed up by declaring that the treaty expressed a principle, and "each nation has the right to express its

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK



GETTING READY FOR THE 'GRAND PANTOMIME.—
(Evening Standard.)



WHY NOT A PEACE PRESERVE?—
(Brooklyn Eagle.)



“GENTLEMEN! THE LADIES!” The women's vote in the American Presidential Election has ensured a further term for Prohibition.—(Sydney Bulletin.)

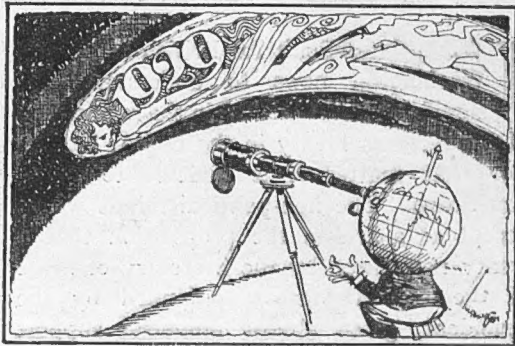
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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK



THE OUTLOOK. THE WORLD. "Very pretty, very pretty! But I think that's what I said last year, too."—
(Glasgow Evening Times.)



“EVEN ITS BEST FRIEND WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL IT.”—
(Brooklyn Times.)



A DUCE OF A FELLOW.—(New York World.)

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BRING THE DOMINIONS TO WESTMINSTER

By LORD STRATHSPEY

EVERY year and every month the link between the Mother Country and the Dominions seems to be getting weaker, and we now have the anomaly of representatives of the great overseas "Nations" of the British Empire sitting at Geneva, but not one of them at Westminster. Indeed, Sir Hamar Greenwood once declared that "the smallest country in Europe takes up more time in Parliament than all the Dominions put together."

A Member for Calais.

IT was for this reason that shortly before the Imperial Conference in 1923 I brought the matter up in the House of Lords, and Earl Beauchamp, replying, assured me that "if the proposal was put forward officially by the Dominions, it would be most favourably considered, and, if it met with the general wishes of the Empire, effect would be given to it."

My reply to this was a volume in which I showed that, far from being a novel idea the Overseas Dominions had, in fact, always claimed it. Nay more, America would never have seceded had the colonists been given a couple of seats: but few seem to be aware of this.

As far back as Henry VIII, for example, we read of that Monarch conceding a member to "Calais"—the last of those overseas possessions left from the Empire of Henry II and the Plantagenets. Then when the new Empire began to grow up, the idea was again revived. Thus in 1650 we find Sir Thomas Modyford, one-time Governor of Jamaica, begging "that two representatives should be chosen by the island of Barbadoes to sit in the English Parliament"—and the refusal was, in fact, the beginning of the American secession.

"Invulnerable and Perpetual."

FOR the moment that Benjamin Franklin learnt (1754) that England proposed to tax the colonies, which they admitted was just in view of the protection afforded by the Fleet, he declared that colonial representation was the only way out, assuring his home authorities "that an adequate representation would probably be acceptable to the colonists and would best unite the views and interests of the Empire."

Some ten years later (1767) Thomas Pownall was dreaming of a legislature which would include representatives of the "grand Marine dominions consisting of our possessions in the Atlantic and in America, united in one Empire, with one centre and seal of Government." About the same time William Knox was petitioning the Earl of Bute to the same effect, pleading that the result would be "the directing of the stream of great men's ambitions to England and thus attracting them to its prosperity and jurisdiction."

Another writer, James Otis, showed that it would "do away with the scandalous memorials and depositions privately cooked up in an inquisitorial manner by persons of bad minds and wicked views," the Dominions,

instead, being represented on the spot by persons of first-class reputation, and, in the words of Governor Barnard of Massachusetts (1768), would have made the Empire "invulnerable and perpetual."

Taking the Wrong Turning.

NOR were Englishmen deaf to the appeal, as readers of the speeches of Edmund Burke and the works of Adam Smith can testify, but the homeland took the wrong turning, if I may use a homely phrase. Lord North and George III were for crushing the "rebel" colonists, and lost America, while in Ireland the old National Parliament, almost coeval in antiquity with the English Parliament, last relic of the truly Imperial Plantagenets, was transferred to Westminster, with the result that what should have been an Imperial assembly became plagued with Irish domestic issues for a century, till they, too, rose in revolt.

Yet I wonder how many know that Chatham had actually prepared the foundations of Imperial representation and drafted a scheme by which America and the West Indies would send fifty members to the Commons and ten Peers to the Lords, while Ireland was to have thirty and ten on a similar basis!

Who can now gauge what such a bold step would have meant at this stage in the evolution of the Empire, especially as it was to have been linked with a vast fiscal system?

Imperial Thoughts.

YET it was not until 1887 that England was to see the first step in that direction, in the shape of the Colonial Conference—more ceremonial than legislative though it was; but it was, too, years late, for as early as 1775 American pamphleteers were pointing out that "what was really wanted was a Constitution for the British Empire." At the same time hardly a decade had passed without the old plea being revived.

In 1832 John Beverly Robinson advocated the idea of substituting the word "partners" for dependencies; in 1831, when Canada was going the way of the United States, Joseph Hume uttered a warning, and in 1832 a Canadian brought out a volume defining their rights as colonists to a share in the Imperial legislature, and prominent New Zealanders spoke and wrote to the same effect, but all fell upon deaf ears.

The result was half a century of agitation, ending in Home Rule all round; yet even in its original Redmond sense—and the word was first publicly launched by a Redmond—it was still an Imperial thought by which the "member for Mayo might sit between the member for Sydney and the member for Calcutta." The consequence was that the Dominions could take no part in directing the flow of emigrants from the Mother Country, and of the 8,500,000 who emigrated from 1815 to 1876, more than one-half were lost to the Empire.

The Empire, indeed, was being looked upon as rather a nuisance by the little Englanders, and, in the words of Goldwyn Smith, the



Lord Strathspey.

only thing they wanted to do with it was—to get rid of it and its obligations. The result, in my view, was that America was developed instead of Canada and Australia, but the idea was not killed by any means.

A Plea for Unity.

IN 1882 Lord Rosebery wanted to open the Lords to the Colonies; later came the idea of a Senate of Empire with representatives of all the Dominions, while Sir G. F. Bowen, an Irishman, pointed to the examples of the principle in the case of France, Spain and Portugal.

In 1884 the Imperial Federation League passed a resolution to the effect that "to maintain permanent unity of the Empire some extension of its political organisation will be indispensable"; and the Colonial Conference that then followed came as the result of this plea.

But the outward movement was also active. As early as 1877 commercial treaties by the United Kingdom had ceased to be automatically binding on the Dominions. In 1907 Canada entered into direct relations with France; in 1910 with the United States, while in 1911 the Imperial Conference expressed its regret that the Dominions had not been consulted on the Declaration of London, and yet again, in 1915, the Dominions made it quite clear that England's European commitment would not bind them in case of war and, of course, since the establishment of the League of Nations they sit at Geneva as equals with the Motherland.

Slow Constitutional Machinery.

YET why, if they sit at Geneva for the medley of Continental politics in which they have so remote a stake, do they not sit at Westminster, where often their very fate is debated; certainly most of their future interests? That is what I want to know. The reason is that, in the words of Mr. R. A. Westwood, a law lecturer at Manchester University, "Constitutional Machinery has lagged behind Dominion Development"—



Canada's great progress in 60 years.

	1867.	1927.
Population ..	3,500,000	9,500,000
Imports ..	£13,000,000	£217,000,000
Exports ..	£11,000,000	£244,000,000

but surely the day has arrived to remedy this.

During my own tour in 1924, I saw continual evidence of the feeling that we are drifting apart—that England does not care, or she would raise the question of peopling those distant continents with her surplus

House of Lords and the Agents-General in the House of Commons.

What a relief it would be to hear a real Imperial note in Westminster, instead of these eternal European entanglements taking up debate after debate. The irony of the thing, too, is that the French Parliament has its overseas representatives, from Senegal, Guiana, Cochin China, while, of course, Germany, in the days when she was an Empire, was always in the closest touch with her colonists.

I think, however, people are beginning to see the folly of expecting the Empire to hang together without any constitutional sense of partnership: for both Mr. Hughes and Mr. Bruce have said so, the Dominions being tired of just being called in every four years to register what has been done in the Imperial Conference's absence.

Is It Too Late?

AFTER all, those Conferences are tending to become ceremonial rather than legislative or economic, and this is just the worst thing that could happen, and the reason why the Dominions should be enabled to be present during the whole course of the year, working hand in hand with us in planning the future of our over-populated Motherland and our under-populated Dominions.

But in saying this now, when things might almost be said to have reached a crisis, I am only repeating what a far abler Imperialist foretold a couple of generations ago—Benjamin Disraeli, who said that the principle of centralisation should have gone step by step with the principle of decentralisation.

Is it too late, I ask? I am quite aware that the Englishman is a slow-thinking machine: I am aware that constitutionally he may be paralysed for a whole century making up his mind on the details of the actual Senate of Empire we from overseas feel would be necessary; but could not a start be made by listening to the words of the already accredited representatives of the great Dominions who, as things stand, are only "trotted out" for five-minute after dinner speeches on ceremonial occasions when, of course, they can only avoid the

controversial issues in which they should take the leading part.

After all, in the words of General Smuts, the Empire is a League of Nations—the only league, I may add, in which the members are not living in mortal danger of a reshuffling of alliances; but the nearer the component parts reach the maturity of Nationhood, the more urgent, to my mind, the necessity for that centralisation of

which Lord Beaconsfield spoke.

Mr. Baldwin's Chance.

EVERY year the Dominions spend thousands in publicity, but I doubt even if a permanent Wembley Exhibition could do more than the presence of some twenty or thirty real overseas representatives in the Lobby on critical occasions, fighting and arguing that on all issues the Dominion viewpoint should prevail.

Yet it would only need a stroke of the pen



These figures show how South Africa has grown.

	1910.	1927.
Population ..	6,000,000	7,500,000
Imports ..	£39,000,000	£74,000,000
Exports ..	£54,000,000	£94,000,000

population and financing their ventures with her surplus millions, instead of allowing foreign blood and foreign capital to fill the gap.

But the root of the trouble is England never hears the Dominion point of view, and that is just why I should like to see Dominion representation in Parliament, which could be done by one bold stroke of the pen; say, by allowing the High Commissioners to sit in the



In 50 years New Zealand has developed enormously.

	1876.	1926.
Population ..	40,000	1,400,000
Imports ..	£7,000,000	£50,000,000
Exports ..	£6,000,000	£45,000,000



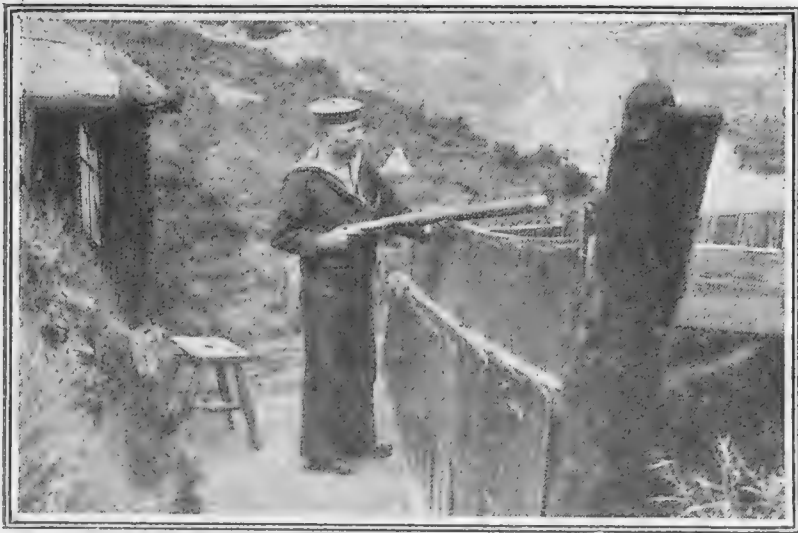
Australia's advance in trade is very striking.

	1871.	1926 27.
Population ..	2,000,000	6,000,000
Imports ..	£17,000,000	£165,000,000
Exports ..	£22,000,000	£145,000,000

to give the Dominions a voice in the conduct of affairs in the heart of the Empire, as I have indicated, as the thin end of the wedge.



These two diagrammatic maps of Northern, Central and Eastern Europe and Western Europe show the centres of distribution for the sale of British goods. From January to June, 1927, 300,000,000 people in Northern, Central and Eastern Europe bought £47,000,000 worth of British goods. From January to June, 1927, 127,000,000 people in Western Europe bought £49,000,000 worth of British goods. (The illustrations on this page are from advertisements and posters issued by the Empire Marketing Board.)



What manner of hero was he that carried a telescope as carelessly as an ordinary mortal carried an umbrella?

IT had been a dream of mine to live in a Coastguard Station. On one of my youngest summer holidays the seed of desire had fallen in my heart. The white-washed walls, the flagstaff, the trim, gay garden, the watcher's uniform and the important telescope—what manner of hero was he that carried a telescope as carelessly as an ordinary mortal carried an umbrella?—these shone with all the brilliance of a midsummer sun in a boyish memory. You were on a ship, and you were on dry land; waves and boats ahead, cows and grass abaft. This was the earthly paradise.

I grew up. The dream did not fade. Worse, it became remote, enchanting and impossible. There was the war, and who could live in coastguard stations but coastguards then? The war ended; and there were rumours that the coastguards were to be disbanded. But I was tied to an editor's desk in London, and stopped my ears. Then Fate drove me wandering abroad. From time to time I heard that men, not wholly unlike me, had managed to grasp coastguard stations or lighthouses or Martello Towers; but "that was in another country."

Freedom in the West Country.

ONE day I returned disconsolate from abroad, like a crab without a shell—homeless in my own country. I inhabited a beautiful cottage and was miserable. I fled to London, into the oppression of an endless winter. Anything would be better. So one memorable March I bought a cheap motor-car, and a few pots and pans and went camping in the West Country, with a brother. Suddenly the sun shone and for a fortnight never ceased to shine save during the windless and starry nights. This was good. My longing for a habitation left me. Why not live for ever like this? I thought, as I sprawled on my belly in the sun on a Dorset hill.

Suddenly, surprisingly, blissfully, I felt free. After all, what was a home? Responsibility and washing up. (I lived without a servant.) Washing up, it was true, was with me still; but a different washing up. To stick a knife in the turf immediately one had eaten with it was less a labour than a delight. What better thing could be done with a knife? And to swill out a billy can and two tin cups and leave them to dry in the sun was of the same order as tickling an ant with a fairy grass.

An Old Dream Revived.

MY brother threaded his way down the hillside to the sea. I watched him till he was lost in the bracken. One hundred

miles of coast were before me—before me—from Portland Bill to the Start. A great bow of twenty miles of golden beach, making a yellow haze in the blue sky above—a single farm with a thread of smoke climbing the air. No other sign of human habitation. Or was that another farm below, on the very edge of the blue-gold bay?

I closed my eyes. My brother waked me. "Did you know there was a Coastguard Station below there?" he said. At the word the old dream turned in his sleep. "That would be a place to live in," he said, opening the old wound a little more.

"I suppose one would get sick of it like everything else," said I, cynical and resigned.

He was not impressed. "Well," he murmured like a blind man, for his eyes were fixed to the field-glasses. "I've never seen such a place. Look at it." He passed me the glasses. What the camera says I saw is on this page. But I saw also what the camera could not see; and it was painful.

SO we went on our journey, and for many days saw many other things. Perhaps they were fairer, perhaps more noble. But the old dream was awake. "Not here, O Apollo," it whispered to the enchantment of Exmoor, and the silence of Alfoxden. Cole-ridge's cottage at Nether Stowey was, in comparison, a Brixton villa. Even the stillness of the Abbey at Cerne was drugged and opiate. Was it destiny, or the desire of the moth-like human, to return to the flame, that led us back along the familiar hill? Destiny, I might say; but I should not know what I meant. We looked down again from above on the great bay; but we did not pause. As we drove through the sleepy neighbour village, I slowed to take the sharp corner by the post office. "Stop!" said my companion.



One hundred miles of coast were before me . . .

For Sale, the old Coastguard.

Before I had stopped he was out of the car, running to a notice on the wall. I followed him calmly; but my heart had begun to quicken. FOR SALE: THE OLD COASTGUARD. I read it as though I were a drunk man passing a sight test. "That's it," he said. "Keys—at the Estate Office." Keys—real keys—opening real doors. Keys.

My brother dived into the Post Office and out again; ran up the road, and made another dive. I walked—with a sick feeling in my stomach—after him. He emerged with a great bundle of keys—one looked as big as a toasting-fork—and lifted them high for me to see a hundred yards away.

Those keys were a jailor's keys. They let me into my dream, and locked me in. I never escaped again. The hand of destiny was on me. Bank balance—what did that matter? Besides, what could one say to a bank manager? And the auction was in a couple of days. Ten per cent. deposit. I could manage that, I supposed. What was the place worth? Who can you ask the price of a dream? Or ten per cent. of it?

Oddly enough, it had a price. And ten per cent. of it I paid; though the signature on my cheque looked queer. A dream signature, no doubt. And then, back in London, I began to wake. My bank was kind; but the kindness fell short. Suddenly, unimaginably, incredibly, I was left the rest. There, in an authentic cheque, drawn by an authentic solicitor, it indubitably was. The bank repaid, the Coastguard mine, but nothing left.

An Allotment in Brazil.

THEN began the struggle. The Coastguard had been abandoned by the Government for two years or more; because their 99 years' lease of the land was falling in. (The Coastguard was built after Napoleon was beaten, but while he was still feared.)

A great bow of twenty miles of golden beach . . .

Fortunately, being the Government, they had built, not for 99 years, but for 999. The building was sound as a bell. But the Coast-guard notion of decoration was not mine; nor was their idea of a garden. My boyish dream had played me false in this particular; or the coastguards of Dorset were other than the coastguards of Thanet. The trim gay garden of memory looked actually like an allotment in Brazil, where I have never been. The garden and the inside decoration—all on my own unskilled and unenergetic hands. Two months' hard work scraping off innumerable strata of highly coloured wall-papers, stopping the holes with plaster of Paris and distempering the walls, painting the woodwork—for the first time I learned to think of paint in gallons; at last even in hundred-weights—made the officer's house habitable.

A handyman from the village cut through the wall into the next cottage—there were four of them—and the two became one. The Rocket House became the garage for the faithful car. Meanwhile, a friend, unlike me a writer of noble prose, but like me enchanted by the place, had taken over one of the cottages, and the responsibility for bringing it to life again. Three-quarters of the building conquered; but the summer nearly gone. I had had enough for the year. The garden must wait.

The Struggle in the Garden.

FOR the next three years we slowly wrestled with the garden. There is space to tell here only of the main struggle. The Coastguard stands on a slope that is much steeper than it looks. It is, in fact, on the side of a very respectable hill; but since the sea is at the foot, it is only in a boat that you can get far enough away to take it in. At that time we had no boat; or per-

haps we should not have decided for a lawn. We did; we wanted a lawn—a tennis court.

We explained our plan to an old labourer from the village who digged the garden, but was averse to putting anything in it but potatoes; he cocked his eye at the slope above, and said he once knew of some one who thought of a job like that; but fortunately the surveyor had brought out his "telephone" and figured it out. It meant shifting 2,000 tons of soil. How long would that take? we asked. "I shouldn't begin it if I were you," was all he said. This was discouraging; so we put it down to rustic conservatism, and bought a strong wheelbarrow and a pickaxe.

Then we toiled. Every afternoon during the rest of the summer we toiled, and all we had done at the end of it was to make a hole visible enough to be ugly in the garden and an unsightly heap of rubbish below. There we left it, and retired to London, to forget our presumption and mollify our blisters with a winter's work with the pen instead of the pick-axe.

When we returned in spring, the hole grinned at us. We calculated. Even if we worked at it for four hours every day it would not be done by October; and, anyhow, though we were near, we were not in Portland. Life was to be enjoyed. So we tried to persuade ourselves that a hole was what we had really meant—and called it a sheltered garden. But when the true summer visitors returned in August, they scorned our weakness and hypocrisy. The pickaxe and the barrow were hard at work again. By October the hole was very big.

Grass Grows on the Lawn.

NEXT year, the same story; desultory and despairing glances before, and a frenzy of navvying during the midsummer

holiday. This year, we said at last, it *must* be finished; and this year, for the first time, we remembered that top soil was necessary to grow a lawn. Half of it was irrecoverably buried under countless tons of raw clay. But we saved the rest. Rather we gave instructions that it was to be saved. For we had fallen.

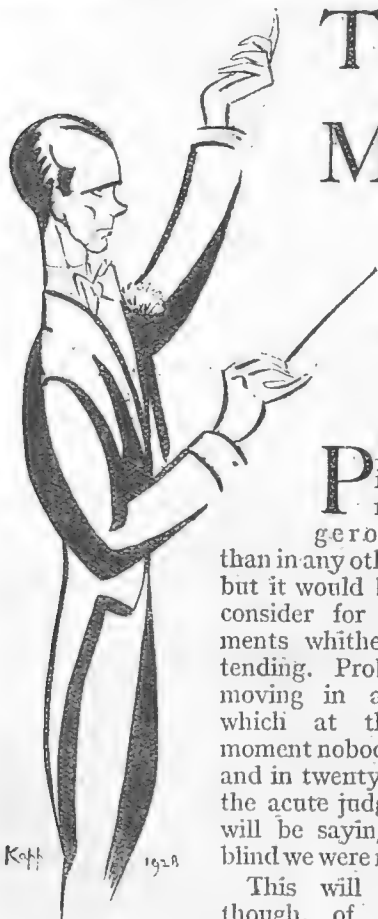
A day-labourer was employed; and he, not we, on a never-to-be-forgotten day in November declared that it was as level as he could make it. "Pretty good, for amachors," was what he said. The wheelbarrow, like the Deacon's one horse shay, collapsed; it had run the race. Now grass grows on our lawn—and we wonder how we lived without it.

A Home on a Coral Island.

WE have been stonemasons—cement and sand have no terrors; we have been road-makers—the stone-breaker's hammer on a whippy handle (when you have learned how not to break it) is a delightful tool; we have made things grow here that have never grown here before.

We have realised a dream; and greater men than we have shared it. Thomas Hardy, before he died, came to it and gave it his blessing; H. M. Tomlinson, who lives in it, has made of its enchanted beach enchanted prose. We look up at it from the sea-edge, and it seems like a home on a coral island. But the other day a man from the Post Office called and asked if we wished to have the telephone. No, we said—but doubtfully. Perhaps, we thought, in dismay, the spell was breaking; and this an omen.

And, sure enough it was. Fate that brought us here has decided that others inherit our labours. But we it was who made the lawn. That is our achievement.



Dr. Malcolm Sargent highly praised for his conducting of Handel's "Messiah" at the Albert Hall.

THE TREND OF MODERN MUSIC

By A. KALISCH

PROPHECY is in music more dangerous almost than in any other matters, but it would be useful to consider for a few moments whither music is tending. Probably it is moving in a direction which at the present moment nobody suspects, and in twenty years' time the acute judges of 1950 will be saying how purblind we were not to see it.

This will be unjust, though, of course, we ought to blush for the many critical mistakes we have made in our time, which show us how cautious we should be.

For instance, twenty years ago a great many of us were inclined to herald Scriabin as the man who was destined

to re-create music; but where is Scriabin now?

Conversely, when the first syncopated music came over from America, serious musicians tried to laugh it out of court, and nobody could have predicted that it would sweep irresistibly over the world of music in every part of the habitable globe.

Upsetting Preconceived Ideas.

In creative music there is one set of facts which meets us everywhere, which apparently involves hopeless and irreconcilable contradictions. On the one hand we hear insistent beating of nationalists' drums and deafening blares of nationalists' trumpets; on the other we find that, owing to the steamship and the railway and last but not least the Press, the whole musical world is rapidly shrinking into one.

Any important musical event on the other side of America, or even in Australia, is known and discussed in Europe almost as soon as it has happened, and the new music of one Continent, if it has the elements of life in it, will live at the other end of the world and exercise its influence on the musicians of the whole globe; and all the while enthus-

iastic nationalists are proclaiming *urbi et orbi* that a new school of national art is being born, especially in the smaller States of Central Europe.

The nationalists rarely agree among themselves and complicate our problems by flying at each other's throats, and taking at the same time an uncanny pleasure in upsetting all pre-conceived notions.

What is our National Music?

We see the same kind of phenomenon in our own country, or rather in Scotland, Ireland and Wales, as well as in England. Nobody has quite agreed what British national music is. We have the Kensington Gore School, the York Gate School, and nearly every quarter of London has a little school of its own.

Up to a certain point this is very healthy, but the worst of this self-conscious propaganda of a certain style or type is that it leads all musicians to a frantic activity in repeating themselves for fear of violating the tenets of their own particular little Bethel. No doubt these things will be relegated to the proper place when the time has come to view them in their right perspective.

Concerning the composer, there is a point, apparently irrelevant, but really the most important of all, which is generally approached from the wrong angle. I mean that which it is the fashion to call the "economic factor."

The composer, as a person who lives for and by his compositions alone, is gradually disappearing from the horizon, and will go on disappearing at a faster and faster rate. People are very unwilling to recognise the fact, which, however, cannot be denied, that only the maker of music who can earn a living by his music is the purveyor of jazz;

PLAYING THE GAME *in the* THEATRE

By **LESLIE HENSON**

Now appearing in "Funny Face," at the Princes Theatre



Leslie Henson, by Kapp.

THERE recently appeared in BRITANNIA a remarkable article, entitled "Going Broke in the Theatre," by one Oscar M. Sheridan. Which Mr. Sheridan? Sheridan is a name both honoured and

despised in theatrical circles. There was a Mr. Sheridan who wrote a famous piece called *The School for Scandal*; another, of contemporary age, who provided a scandal in awful fact, for he wrote a revue, engaged a big company, ordered a costly production on tick, and then, for some reason or another, the whole show blew up in broken hearts and ignominy. And this, may be, is another Mr. Sheridan, or peradventure one of the distinguished twain. I know not.

A Universal Law.

BUT let me state with emphasis that such occurrences are rare—perhaps rarer in the world of the theatre than in the world of commerce or high finance.

Neither is the entire theatrical business in the hands of bewildering incompetence and mismanagement; nor, for that matter, is there any reasonable foundation for the suggestion that plays are produced for the benefit of the producer's *petites amis*. It is just an honest, straightforward business, subject, like any other business, to attack by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Failures there are, of course, but in no greater profusion than in other professions.

Explosions Without.

LET me remind readers of the real, honest work done in the theatre during the past five years—years fraught with financial difficulty—when our much-abused profession has kept its doors open. We managers have cheerfully faced overwhelming odds—ridiculous profit rentals, entertain-

ment tax, super-tax, hot weather, wet weather, bad trade, wireless and gramophones. We pay, perhaps, a rent of £800 per week for a theatre originally leased at £80, and even a small farce with one scene and seven characters has to take £1,400 per week before we see a profit wherefrom to pay our backers—often ourselves. Or, as was recently the unhappy experience of *Funny Face*, we may have a large theatre, an expensive cast and an elaborate production, to find revenue stopped for days because a disgruntled gas-pipe decides to blow up in the street without.

Yet we pay our way, despite the entertainment tax (my own theatre is paying over £100 per night to the Government), and some of us have a bit left over. When we have backers they profit from success in the theatre as elsewhere, and their just rewards are honoured as in other walks of life.

"The Evil Men Do . . ."

NO, things are no worse then they were in the old days. Some of us are conceited enough to think they are better; but that, of course, is a matter of opinion. But I know that, with a few exceptions, the profession is not so black as it is painted. It is certainly no worse than many others, with skeletons in cupboards which they keep tightly and firmly locked. Of course, we are always in the limelight; our slightest lapse receives 100 per cent. publicity. It is true, only too true, of the stage, that "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." So let it be with Henson.

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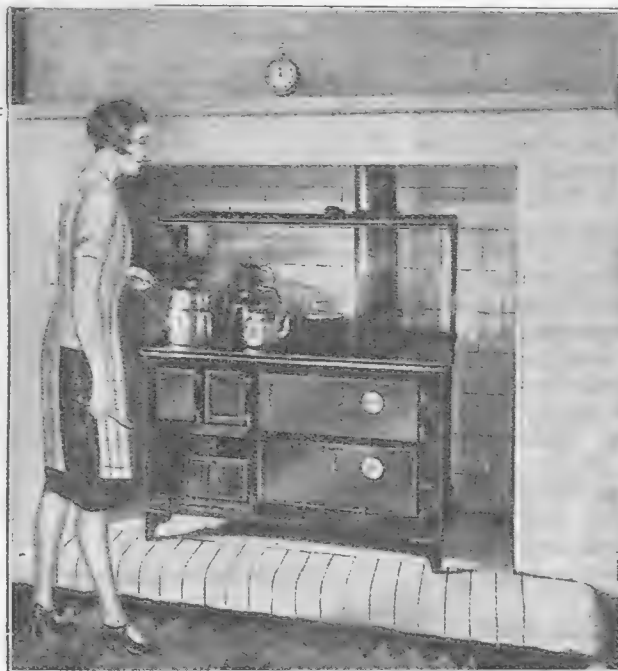
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KIDNAPPING GORILLAS

By Ben Burbridge

I WILL never forget my first sight of a gorilla. The sun was rising over a shoulder of the African mountains and outlined the topmost branches of the jungle trees in vivid gold and blue and green against the deeper brown of the forest. At day-break in the lower country the tropical forest wakens, with its teeming life giving tongue, but here all seemed lifeless; in this green gloom was forbidding silence.

Although the rain had ceased, the undergrowth beneath the trees growing head high released, as we passed through it, a succession of shower baths upon us, and the vicious bladed grasses and stinging nettles and briars lashed, cut and tore at us as we trailed our quarry. Perhaps these added some warmth to an otherwise cold situation.

A Red Hot Trail.

MY little Batwa trackers, with but a monkey skin around their loins, were crawling through a wormlike hole, bored in the shrubbery by the gorillas. Several stalwart porters dragged the photographic outfit behind. The bush flies settling upon the trail ahead told us that it was red hot, and the little black men in front paused, their eyeballs glistening white and green in the jungle half lights. Now they turned in the tunnelled hole, through which we crawled, and came back toward me; their skinny arms and legs gave them the appearance of great crawling spiders.

They wriggled past to the back trail, uttering but a single word, "Ngagi" (gorilla). This was their custom. They were serving notice on the white man that they had finished their work and his—the white man's—had begun.

Half-Human, Half-Brute.

NOT a sound broke the stillness of the great forest, yet I knew that just in front, a few yards away, where my trackers had located them by some uncanny sixth sense, were the gorillas. These animals, too, knew that some danger threatened and were standing absolutely still in the thickets ahead—listening.

We crawled toward a spray of light that lay at the end of the tunnel, then crouched low in a patch of wild, head-high celery, lit by an aerial window from the leafy roof above. All around the stalks of celery had been torn up, the fibre peeled off as if by human hands, and the juicy inside eaten. Close by the imprint of a foot, almost 12 in. from heel to toe, like that of a great Negro, lay in the soft earth.

THE FAMOUS HUNTER AND PHOTOGRAPHER OF WILD LIFE.



The gorilla is suggestive of tremendous strength with its huge and muscular shoulders.

A crash in the thickets a dozen rifle lengths distant and a prolonged, nerve-racking scream shrilled through the forest; then silence, long and tense, through which I could hear the deep breathing of my gun boy and feel the thump of my heart pounding against my ribs.

Strange Sounds.

A SUDDEN clatter like the sound of bones played by a minstrel man invaded all sides of the thickets as a concealed gorilla beat rapidly upon his chin. It is an ominous sound to those hearing it for the first time and has in it a threat like the rattle of a snake. As if in answer to the signal there throbbed from the thickets to the left a metallic drumming, like a small boy would make playing upon a tin can, as a gorilla

with open palms beat rapidly each drawn cheek.

These sounds to me, then, were thrilling but unintelligible. Though it was well known that gorillas beat their chests, now for the first time a white man was hearing this strange demonstration—one I was destined later to see so often—of chin and cheek beating.

There was an interval of silence; the very air seemed still and lifeless.

I scanned the thickets, trying to detect some movement, when suddenly a small tree a short distance from where I stood was shaken with such violence as threatened to tear it up by the roots and a savage roar of deepest bass thundered through the forest. Imprisoned as was the sound by jungle barriers, it seemed even harsher and more resounding than any lion I had ever heard. Again and again it crashed and rumbled, but there was no further movement of the foliage, no sound of any living thing.

An Apparition in the Bush.

A VAGUE sense of being watched held my nerves on edge and, unconsciously, my eyes focussed on one spot, where slowly arose above the greenery a bristling mop of hair. Up, up, higher it arose until two shining eyes were staring into mine. Up, until a black-whiskered, human-like face that was at once human and yet so brutish, hung there above the bushes like an apparition from one of Poe's weird tales.

Suddenly the face disappeared and a great arm reached toward the limb of a tree; strong fingers closed around it. Upward

reared a massive, grotesque form covered with long black hair, fading to tan upon the back. Two small, crafty, unwinking eyes stared into mine. It was then that the native saying came to mind, "None but the gorilla can look a nyan in the face."

For a moment I could scarcely breathe. Some sense of repugnance and fascination held me spellbound, glaring toward the ape-man enveloped in the gloom of the primeval forest. For a space he did not move; both he and the silent creeper-hung jungle were as inanimate and lifeless as though cast in bronze. Beneath the face of an Ethiopian crammed down between thick powerful shoulders, bulged a great bulky body supported by short, bowed legs. I noted the outstanding muscles over his entire torso, suggestive of tremendous strength. In the



He may not be beautiful, but he is certainly impressive.

gloomy cavernous opening among the trees he appeared like some prehistoric man standing in the entrance of a cave, staring through a gulf of hundreds of thousands of years that separated him from my own human kind.

The gorilla's right hand supported his body by holding to a sturdy limb above him, and with it he now gave a demonstration of physical force that was indeed startling. In a sudden outburst of rage he tore the limb bodily from the tree as easily as if it had been a small branch, bit off a hunk of the wood and spat it out again.

Vanishing Porters.

INSTANTLY I threw up my rifle and covered him. Surprised at the movement he stood, mouth agape, watching, while across his face played a curious mixture of conflicting emotions. Curiosity and wrath seemed battling for mastery. Again he attacked the tree branch, splintered it with his teeth and cast the limb aside.

From the greenery beneath him came a short fierce bark. The gorilla glanced down, picked up the sound with a snarl and tossed it from bared fangs to the shadowy forest chambers in one long outburst of guttural thunder; then, springing into the thickets, he disappeared.

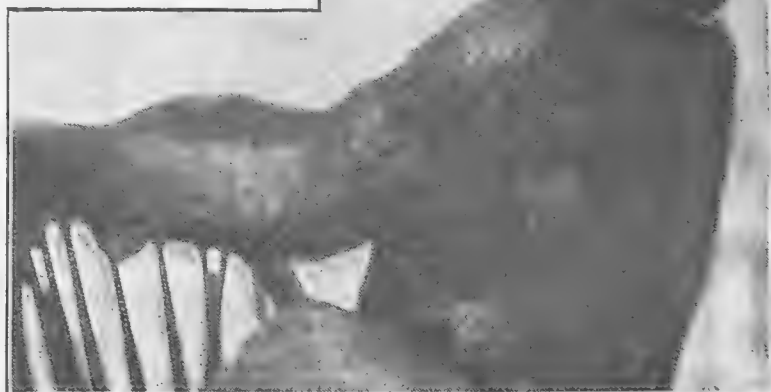
I breathed a sigh of relief and glanced around. My men with the photographic



Courtesy of

Feeding young gorillas in Africa. (From "Gorilla," by Ben Burbridge.)

John Daniel, a Zoo favourite, takes an intelligent interest in the bottle.



outfit had vanished. "Bregazza quenda" (porters gone), said William, the gun boy, as he spat to show his disgust. He crawled back through the hole in the thickets through which we had entered. Presently he returned with the porters and two Batwa trackers. I lectured them in Swahili. "Was it possible," I protested, "for me to take pictures of gorilla if my men with the outfit ran away?"

At first I was unable to accomplish much toward photographing the gorilla because of the timidity of my men and my ignorance of gorilla psychology. Though the gorilla had attacked natives at various times in these jungles, most of the men's fears seemed influenced by gruesome folklore and superstition rather than actual fact.

They told ridiculous tales of women being stolen from villages and kept captive in the forest by the gorillas. How a man was killed while hunting, his heart torn out and carried away by the gorilla to make medicine. Of a gorilla chief who was half man, who lived in a distant jungle, to whom all the gorillas paid tribute. Mere fiction, surely—but to these superstitious folk live, tangible realities.

Living Among Gorillas.

STORIES of the gorilla's ferocity were rampant. A chief once told me of hearing from his village a terrific fight in the jungle, augmented by the snarl of a leopard and the truculent yells of a gorilla. In the morning the body of the leopard was found, horribly mangled, but the gorilla was gone. Such is the strength of the adult male gorilla that doubtless he could whip in single-handed combat a roomful of heavyweight prize-fighters.



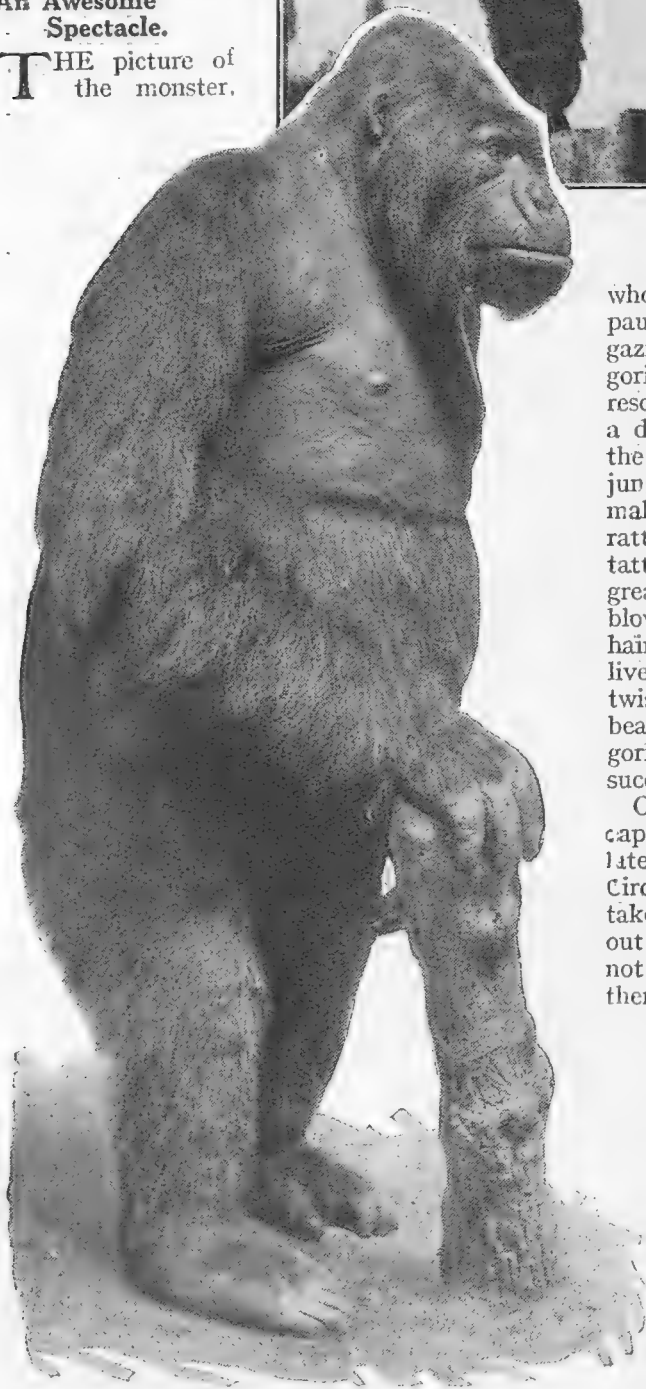
Still, while photographing this forest giant and not molesting or disturbing him, I found him more curious than combative, and by playing on this curiosity and his short spasmodic emotions of anger, I was able, after months of untold hardship and suffering, to lure him into my picture gallery and to write the story of the gorilla's life, as he lived it out there in the Congo jungles, on the evolution of my film, "The Gorilla Hunt." So the few exciting incidents herein related are the high lights of many experiences during my long stay in the gorilla jungles.

An Awesome Spectacle.

THE picture of the monster.



A gorilla takes an interest in the camera.



The Kivu gorilla. This specimen came from the Beringer Mountains and will take part in the group which is being set up at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. The photograph is reproduced by courtesy of the Natural History Museum.

who, after rushing my band of porters, paused among their scattered baggage gazing down at it curiously; the great gorilla who charged in an effort to rescue its young and fell from rifle fire a dozen feet in front of my camera; the band that surrounded us in the jungle one day and beat their chins, making their teeth collide in a chilly rattle, and struck each cheek in rapid tattoo with their open palms, while the great old man of the tribe rained down blows with doubled fists upon his great hairy chest—these and like scenes must live long in my memory, as long as my twisted thumb and broken knuckles will bear the scars of battle with the young gorilla Bula Matadi that I finally succeeded in capturing.

On my two trips to the Congo I captured eight young gorillas. (The late "Miss Congo" of the Ringling Circus was one of these.) They were taken in hand-to-hand encounters without nets or traps, where the danger lay not only from the young gorillas themselves but from their irate parents.

In the capture of several of these young gorillas my gun boy frightened off the band by rapid fire directed above their heads. In one instance, while capturing a young gorilla, which I afterwards named Kivu, a female, breaking from the menacing throng, was almost upon me when shot by this boy. But perhaps the most exciting and hazardous of these encounters occurred in the capture of Bula Matadi (Rock Crusher), so named by the natives.

The Capture of "Bula Matadi."

THE young gorillas I captured mostly weighed from

twenty to sixty-five pounds, but this young ape-man weighed 126 pounds and was the largest gorilla ever known to have been taken alive. He was captured in the jungles of Mount Karisimbi. We had been watching a band of his fellows on the slopes of this mountain and I had sent several men around to windward of the band, as all African animals—including gorillas—are inclined to move away from the scent of man, and this subterfuge would bring the animals close to where my gun boy and I were concealed.

For a time we waited without response to our signals, and I sent my boy to speed up the men on their mission. The boy had scarcely disappeared when I noticed that the foliage ceased to move where I had seen a mother and her young feeding.

Springing upright, I give a wild shout. The mother gorilla and her young—for such it proved to be—vaulted clear into engulfing shadows. Then from behind came a sudden squalling rush and a young gorilla was passing me so closely that I had but to fling myself upon him.

In the moment of contact with the beast I realised I had been deceived as to its size. Instead of a youngster weighing thirty to forty pounds, this was a furious young ape of 126 pounds, powerful enough to kill a leopard.

With a scream of impish fury he swarmed over me. He was under and on top of me all at the same time.

A Fight for Life.

REALISING that I could not survive long in this unequal combat, I secured a hold on the animal's throat and struggled to my feet. The gorilla still clung to me as I crashed him to the earth beneath my weight.

While I battled, the half-crazed beast shifted his attack and endeavoured with his powerful hands to draw my face into his open mouth, while with his feet he tore and ripped my coat and shirt into shreds by the violence of his exertions. But I held to a grip which I had secured on his throat.

But my strength was waning, while the terrible exertions of the ape-man seemed proportionately to increase.

I don't know how long the battle lasted or whether or not my failing strength would have resulted in the triumph of the gorilla, but the uproar of snarls, screams and crashing underbrush brought my men running through the jungle to my rescue. One after another flung himself into the fray, until we were all fighting the maddened beast that was now by sheer force of numbers crushed. Finally we succeeded in roping his hands and feet, and three heavy fibre sacks were slipped, one after the other, over his head and body until Bula Matadi was our captive.

THE HOUSE of the CAGOU

By Beatrice Grimshaw



It had been amusing before dinner to unpack and dress in a solid stone room with . . . a barred window high up under the roof but the joke seemed to have evaporated by now.

Oil lamps shed an orange-henna light upon shining black bottles and white tablecloths. An aproned woman waited. Outside there was a sound of rain falling softly on the wet clay road; the scent of drowned roses drifted in, mingled with a countrified faint smell of stabling. One might have thought oneself back in the eighteen-nineties.

Ettarre knew the 'nineties only by hearsay, but she thought she could understand how one's ancestors might have felt in those slow, drowsy, horse-drawn days. It was, possibly, as she felt to-night, after a long day's run, not behind horses, but often past them, in a motor-coach that took its time, halted every here and there, changed the time of day with everybody, took up parcels and left them, stopped frequently for meals, and was more than satisfied to cover, between dawn and dusk, a hundred miles. That was the way of another age. So were the almost empty roads, with the white dust blowing down them; the careless lavishness that left drifts of fallen limes, guavas, citrons, to gather in flowery ditches, no one heeding; the herds of deer that cantered across the roadway, not hurrying themselves at all, stopping to stare, wide-eyed and lofty-horned, at the climbing, loaded bus. . . . Here in New Caledonia, not four days from swift, sophisticated Sydney, one seemed to have stepped all at once into provincial France of the nineteenth century.

ETTARRE, true daughter of the twentieth, was, as she would have put it, "thrilled." In reality she was quieted, if she had known the word or the thing it expressed. She was experiencing something new; and it happened to be the only and the very thing she needed.

There was almost nobody in this odd little mountain inn, where she and her harmless necessary companion, Mabel Monypenny, had arrived at dusk. At their table sat, beside themselves, one married pair of an uninteresting, elderly type, and one young and

Nessus robe of trousseau silks burning her skin all day and every day!

One had to look at something, however, and thank goodness he was not handsome. Of handsome men, tall, curly-haired, with large blue eyes, with faithless laughing mouths, with a "way"—worthless, sweet, compelling—Ettarre had had enough.

All the same—one was not thirsty, or freckled, or frock-mouthed, that nobody should desire a second glance. One knew how to put on one's little dinner frock. One had fair hair, a delicate proud nose and lip, a neck well-shaped and set, that other people had found agreeable to look at.

The young man was very well-mannered; doubtless he had been brought up not to stare. What age was he? Twenty-five, twenty-seven? Somewhere about that. Ordinary size, ordinary build, more than ordinarily well dressed. Plain, yes, certainly plain; sallow, with hair too black, red mouth too thin. Eyes like black currants, doubtless, if one could see them properly. But Ettarre did not want to see them. She wanted to finish dinner and get to bed. Mabel Monypenny was frightfully thrilled with the man, she could see. Mabel always was thrilled with men. If she had not been quite so easily, cheaply delighted with the whole sex—

Ettarre checked the mocking thought. she hated cattiness, in herself or others. And after all, if Mabel Monypenny, former governess of hers, had married, she would not have been available as an instantly summoned companion. Ettarre's people, when they decided on a trip to the bright New Caledonian climate for her, after the sudden breaking off of her engagement, had been all against her travelling alone. It was not so much slight decline of health that urged them to send her forth in the care of Mabel; it was something more, the peculiar quality of the Lesina family, that demanded this un-Australian formality.

SETTLED as station owners for sixty years in New South Wales, the Lesinas yet

distinguished-looking Frenchman, who hardly looked at Ettarre. She amused herself looking at him now and then—not that she would care if every man in the world were to be drowned in a bag to-morrow—she, with the

preserved certain traces of Austrian ancestry. Ettarre's fair beauty, her short lip and little curved nose had been repeated again and again among the family; and nearly every member of it showed also a certain love of stateliness and ceremony. Things, with them, had to be done just so. . . .

Not with Ettarre. Her Tennysonian name, among all the Marias and Therasas and Tonys, expressed in one word the throw-back that she was. Her mother's family were Kentish. Ettarre, save for her Hapsburg type of face, was Kentish and Australian to the bone.

She had not wanted this trip; it was a poor substitute for a honeymoon lost. But now that she and the more or less negligible Mabel were fairly launched on it, it promised to be interesting—if anything ever could be interesting again.

The scenery—but who could describe scenery? She would send picture postcards home.

The people, those gay, poor, pleasant French folk of the current century, the dour, strange creatures of the last, marked almost everyone by the convict brand—the tailored, heel-kicking, hat, cap-sweeping officials, so charming to unattached ladies. . . . Interesting, yes, novel, intriguing. But if one was to forget things that of course could never be forgotten one wanted matter more exciting. They had been discreetly observing tourist spectacles in Noumea for a week; for a week using Ettarre's letters of introduction, attending stiff At-Homes, being taken to see views and schools and town halls. And even here, in this quaint mountain town, so far from the outer world, it looked as if things were going to be restful, no more.

There was nowhere to sit after dinner but one's own room. Ettarre, with a somewhat unwilling Mabel in her train, left the *salle-à-manger* as soon as dinner ended. She yawned as she carried her naked, spluttering candle across the courtyard in the rain to the long row of converted convict cells that served as bedrooms. It had been amusing before dinner to unpack and dress in a solid stone room with a closed-up spy-hole in the door and a barred window high up under the roof, but the joke seemed to have evaporated by now. Everything was weary, she, Ettarre, not the least. "I am like a Bulwer Lytton novel," she thought, "'The disowned,' 'The Deserted'—what was it they used to call them? I feel like that. How rotten of me!"

"Think you'll sleep well, dearest?" asked Mabel, putting her ageing, prettyish face round the corner of the door. "What did you think of the people at dinner? He looked up once; I saw his eyes, they were the most thrilling amber, but small, like amber beads. That was a really wonderful custard;

could one get the recipe?—And oh, do you know, I think this place is haunted!"

"No such luck."

"Luck! Horrors! These might have been the condemned cells, do you think they were? I am almost sure it was a ghost; it was very tall and grey and bent, and it went past without noise in a slithery sort of way, and disappeared into the kitchen. You must have seen it; it looked in at you and mumbled its jaws. I shan't sleep one single solitary wink."

"It was probably the vegetable man. I saw it. Offer it a franc if it comes again, and you'll see if it's a ghost. Now do go to bed, or go to your room anyhow—I want to think."

Mabel disappeared. In a minute or two she came back, put her face round the corner of the door again (Ettarre found an instant in which to thank Providence that the old spy-hole was filled up) and said, with an indescribable whinny in her voice, "It's awfully odd, but he—the man at dinner—did look at me."

"I don't suppose," said Ettarre trenchantly, slapping her satiny head with two brushes, "that he, or the ghost, or anyone in the hotel, looked at either of us, or thought of us, or knew we were there. Good-night."

IN the cleared dining-room, the distinguished young man, who owned the name of de Roussillon, was smoking and finishing his bottle of white wine. The married couple were drinking coffee beside him.

"They were going to be married," said the husband. "The wedding day was fixed, had almost arrived. Then it came out—oh, la, la!—that the bridegroom had betrayed his bride with one of her best friends. They were seen staying at a hotel, the very week before the wedding. Monsieur the Papa broke it all off; and Mademoiselle, who wept her eyes out, was sent to voyage with a lady entirely safe. You may believe me, that is it. I had it from the chief steward, who had it from her own chauffeur at Sydney."

"Dame," said the married lady, lifting the sugar out of her coffee, and solemnly chewing it, "I should not call that other lady so safe."

Nobody noticed her. De Roussillon, obviously interested, was trying to pretend that the story bored him.

"They are tourists," he said lazily, "they will go and look at the cathedrals and the caves, they will make photographs. They will say, 'Oah!' a great many times; and sail away. They have nothing to do with a little planter who lives on deer and drinks *vin ordinaire*."

"My fine fellow," said the other, poking him facetiously on the arm, "that lady with the Marie Antoinette face, and the chauffeur in livery who sees her off at the boat—that lady who has a paid companion—that lady who is disappointed—she is beautiful and she is rich. What about the chance for you?"

"I am not interested," was de Roussillon's reply.

"Dame," said the lady again, "someone else is; that *mijaurée* in the baby frock is already *éprise* with you Prudent."

"All the same to me."

"Those English old maids," persisted the lady, "are the very pest. Especially when they are virtuous. I have been in England, I know. Prudent, my friend, beware of the virtuous companion."

"For me," declared Prudent de Roussillon, somewhat bored, "she does not exist. Nor," he added untruthfully, "does the other. When I marry, I marry. I am not seeking a wife. Never go out to meet misfortune, that is my motto."

MADAME'S husband saw that the subject had proceeded far enough. He changed it deftly.

"Are you still troubled with the visitors of the night?" he asked.

"But assuredly." Prudent had accepted the opening; he bent over a cigarette to light it after a graceful, "You allow, my cousin?" and took up the conversation, letting it drop now and then for a slow puff of smoke. They talked thus, in the sleepy island.

"Those fellows have ravaged my maize. . . . They took a six-week's calf from its mother's side, without noise—without noise, I tell you!—in the middle of the night, and cut its throat—poum! not a murmur—and carried it away. . . . There was a Canaque woman, wife of my cook; she disappeared."

"What! Those ancient ones?" demanded Madame, amazed.

"There are some not yet old, deported in mere boyhood, though for the most part they are very ancient."

"It is thirty years since the last deportation," said Monsieur musingly.

"Exactly. But there are *libérés* roaming the hills to-day, solid people, able to work if they chose, who were forty, fifty, when they came here at Government expense. I tell you, those who survived the early days of deportation are immortal, indestructible. If not, they would have been among the thousands who expired. Nothing will kill them—now, or so it seems. If you had seen the aspect of my maize, my kitchen-garden—and the House of the Cagou many miles away!"

"What, then is the House of the Cagou?" Madame, who had almost fallen asleep, waked up.

"It is not a house, cousin, it is a place which no one knows exactly. We only know that it is in the high hills, cleverly concealed, some miles behind my coffee plantation. Never fear, we shall smoke it out soon. Madame need have no fears."

"Why is it so called?"

"Because of the hill that stands up over the valley where there are many cagous. You know, madame, that the cagou is a bird now almost extinct; it haunts only the wildest places. It is fitting, almost poetical, that these wild people, some of them insane through their many sorrows, should haunt that place also. The cagou—that drab, slinking bird, without wings, that makes a hoarse, despairing cry, that must toil where others fly; the cagou that seems always shamed—it is indeed moving that these *libérés* should have found an asylum in his home."

"My friend, you are too much of a poet ever to make a good planter," observed the other. "It is quite simple; the cagou and the convict love solitude, and find it in the same place. You new young people from France are riddled with this symbolism that nobody understands. Go and make love to the English heiress and come down from the clouds."

"I am as likely to make love to her companion," replied Prudent coolly.

The silence that followed on this final statement was broken by an extraordinary sound, somewhere outside the *salle-à-manger* door.

"What was that?" cried Madame.

"A cagou, without doubt," jeered her husband. "It made a hoarse, despairing cry."

"More like a sneeze—hé! Prudent is gone!"

DE ROUSSILLON, a man of action, as many poets are, had sprung from his seat and hurled himself across the room.

They heard him running down the corridor; heard a scuffle, a merry oath and a laugh. Also something more. . . .

"If there is a cagou there Prudent will assuredly come back with his mouth full of feathers," satirically observed Monsieur.

There were no feathers visible when de Roussillon returned, but he had evidently been laughing.

"Figure to yourself," he said, "that the lady companion was outside the door!"

"Listening?"

"What do I know? It looks like it. She was there in her dressing-gown of pink silk."

"You caught her?"

"Well! I wanted to know who it was."

"And when you caught her?"

"My friend, how do you punish ladies who listen at doors? I vow, I was punished myself; she cold-creams her face, and her neck is like that of a boarding-house fowl!"

The husband of Madame burst forth into wild laughter. Madame herself, now fairly awake, took up a candle from the side table. "I am going to bed," she said. "Prudent, my cousin, I think you have done a foolish thing. These English old maids, virtuous—"

"How did I know? A lady flying—a pink silk *negligée*—why, I thought it was the other!"

"Oh, oh!" roared his cousin by marriage, "and you are not at all interested in the other!"

"On the contrary," said de Roussillon, holding himself very erect, and looking towards the invisible range of bedrooms, "I have every respect for her and, unheard, I beg her pardon. But I leave for the plantation with daylight, and that is the last of me."

MOONLIGHT, in Ettarre's room, made a shining bridge down from the barred window to the spot where ironed convicts had been wont to sleep on plank or stone. In that corner a neat hotel bed stood now, well furnished against mountain chill with quilts and silky blankets. Ettarre, not yet undressed, wondered vaguely how those chained, desperate creatures might have felt, lying where she—so long after their sad day was to lie. In her experience there was no source from which she could draw material for comparison.

"If you had been able to picture it—all of it," one told her, years after, "you would have flung yourself from the bed and rushed crying into the outer air—the clean free air of God. . . ."

She could not picture it. She thought the convict history interesting, if a little boring; remembered the grey shadow, "once a man," that she had seen pass by many times, each one a duplicate of all the others, in Noumea. She rather thought that Mabel's "ghost" was one of these. And that brought her back to her companion; where was Mabel? Not in the next room as she should have been; Ettarre had knocked and called, and no Mabel answered.

Ettarre, perhaps, had not quite escaped the Austrian haughtiness of the Lesinas. When she engaged a companion, governess or no governess, paid by the family or by herself, she expected service. Mabel was due to do her unpacking for her. She rapped again, sharply this time.

Something pattered down the corridor like an excited dog, flung open the door and tumbled in.

"Were you knocking?" panted Mabel. "I—I—the book I left in the dining-room—I went—they hadn't gone, and I couldn't go in in my dressing-gown, could I? I—I must tell you what they said—"

"Did you go in—like that?" Ettarre was amused. Mabel's gaudy *négligée*, her netted hair, her pinched, once pretty face, were somehow pitiable. She seemed to be very much excited; her lips were trembling as she spoke.

"They said—he said—they said——"

"Well, what did they say to you? It seems to have been something startling."

MABEL MONYPENNY checked herself, looked sideways at Ettarre. "They said," she went on more calmly after a pause, "that there was a wonderful place ten miles up in the hills called the House of the Cagou, where there were ever so many of those extraordinary birds. And the poor old *libérés* live there, some of them almost crazy. The Government has hunted them so that they have nowhere to go, because they are starving and take fruit from the gardens. I couldn't hear quite everything—one of them ran away with a native woman——"

"You couldn't hear? Where were you?"

"Well, I didn't want to be seen in my dressing-gown, so——"

"Oh, Mabel! you weren't listening at the door——?"

"Of course not. But I could not help hearing."

"I think I'd rather you didn't tell me any more, please."

"Very well, very well." Mabel was staring at her curiously, an unusual flush on her thin cheeks. "I'll go to bed," she said. She seemed to be restraining herself with difficulty.

"Poor old May," thought Ettarre, "I wonder what it is that she's trying not to tell me." But she was not much interested.

The door closed; opened again almost immediately. A netted head looked round. "He said," proclaimed a thin, excited voice, "that he liked me every bit as well as you."

"You really shouldn't listen at doors, old thing, it isn't done." Ettarre's remonstrance, somewhat sleepily spoken, fell on empty air. Mabel had gone.

She had been almost unbearably tempted to tell of the adventure in the corridor. Nothing restrained her but an uneasy fear (due to Prudent's sharp exclamation and sudden retreat) that some mistake had been made.

* * *

BREAKFAST next morning was very bearly, after the custom of French country inns. The sun had scarce looked over the misty violet peaks that ringed the town before Monsieur and Madame Gilbert, de Roussillon's cousins, were drinking their coffee, she in the undress of the provinces—checked flannel wrapper and capped hair—he smartly combed and shaven, and wearing a marvellously tasselled dressing-gown.

"You are early shaving yourself, *mon ami*," remarked his wife amusedly. "It is the most superfluous thing in the world, for the English misses will not be up for hours. That is the way of their people."

"On the contrary," riposted Gilbert, giving his old-fashioned moustache a twist and looking towards the doorway, "they are here."

Ettarre, in sports suit and small neat hat, Mabel, dressed as for a garden party in flowery lacy stuff, took their seats at the next table. Monsieur nudged Madame, a broad smile splitting his face.

"Name of a pipe!" he said. "Your cousin is a brave man!"

"He is a fool," trenchantly answered Madame, cutting her crusty loaf in a slaughtering, merciless way.

"What time did he leave?"

"Do I know? Before dawn, no doubt.

He will be at the plantation by now." ("And all hope lost") was what her husband, who knew her, read in her mind.

Feeling, as husbands do feel, obscurely to blame for anything that might have happened to vex Madame, he became silent.

Madame, on the contrary, began to talk.

"You are making a promenade, *mesdemoiselles*?" she said.

Mabel, who knew no French, simply gazed at her. Ettarre replied courteously, "Yes, Madame, we are going out in the auto up the valley."

"You will pass there the coffee plantation of my cousin. You are interested in plantations, Mademoiselle?"

Ettarre, intending to say "No, Madame," found herself unaccountably replying "Yes."



"Citizeness Marie Antoinette, Widow Capet," cried one of the men in a loud booming voice, "Die for your sins against the people."

Well, it was true. She had never seen one; it might be interesting.

"You will perhaps give yourself the trouble of calling on the way?"

"Thank you, Madame, but it is impossible to say."

She hurried through her coffee and left the room, Mabel following on her heels like a dog.

"What did they say? Tell me," demanded the companion, breathing hard, before the door was well closed.

Ettarre repeated the conversation. "She was amazed to see how deeply Mabel flushed."

"Well, I can tell you one thing," she said viciously, answering what had not been said, "he kissed me in the passage. . . . I did not mean—I—of course——"

She was absolutely certain now that there had been no mistake.

ETTARRE, head held a little higher than usual, walked on as if she had not heard. "The car is waiting," was all that she said.

But when the sturdy Ford, driven by Mabel, seemed to falter on a hill that overlooked a stretch of green white blossoming shrubs, with a square pink villa in the midst of them, she said somewhat sharply, "Do hurry on, Mabel; we shall never have time."

Mabel said not a word, but threw in the

second speed with an emphasis that nearly stripped the gears.

Above them flamed the incredible chrome and geranium colours of the New Caledonian inland hills; in the valleys were patches of sugar-cane bright as Chinese jade; the spangled dusk of orange trees; bananas, sea-green silver. There were not many houses; the country grew always lonelier as they panted on. A mile or two beyond the plantation all settlement seemed to end. The yellow and redhill peaks towered close at hand; among them were scanty patches of bush and deep ravines. The road grew rougher, more overgrown. At last the car was cutting its way through a broken mass of lemon and cerise lantana flower; beyond, all semblance of a track came to an end.

Ettarre leaped lightly down. "I shall start walking now," she said. "I mean to climb that peak or die. The view here is heavenly; what won't it be on the top?"

"You don't expect me to—"

"Certainly not. It may be a stiff climb."

"I don't know how I'm going to turn here. I shall have to back some way down the hill."

"Then I'll meet you in the valley. Cheerio!" She took a white-napkin packet of sandwiches out of the car, and struck across the nearest slope.

LEFT to herself Mabel backed and turned the car, and headed for the clearly visible sweep of shining coffee trees a mile or two away. As she went, she saw a grey shadow creeping out of a clump of bush. It seemed to scan the distance, hand held over eyes; then it moved a little, and instantly was not.

"A ghostly country, if ever there was one," Mabel thought. "That creature—was it really there—objectively? I am such a sensitive, it might have been discarnate. Elemental . . . what a story to tell when one gets home!" She shuddered agreeably.

A long way off, among the bushes, something called with a hoarse, despairing cry.

* * *

THE master of Les Rosiers could not rest.

In New Caledonia, the hour of the siesta is clearly defined. Only mad English go galloping about, on foot or in motor-cars, during the hot hours of early afternoon. Prudent should have been taking his ease on the canvas lounge, beneath the pergola of French imported roses, sleeping and waking.

But there were nettles in that easy bed. Prudent de Roussillon had come back from Noumea with disquieting news. The typical foreclosed mortgage was not his trouble; it was something less dramatic, but almost as bad. He could not raise a mortgage at any price. Times were lean, money scarce. The crop looked like a bumper—his first crop, on his own ground—but it had been long growing and flowering and the familiar history of insufficiently financed plantations

was unrolling itself here. If nothing happened—and it was impossible to hope that anything would—the stores in Noumea would take over the place for debt, at a quarter of its real value.

The Gilberts were no use. Prudent would rather have died than borrow, and they, cousins though they were, would have seen him die rather than lend. Madame Gilbert had suggested a way out; and Prudent who, like a true young Frenchman, knew his attractions to the last dot, but did not overestimate them by a tittle—Prudent would not have been averse to it under ordinary circumstances.

But the circumstances were not ordinary. Prudent, poet as well as planter, had fallen in love with the beautiful jilted lady the moment he saw her; or at least had fallen half in love then, and leaped the whole way afterwards, when he heard from Cousin Gilbert the intriguing, melancholy story. That such a creature, imperial, lovely, should have been treated so! That nobody should have arranged a more suitable marriage for her, on the spot, to show the villain what was thought of him! One managed better in France, even in France's primitive colony.

According to Prudent's code, one did not marry simply because one had fallen in love. Certainly, one did not insult a lady of position and fortune by proposals which could not include equal or even fitting settlements. And when one had had the bad luck to take her waiting woman for herself (for so Prudent defined the anomalous Mabel), and had dared to kiss her by proxy, as it were—

DE ROUSSILLON rolled over in agony upon his canvas sofa. What could she think of him? What had that darned waiting-maid told her? He could never see either of them—look either in the face again.

Squarely he planted his two well-shod feet upon the tiles of the verandah, and stood

perhaps he regretted that mischievous salute, fair, by all the rules of the oldest game in the world, but, as things had turned out, colossally foolish. In any case his manners remained unaffected. With perfect courtesy, he greeted Mademoiselle of the unknown name, and welcomed her to his plantation. He saw that she was alone; a nuisance that, but perhaps the other would follow her. What a chance, if she did!

"You aren't surely gone out to promenade alone, Mademoiselle?" he asked, bowing gracefully over the back of the seat that he handed to her. Prudent was entirely aware of the grace of his bow; it had cost him considerable practice before a mirror and he would not have minded your knowing that the least bit in the world.

Mabel, flattered, not to say fluttered, by the anxiety that showed itself in his voice, and mistaking the cause, replied.

"Oh, it's quite safe. I can drive really well; though there isn't much to be done with an old car like this."

"Mademoiselle, your friend then—she is where?"

For just a second Mabel Monypenny hesitated. "How sly," she thought, "he's pretending he doesn't recognise me, but I suppose the poor fellow is so overcome with shame that he doesn't know what to say." (A view of the matter that would have roused amazement and laughter inextinguishable in the graceless Prudent, could he but have known it!) "If I tell him," ran her thoughts swiftly, "he may make a silly fuss about it; French people are so absurd about girls walking alone. . . . He'll want to go off after her. . . ."

She saw an agreeable vision of herself spending the rest of the afternoon in de Roussillon's company; being shown over the plantation; luring him gradually out of his embarrassed shyness—for of course all this formality was just a sort of inferiority complex. . . . She saw Ettarre for once, well out of the way.

"My friend," she said, with very little hesitation, "preferred to stay in the hotel." She was conscious of a pang immediately she had said it, for Mabel was no habitual liar. But since last night it had become vital to her to see and speak to de Roussillon alone. Prudent's determined chase, the two or three vigorous kisses he had planted on her lips and cheeks, before suddenly drawing back with an exclamation that she could not translate; the warm clutch of his hands on her shoulders (instantly released when, in the course of Mabel's virginal strugglings, he and she came under the light of the lamp in the passage) all these were wonderful unheard-of incidents, raising her as if by magic into the previously suspect class of born enchantresses. Mabel liked being a born enchantress too well to relinquish the part; and she had—to do her justice—no idea whatever of the casual views held by the youth of the Latin race on the question of passing "good fortunes."

ETTARRE, travelled and cultivated, knew better. Ettarre, if some accident had put her in Mabel's place, would merely have gone to her room, scrubbed her face, put a black mark against Prudent in her mind, and forgotten him next day. But he had kissed a waiting-woman, and thence the coil arose, a coil more tangled and more deadly than any of the three suspected.

Prudent, perhaps, through the course of the afternoon that followed, would have agreed to its deadliness, if anyone had asked him. The web of Mabel was about him and he could not throw it off. She betrayed a persistent interest in the details of coffee planting; insisted on being shown the trees,

erect, turning round as he rose. Turning, he faced the walk that led up from the gateway. And there right in the eye of the mid-day sun, stood Mabel Monypenny.

Perhaps, at that moment De Roussillon recalled the warnings of his cousin. Per-



His second bullet struck the arm of Danton.

the berries, the pulping pits, the drying sheds, the store. She asked questions about costs and profits. She obliged Prudent to offer her, pick for her, and carry about interminably an enormous bouquet of flowers. Prudent, on his part, managed to wrench out of her a certain amount of information about the splendid and stately girl who had entrapped his fancy; but it was difficult work. For some reason that he could not fathom, possible jealousies quite apart, Mabel seemed anxious to avoid the very name of Ettarre...

Ettarre, high up among the hills, was experiencing for the first time in her four-and-twenty years, the sensation of utter solitude. She had travelled, she had seen the world—but always the stock sights, and in company; always along the crowded roads. At home the station was big, but on its horizon, if you rode or motored away from houses, you could always see cattle travelling, horsemen galloping, the hut of a boundary rider, the swiftly circling wheel of a windmill.

Here, the little tableland that she had reached was shut in by a ring of the strangely painted peaks that she had seen from below; the zone of cultivation, of coffee, banana and sugar-cane was long left behind, with its roads and people. There was nothing but chrome and fox-coloured hillscapes, bushes and coarse grass, and over everything, the lonesome brilliant sky.

She had come into this place more through chance than design, by way of hidden rocky passes down below. It seemed to her as she paused to take breath and look about her that in the plains below all life had stopped, the world had ended. This was another world; her world. She was conscious of herself as never before; it was like an actual weight pressing down on her shoulders. "Now I know what people mean," she thought, "when they talk of the burden of solitude." But she did not find it hard to carry. "One finds oneself," she thought.

LOVE is the self of twenty-four. Ettarre became quietly certain of the fact that for some time she had not cared for the man who cast her off. "I did not know," she thought. "One hangs by a broken thread, and doesn't understand it's broken."

She stood in the long grass where the wind made wimpling noises for nobody to hear, and looked about her. It was very peaceful. Somewhere a bird sent out a lost, forlorn cry. She turned her head, and saw the creature; it had no wings; it was running swiftly across the grass; it looked odd and shamed, as if it knew itself to be in some strange way accursed.

"A cagou," she thought. "I am glad I have seen it, but it is a ghostly thing. What is it running from? Not me; I don't think it has seen—oh! it has now."

The wingless bird was running, more swiftly than ever, towards the huge pile of rocks that filled up one end of the plateau. It darted into a crevice; it was more like a lizard than a bird in its movements. "I might make it come out again," thought Ettarre, standing solitary in the mist of the sun-struck, empty place. "How hot it is," she thought almost simultaneously. "These foolish little hats..."

The white napkin that had held the sandwiches was tucked into her belt. She pulled it out and tied it over her hat, under her chin. "That's better," she thought, starting

to walk across the plateau. "What a spectacle I must look! but luckily there's no one to see."

SHE was an arresting figure, had she but known it. The white cloth tied over hat and head gave her a curious eighteenth-century look, emphasised the Hapsburg pride of her lip and chin, the superb poise of her head. She wore a light raincoat slung loosely round her hips; it had a panniered effect. Ettarre's walk, for a twentieth century, golfing, motoring girl, was all wrong; she neither louted nor swung; she stopped, as ladies at Versailles, perhaps, had stepped in their panniered dresses, upon the polished floors of the Mirror Hall. Eighteenth century was the shell of her, that deceiving shell, that enclosed just a jolly girl like any other. Ettarre, in this moment, was wishing, not for crowns or thrones, as her body seemed to say; she desired simply a good sporting gun...

The cagou had disappeared. The sun was frightful, beating down from those piled, fox-coloured boulders, beating up from the burned grass. "I shall get sunstroke," she thought, and in the same moment saw a dark opening among the rocks. It spread out as she approached; it was clearly the entrance to a good-sized cave. Like a spent swimmer touching land, she flung herself into the shadow, stood there, panting a little, trying to see in the sudden gloom.

The cave smelt of cold and of ashes; it was not very large. When Ettarre's eyes, adjusted themselves to the diminished light she could see right to the end. There had been a fire on the floor. There was a kerosine tin full of water beside the dead fire. A roll of grey blankets. A coffee-pot. A lamp. An axe.

Ettarre stood looking at these things. It did not need the call of the bird outside—a lorn, despairing cry—to tell her that she had found the House of the Cagou. At once fear mastered her. Mabel's account of the place had been foolish and fragmentary, but Ettarre was used to filling in the gaps that Mabel left, and she could fill them, only too accurately, now. "Libérés," mocked with the name of a freedom that was not theirs, hunted as the cagou is hunted, and for the same sad reason, that they were not as others, could not fly and go—libérés, sworn enemies of the race that had savaged them a hundred times worse than ever they had injured it—libérés whom nothing could kill, nothing move, who were scarce human any more—these people were hardly the kind one would wish to meet in one of the loneliest spots of the lonely, out-back land that is New Caledonia.

And Ettarre remembered now, with the instinct of a sportswoman, that the cagou had run, first of all, away from the pile of rocks, returning towards it only when it had directly encountered herself. She became certain that there was someone close at hand, someone whom the birds feared little. That could not be any ordinary inhabitant of the island, for the cagou is worth gold. It must be someone who was friendly with cagous.



THOUGHT followed thought with the swiftness of light in her mind. She knew that she must go. Not quickly. Quietly, as if she had not been startled, had indeed noticed nothing that might startle. Just turn round, walk slowly out, pick a flower or two on the way, in order to account for her—

Never in real life—for Ettarre was courageous—only in dreams had she known the feeling that, at this point, took possession of her. She could not move. It was as if she were a fly and her limbs had been dipped in treacle. She could not breathe, she could not turn. For there, on the triangle of pale light that reached back into the recesses of the cave, lay the shadow of a man, overlapping her own.

For the space of thirty or forty endless seconds she stood immobile, and the shadow was moveless, too. Then it began to shift and, with the movement, something seemed to break; her wits came back. She swung round, face to the entrance of the cave.

A man stood there, with another man some little way behind him. Both were of middle height, somewhat stooped, sunburned to the colour of an old saddle, grizzled, but not quite grey. Both wore indeterminate clothes that might once have been drab convict flannel. Both were barefoot. The eyes of them were like burning pins. They were extraordinarily alike, but the real essence of the likeness eluded her. It wasn't clothes or sunburn. Not even convict life lived in common. It was something more, not easy to understand.

Ettarre thought best to try and bluff the situation. After all, there was probably not much harm in them. She was almost certain, despite the absence of proof, that one of the men—one who was slightly taller, slightly greyer and more stooped than the other—was the "ghost" who had frightened Mabel; whom she herself had supposed to be a vegetable man. What mischief could there be about him or in any of the "grey shadows, once men" whom she had seen so often about Noumea and Bourail?

(Continued on page 164)

CINEMA v. THEATRE



Some of "Our Dancing Daughters"—or rather America's—in the film of that title. On the right is Miss Anita Page, as the baby-faced "gold-digger," with the young millionaire she has just captured by guile.

THERE has been much discussion lately on the vexed but always interesting question of theatre v. cinema.

A spirited attack on the discomfort of many of our theatres was launched by the dramatic critic of a popular paper—and with most of what he said most people will heartily agree. Meanwhile the film critic of the same newspaper enlarged on the delightful luxury of the cinemas. A day or two later, however, the latter, on second thoughts, went equally off the deep-end about the poverty of the films that are presented at these richly decorated palaces, complete with every modern convenience except draughts.

One or two houses were particularly mentioned in this connection, including the Empire, which seemed to me rather an unfortunate instance. I have not seen all the pictures produced there since it became a movie house, but I have never yet seen a bad picture at the Empire, and in its brief career it has already given us the loveliest film in the world, *Shiraz*, as well as some very efficient and quick-moving ones, such as *Trelawny of the Wells* and *Laugh, Clown, Laugh* and *The Cameraman*, and *Our Dancing Daughters*, whereof more anon. But that is by the way.

Films are not Really so Bad.

The main suggestion I find permeating a considerable body of public opinion (of which these are only small examples) is that while theatres are often unworthy of their plays, films tend to be unworthy of their picture houses. A further suggestion is that the public, thinking largely of its comfort and its purse, is being increasingly allured to visit the cheaper and more sensuously attractive cinema instead of enduring the hardships of the theatre for the sake of pure art.

Frankly, I don't believe in the validity of the comparison. Films are not such invariable tosh as they are made out to be, nor are stage plays all intrinsically more absorbing and entertaining—and absorption

and entertainment are the prime objectives of either kind of show, whatever the nigh-brows may tell us we ought to think about it. There is a very considerable body of persons who take the stage, as well as the screen, far too seriously. After all, the theatre was made for man, not man for the theatre.

A British Picture.

I believe in supporting British films whenever possible, and the latest effort of British International Pictures, named *Kitty*, is certainly deserving of support. Mr. Warwick Deeping's novel has been very thoughtfully and sympathetically translated into film terms, and the result is a picture of distinction. One of its outstanding features is the acting of Mr. John Stuart as a disabled ex-officer who recovers the use of his legs as the result of a shock that drives him to run to his wife's rescue. The skilful handling by Mr. Stuart of a far from easy situation is one of the chief elements in the success of the picture.

Miss Dorothy Cumming is so handsome and graceful an actress that her unsympathetic Mrs. St. George, the stiff-necked mother of the crippled hero, gains much more sympathy than she morally deserves. Especially as Miss Estelle Brody, excellently as she acts, seems hardly the engaging type of Kitty we expected from the book.

I have seen two other British films lately, both of considerable merit and both made

By

MAITLAND DAVIDSON

out of once famous novels under the superintendence of Mr. Herbert Wilcox as producer. One is *The Woman in White* from the book by Wilkie Collins. This has an incredibly absurd story, some good photography and a charming heroine in Miss Blanche Sweet. The other is Sir Hall Caine's *The Bondman*, with Mr. Norman Kerry in the main part.

The chief fault of these two films, a notable fault indeed, is that their action is so frequently much too slow. This is a point I have several times noticed in British productions, and it gives a very bad impression.

Jolly Clara Bow.

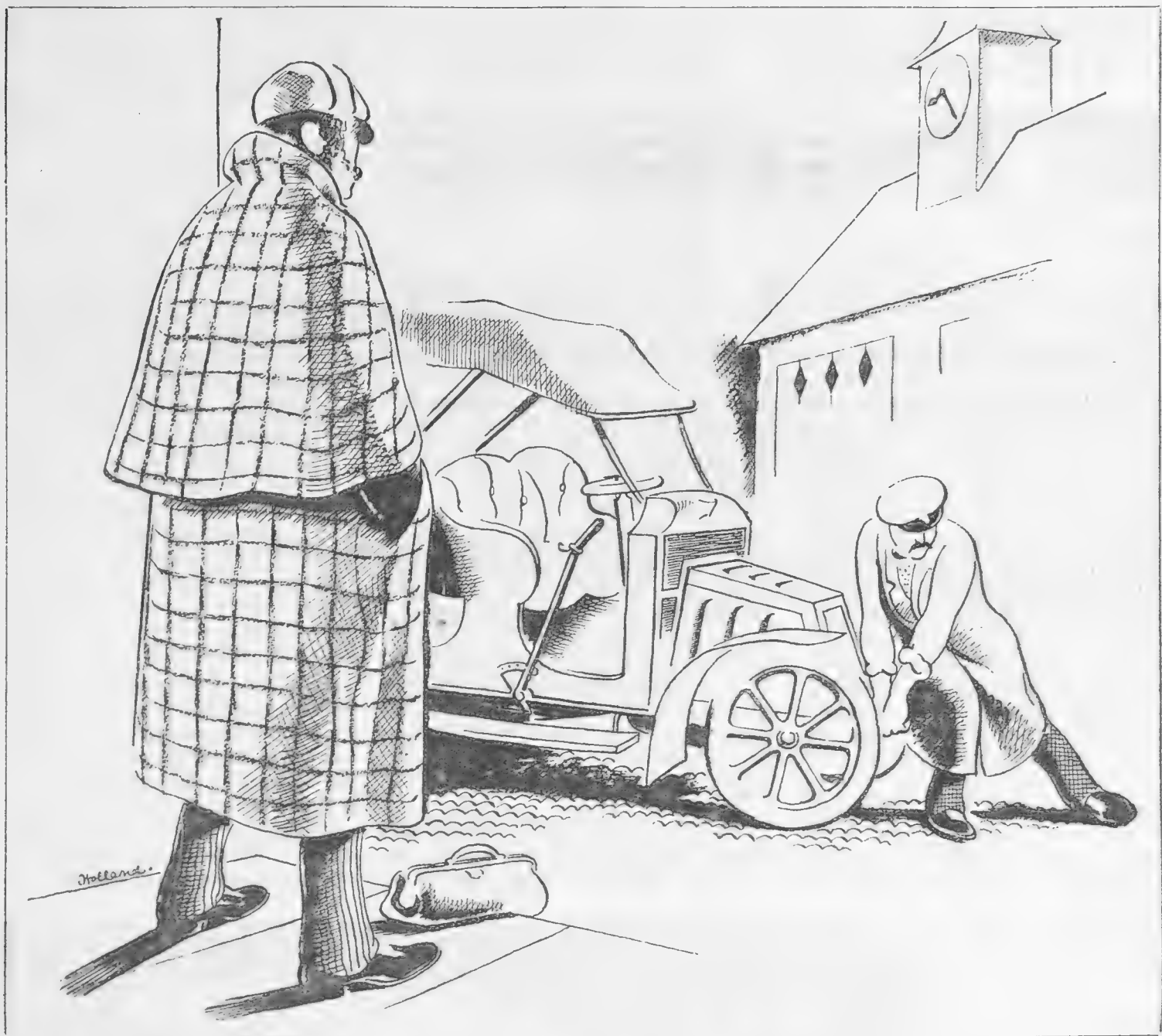
Compare with this the continuous sparkle and unresting action of such a picture as *Three Week Ends*, a new product of Mrs. Elinor Glyn's, which is to be shown at the Plaza shortly. The inimitable Miss Clara Bow is the heroine of this most lively comedy, in which she plays the part of a daughter of the (American) people living in a crowded tenement flat without any privacy. "Is this a bedroom or a boulevard?" she asks her father as he strolls through for the third time in search of boots or a clean collar. This is a thoroughly jolly film—and none the worse for the fact that we see in it, in more senses than one, quite a lot of Miss Clara Bow.

Another very slick American comedy-drama I have seen lately is *Our Dancing Daughters*, which was shown at the Empire. Not only is it beautifully photographed but it touches modern life (albeit American life) from a somewhat novel angle. And, not least important, all three girls who play the chief parts are really extremely pretty, as well as being first-rate actresses.

Is this combination so difficult to get in England? We have probably more beautiful girls to the square mile in this country than are to be found anywhere else, but they do not seem to have reached the films.



An attractive new star, Miss Joan Crawford (left), as the honest girl in "Our Dancing Daughters," whose straightforwardness loses her the man she really loves. On the right is Miss Dorothy Cumming, also seen in "Kitty."



FIVE MINUTES TO CATCH THE TRAIN

*was no joke in those days of slow-starting
petrol and treacly oil*

IN THOSE DAYS: Thick frozen oil gummed
the pistons firmly in the cylinders.

NOW: You use volatile petrol and free-flowing
oil—and the engine sparks into instant action.

The Quick-Starting Pair.
SHELL OIL AND PETROL

THE NEW BRITISH AIRSHIPS

By

LIEUT.-COMMANDER W. H. WATT, R.N.R.,

MASTER MARINER AND AIRSHIP COMMANDER.

Commander Watt's long experience as a navigator of the sea as well as the air gives this article unique interest and weight. He is a master-mariner of foreign-going ships and has seen active service in battleships, cruisers and torpedo-boats. His experience of airships covers every type from the tiny "Blimp" to the large Rigid. At the close of the war he was commander of H.M. Airship R.26 and one of the most senior airship captains.

THE flight of the "Graf Zeppelin" across the Atlantic was undoubtedly one of the most interesting recent events in the history of aviation, because it marked the opening of an era of airship transport. But Dr. Eckener admits that the future of the airship lies with ships of very much greater capacity than the "Graf Zeppelin." Had finance been available, his demonstration flight would not have been confined to a ship of 3½ million cubic feet, and he is now building a larger vessel.

It has, for some years past, been realised by the British authorities that an airship of less than 5 million cubic feet gas capacity would be useless even to demonstrate the possibilities of lighter-than-air craft. The new British airships R.100 and R.101 are each "five million" ships.

Air Luxury.

DO not let us for a moment think that passengers travelling by the new British airships will have to suffer any inconveniences such as may have been experienced during the flight of the "Graf Zeppelin." On the contrary, most luxurious accommodation is being built into these ships, and passengers travelling by them will neither be deprived of their welcome smoke, nor will they have to rely upon mechanics to bring their daily meals and attend to them generally.

A commodious smoking room has been allowed for, and a staff of stewards will be carried to attend to the comfort of passengers.

Comfort is inherent in airships. Personally, I have never known of a case of air-sickness aboard a rigid airship. In the first place an airship never rolls, and any movement is only that of a slow pitch which lacks

that feeling of the ship suddenly going from under one's feet such as is experienced in a sea-going vessel in bad weather. Of interest, also, is the fact that as the engines are all suspended from the main body of the ship, there is no vibration, nor are there objectionable smells. When an airship passes overhead a great noise can be heard from the engines and propellers, but when actually in the ship everything is remarkably quiet and steady.

A Tour of Inspection.

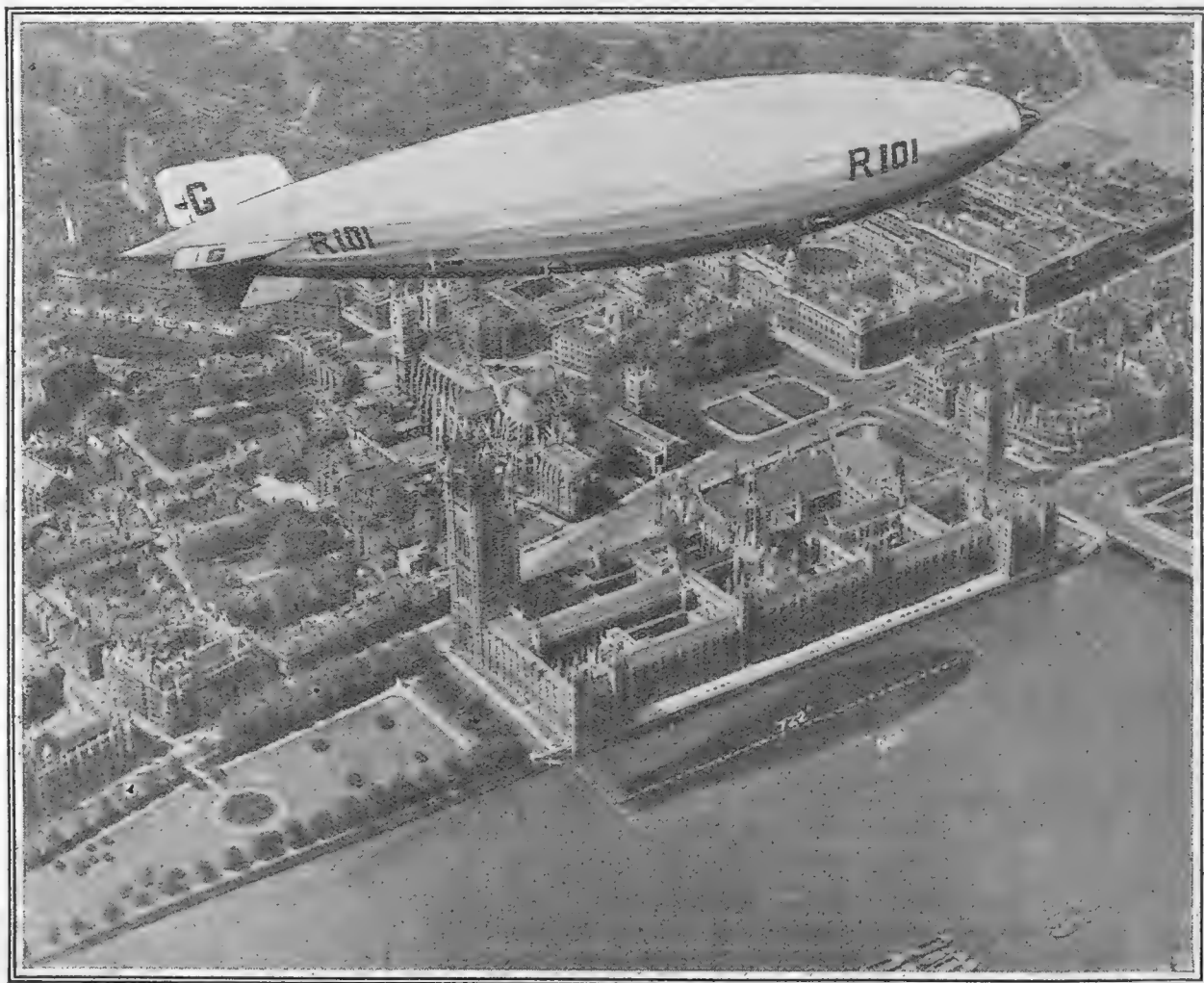
IMAGINE ourselves taking a tour of inspection through one of our new airships—the R.101. We draw up in a car, alight at the

base of the mooring tower, and step into the lift which conveys us to the reception platform. Here is found a covered-in gangway leading through the nose of the ship into a passage communicating with the passenger accommodation.

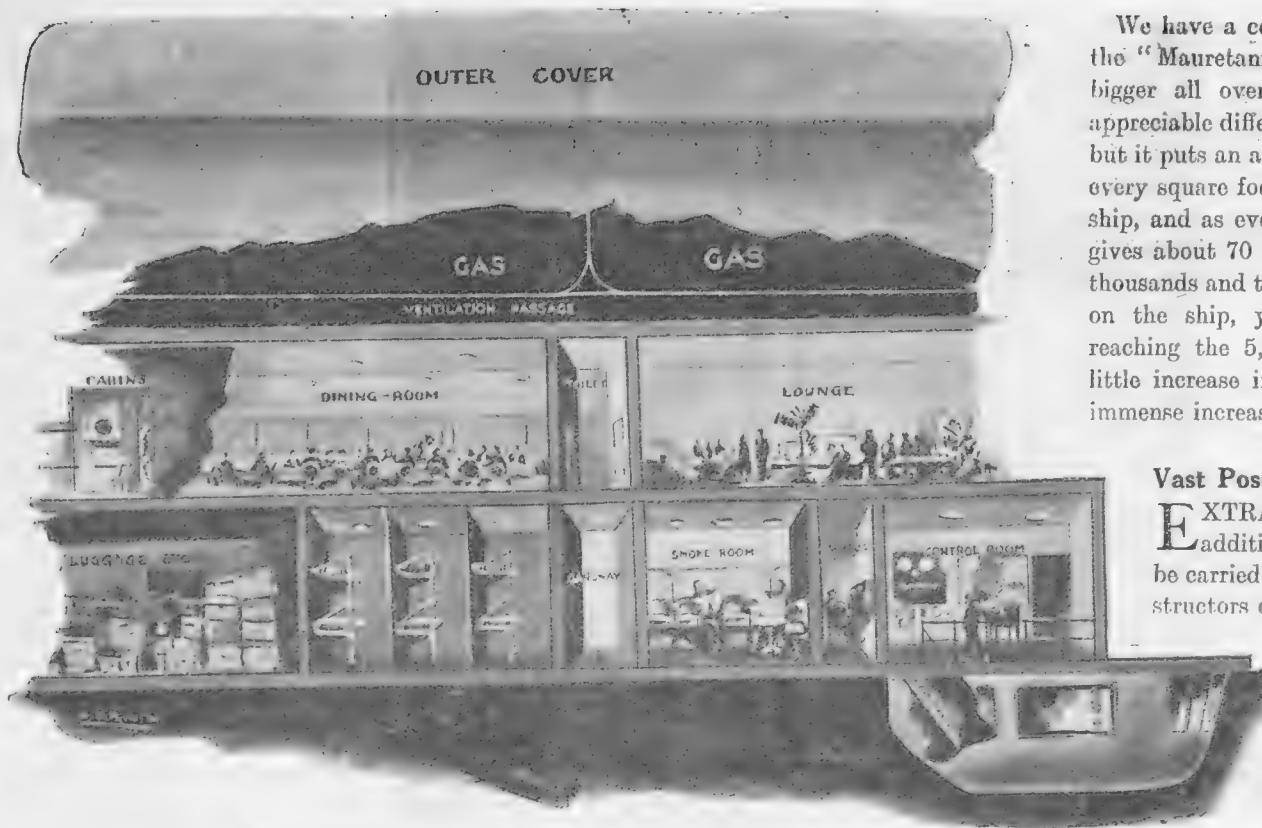
As we approach the centre of the ship the passage opens out into a spacious hall, with companion ways leading to the upper deck. Off the central hall on the lower deck is a kitchen fitted with elaborate electrical cooking appliances capable of cooking for a hundred and forty people. It is connected with the dining room above by means of a small lift which enables the stewards to receive hot dishes direct from the stoves.

Further on there are washing cubicles, lavatories, etc., and then the wireless cabin. An electric distribution room and ventilating chamber is also fitted on this deck, and from it fresh air is forced through into the various living rooms. In cold weather the air passing from the ventilating chamber is warmed by passing it over a large radiator which is fed by steam from two of the airship's main engines. Forward of this are the crew's quarters, and then the captain's control room, which is directly over the main control car.

Going back to the central hall, let us ascend the main staircase leading to the upper deck, which covers an area approximately as large as a tennis court. A series of corridors lead to the bedrooms, of which there are fifty. Each bedroom has two sleeping berths and similar equipment to that of a modern passenger steamer. The dining-room is attractively set out, with seating accommodation for fifty



A comparison:—The shadow of the airship shows the length of the vessel in relation to the Houses of Parliament. (Air view by Surrey Flying Services, Ltd.)



R.101. A sectioned drawing of the passenger accommodation.

people at a time. The forward half of the upper deck opens out into a very large lounge with a polished floor. This spacious room, in addition to small tables and chairs artistically arranged, has around it settees and armchairs set in alcoves. The whole lounge is so arranged that in a few minutes the floor can be entirely cleared and the room converted into a ball-room, to which dance music can be transmitted by means of wireless from shore stations.

On each side of the upper deck runs a promenade deck with a handrail separating the passengers from the airship's side. Large windows are fitted in the ship's cover through which passengers can see a panoramic view of the country or sea over which they are travelling.

Exhaustive Experiments.

THE R.100 and the R.101 were designed after prolonged and exhaustive tests both by the National Physical Laboratory and by a staff of scientists and airship experts. For example, in order to determine what forces act upon an airship while in flight, experiments were first carried out with a model. Later the airship R.33 was inflated and equipped with an elaborate system of instruments designed to measure the forces exerted by the air on the hull, fins and rudders while actually flying. Prior to these experiments, airship construction was, to a great extent, guesswork. We have now passed beyond that stage, and all constructional work in connection with R.100 and R.101 is the result of extensive research, checked by practical test.

A general idea of the size and solidity of the new vessels is given by the accompanying illustrations. The principal dimensions and weights are:—Length, 720 feet; diameter, 132 feet; gross lift, 156 tons; fuel capacity, 30 tons; pay load, $24\frac{1}{2}$ tons; total useful load, 70 tons. With engines of 4,000 horse-power a cruising speed of 70 miles per hour is expected, and the range at this speed, carrying a full load of passengers and freight, is estimated at 3,500 air miles.

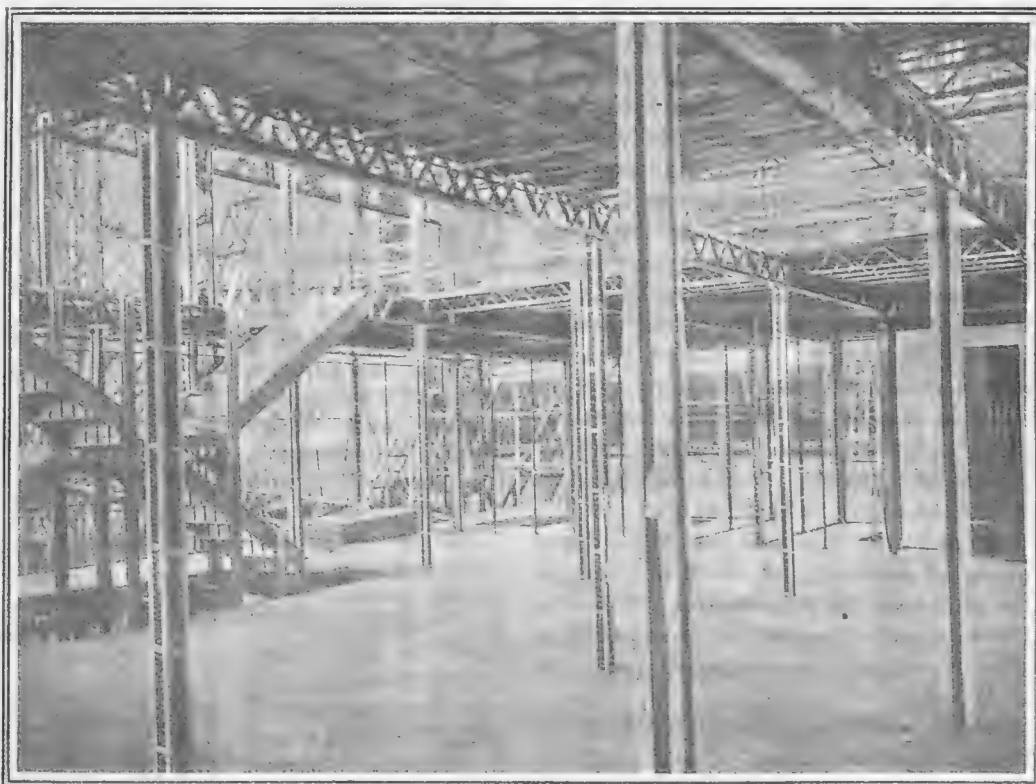
We have a colossal body nearly as large as the "Mauretania." Let us make it one foot bigger all over: this does not make great appreciable difference to the weight of the ship, but it puts an additional cubic feet of gas over every square foot of the outside surface of the ship, and as every thousand cubic feet of gas gives about 70 lb. or so of lift, and there are thousands and thousands of square feet surface on the ship, you may imagine how, after reaching the 5,000,000 cubic feet ship, very little increase in dimensions is going to give immense increase in lifting capacity.

Vast Possibilities.

EXTRA lift does not only mean that additional passengers or freight may be carried. It means also that the constructors can afford to increase structural strength, add to the luxury of the passenger accommodation, install more powerful engines, and, generally speaking, obtain more efficiency in every direction.

Then one asks, "How far can we go in this increase of lift, which means general increase in efficiency?" And the reply is that there is no limit in sight. The airships for commercial work will not remain at 5,000,000 cubic ft., but will be 10,000,000 cubic ft. and possibly even larger. They will not only be of metal framework with fabric outer covering, but will be of metal framework with metal covering. Some people find it hard to realise that such things can ever come to pass, but it may be interesting to know that if the great steel sheds in which the present airships are being built were sealed up, the air pumped out of them, and replaced by hydrogen, they would lift off the ground.

The question of handling a craft of very great dimensions is often brought up, but I think



R.100. The passenger decks in course of construction.



R.100. The lounge as it will appear to passengers.

it is only necessary to point out that since the beginning of airships it has been found that the larger the ship, the easier she is to handle in every way. Mooring to a mast is already done by mechanical means, and I can visualise the time when berthing an airship in a shed will also be accomplished by mechanical handling gear instead of man power.

We have reached a stage where commercial airships are commencing to demonstrate that they have a place in the world's field of transportation. Their development must have unlimited possibilities now that we have reached the point where, with such little additional constructional effort, such greatly increased efficiency can be obtained.

Successful Atlantic Attempts.

ALTHOUGH the new 5,000,000 cubic feet airships are not yet completed, and even they will be experimental, it is a satisfactory omen that with the smaller airships built previously five Atlantic crossings have been attempted and all have been successfully accomplished. This makes an interesting comparison with the attempted crossings by aeroplane.

Each aeroplane flight over the Atlantic ocean has been accompanied by mad excitement, which is a clear indication that the public realise the extreme danger which every long distance aeroplane flight over sea carries with it. Common sense tells them that that type of aircraft is unsuited for the work, and consequently every attempted ocean crossing by aeroplane is a gamble. Does it not stand to reason that an airship which is buoyed up in the air by means of gas and has half a dozen engines, all accessible, of which only one is required to keep her under control, is bound to be more reliable than an aeroplane which is dependent entirely on mechanical power to keep it up?

In the case of the new airship R.101, heavy oil engines are used instead of petrol engines, so that any danger of fire from that source is eliminated. In order to demonstrate the advan-

tage of the crude oil used, I saw a tray of petrol set on fire at the Royal Airship Works where the R.101 is building, and crude oil, such as will be used in the R.101's engines, was poured over the petrol, resulting in the flames being immediately extinguished.

The hydrogen gas in an airship is not a serious danger, because it could only be ignited through escaping and becoming mixed with air. If there was any escape, hydrogen, being lighter than air, would immediately rise, and could not possibly come down to the engines or passenger accommodation.

Weather Considerations.

WEATHER plays a big part in connection with airship operation, but the airship is not handicapped by weather to the extent that people are inclined to believe. With meteorology in the advanced stage which it has now reached, the airship is aware of the position, area, and movement of storms, and consequently is able to avoid them, or work in with them so as to use the winds to advantage. This was clearly demonstrated in the case of the "Graf Zeppelin's" flight to the United States, when she deviated well over a thousand miles from her course in order to avoid storms of exceptional velocity which gave cause for

anxiety on the part of steamships at that time on the direct routes.

The writer personally remembers on two different occasions flying R.26 in quite violent thunderstorms, and it is his firm opinion that there is really less likelihood of airships being harmed by lightning than steamships, always provided that all the metallic parts are bonded one to the other.

When an airship is flying she is part and parcel of the atmosphere, and is moving along with it, so that, except for the speed caused by her propelling power, she is in a dead calm even in the strongest wind. This means that, however strong the wind may be, once the ship is off the ground there is no increased horizontal force acting upon her, and the effects of the wind are counteracted by allowances in the navigation of the ship.

The airship carries with it the only hope of rapid transit for long distances over sea, but at the same time one cannot over-emphasise the necessity for a cautious and gradual programme to be followed at this stage. Airship development is of world interest, but, owing to the scattered nature of our Dominions, it will be of greatest value to the

British Empire. With increased size and speed airships will become a commercial proposition.

We must, therefore, welcome competition in airship construction, and co-operation with other countries, bearing in mind also that there is nothing like a common interest to bring about a better understanding and relationship between nations.



R.100. A two-berth cabin.

A Midnight Adventure

By Jose De Boihah



SOMERLEE ORMSBY scowled. The light was fading. His luxurious studio was beginning to fill with shadows. He tossed aside his palette and brushes with a gesture of disgust, stepped back, and squinted hard at the canvas upon which he had been working.

"I haven't got it," he muttered. "It's not what I want. It's still eluding me."

He shrugged, caught up a palette knife, and lunged forward. The knife flashed up—down—across—back, again and again, until the canvas hung from its frame in forlorn strips.

"That's better," he laughed, without mirth, flinging the gleaming knife from him. "Tomorrow's another day. Then we'll see that we'll see."

Many who knew Ormsby considered him a genius, while equally as many said that he was a hare-brained trifler; they were all unanimous in declaring that he was a romantic dreamer, a Don Quixote born centuries after his time.

"Ormsby's a genius," the one group would argue. "That's why there's no explaining him. It's the divine spark that's urging him on the unceasing quest for beauty."

"Ormsby is just a fool, a dauber and canvas spoiler, who is too lazy or indifferent to get down to serious business. Chasing will-o'-the-wisps! It's lucky his hard-working governor left him a fortune."

Ormsby, however, paid little or no attention to any of them. Adulation and criticism alike left him cold. Indifferent either to blame or praise, he went his way, keeping his thoughts to himself and doing exactly as he saw fit.

"To-morrow's another day," he repeated, as he slipped off his smock and tossed it over

shrouded the door. "It is getting late, sir."

"I am not going to dress, John," Ormsby answered between puffs of a Russian cigarette.

"But," John protested, "there is the Van Ruysen dinner, sir, and the dance, both at the Plaza. Have you forgotten, sir?"

"Not at all, John," Ormsby chuckled. "I only accepted the invitation on the understanding that at the last moment I might not be able to come. I always do that, you know."

John nodded.

"Call up Mrs. Van Ruysen, John," Ormsby ordered, "and tell her that I am indisposed. Hurry! She will secure another man, even if the time is getting short. Lights!"

John turned the electric switch and flooded the place with soft light as he bowed and retired. Ormsby stood staring at the ruined canvas.

"Mrs. Van Ruysen says she is very sorry," John returned and reported. "She hopes Mr. Ormsby will be feeling better very soon."

"That's good of her," Ormsby laughed.

John just stared.

"Clear away this truck," Ormsby indicated the easel with a wave of his hand. "I'm going for a stroll. Don't be waiting up for me. I may be late." He caught up his hat and gloves and stick. "Good night." And he went out.

AN hour later he was strolling along leisurely, swinging his stick and completely absorbed in his problem of colour combinations, when a plaintive voice jolted him out of his reverie.

"Monsieur!"

Ormsby stopped still in his tracks and stared around. He was in a quiet tree-lined shadowy street, flanked on both sides by stolid dignified dwellings that breathed of wealth. With a wry smile he recognised his surroundings. He was almost opposite the Van Ruysen home.

"Monsieur!" The plaintive voice came to him again.

He followed the sound, left the sidewalk, and climbed the high flight of railed steps to where a slender, pale girl appeared to cringe in fright in the dark recess of the Van Ruysen door.

"Did you call?" Ormsby asked, doffing his cap and bowing.

"Oui!" she answered. "How do you say?—yes."

SHE seemed like a helpless child leaning there against the walnut door. Her dark eyes were troubled, her pale features anxious, and she nervously pushed stubborn strands of golden hair back against her turban with frail fingers.

"You called me," Ormsby smiled. "All right; here I am. So far, so good. What's next?"

"I am in trouble," she sighed.

He stared his question.

"You see," she told him, casting her eyes down to her skirt, "I am here, caught."

"Caught?"

"My skirt," she explained, "though there is not so very much of it, as I must admit, is caught. It caught when I came out and closed the door behind me."

"Why not unlock the door?"

"I have no key," she answered hopelessly. "It is in my room."

"Slip out of the skirt then," Ormsby suggested.

"That will not help much," she replied. "I must have my skirt. I cannot go without it."

"That's right," Ormsby agreed. "Even though a skirt nowadays is next to nothing, the law makes it imperative that you wear it just the same."

"My skirt . . . is caught."

The girl nodded.

"Tear loose," Ormsby advised.

"And completely ruin my new skirt?" The girl seemed on the point of tears.

"You don't want to tear your skirt," Ormsby summed up the situation, as he scratched his head. "Your slipping out of the skirt won't help you much. You don't have your key, and so you can't open the door and free yourself. That leaves only one thing to do."

"What is that?" she answered anxiously.

"Why," Ormsby laughed, "what a stupid I've been! Ring the door bell, of course. Then somebody will come and open the door. Presto! You're as free as the wind, your skirt's none the worse for this incident, and everything will be lovely." He reached for the bell.

"It is no use," she sighed, pushing away his extended hand. "There is nobody to answer the bell. Mrs. Van Ruysen gave us all the evening to ourselves. I was the last one to leave the house. Do you think I am so stupid that I did not think of the bell? Shame, monsieur!"

"Then," Ormsby chuckled, "there is nothing I can do but to stay here and keep you company until someone comes along to unlock the door for you. The night is lovely and the stars are almost as brightly attractive as your eyes."

"Monsieur!"

"Wouldn't it be droll," Ormsby went on, "if Mrs. Van Ruysen finds me waiting on her doorstep when she comes home from the Plaza



the back of a chair. "I'll get that colour combination right or turn up my toes trying."

"I HAVE laid out your things, sir." His valet spoke softly from the shadows that

in the wee small hours? I can see the expression on her face now. I shall not desert you, my dear. I wish I could make you more comfortable though. You are bound to fire standing there."

"You can make me more comfortable, monsieur," she told him softly, "much more comfortable. You can fix it so that I can get inside for the key, which I will never forget again."

"All you have to do is to say the word," Ormsby spoke gallantly. "Show me how I can help you, and the thing is as good as done."

She pointed upwards. His eyes followed her directing finger.

"The transom," he exclaimed. "Ah!"

"It is unlocked," she told him.

He grinned.



"You are lean and strong," she continued hopefully. "That is why I called to you. Other men passed. Five, to be exact. They were all big and fat. Bah! They could not get through the transom. You can do it without the least trouble."

"I see," Ormsby replied, with mock gravity. "You want me to squirm my way inside through the transom, unlock the door from the other side, and let you in. Is that right?"

"Yes," she answered. "I want you to get my key. Will you do it?"

"Watch me!" Ormsby expressed himself confidently.

He always kept himself physically fit. While the girl crouched in the doorway, he placed his foot on the knob, pulled himself up, and pushed against the heavy transom. He moved it back until it caught and stayed open.

"You are splendidly strong," the girl encouraged him.

"And why not?" Ormsby replied. "You're pretty enough to impel any man to great deeds."

"Monsieur!"

Getting through the transom was something of a tight squeeze; but he managed it without losing even the slightest particle of skin.

"Dropping in on the Van Ruysens," he chuckled a bit breathlessly, as he let himself down into the velvety gloom with the light-footed agility of a cat.

The house was silent as a tomb. He leaned against the door and listened. He could faintly hear the waiting girl's quick breathing. He groped for the knob, turned the night latch, and pulled the door inward.

"Oh!" the girl breathed her ecstatic relief.

"It wasn't any trick at all," Ormsby told her, as he shrugged his rumpled garments into place. "It was just up and through and down and out, and here you are, my dear."

"You have been so good!" she murmured, as she stepped inside.

"It was nothing," Ormsby assured her.

"I do not know how to thank you."

"There is a way," he told her.

She studied him quizzically.

"The night is young," he said. "You are

fascinating. I am suddenly very lonely. I have not yet dined. Will you have dinner with me?

Will you see a play with me, and then dance?"

"If you will wait," she answered, smilingly.

"I must get my key."

He nodded.

"I shall not be so very long."

"Hurry!"

He was out on the landing and the door clicked and shut. He tried it. It was locked. The seconds ticked into minutes, and the minutes grew into half an hour.

"You were really in earnest, monsieur," she laughed musically, when she reappeared.

"That is why I have been so long; I wanted to see if you would wait."

He offered her his arm, and they went down the steps together. They walked three blocks before they sighted a taxi, which they hailed, and which, at Ormsby's orders, carried them towards the bright lights.

They dined at a quiet restaurant, the girl intriguing Ormsby more and more with her quick glances, her tantalising laughter, her shrugs and expressive gestures. After the play they went to a night club and danced until after three. Then they decided to depart.

Ormsby was waiting for the girl to come from the ladies' room. A tipsy patron on his way out bumped into him.

"Scuse me, Mac!" he said. "I figured I wash mishin' you. Got th' time?"

Ormsby reached for his watch. It was gone. So was the chain.

"Half pash three!" sighed the tipsy individual. "Thanksh, ol' man! I'll do th' shame for you shome—! Shio long!"

Paying not the slightest attention to him, Ormsby stared at the note that his groping fingers brought from his watch pocket.

"I have taken your watch and your wallet," he read, "as souvenirs of one of my most

pleasant evenings. As you have been so very helpful, my dear, I have left you change for subway fare. I believe that will be a new experience for you, too."

Ormsby grimaced and went out. He did go home in the subway. As he ate a late breakfast that morning, he glanced at the paper, which John had propped with his elbow. He gave a start as a headline caught his eye.

"The Van Ruysen house was entered last night," Ormsby read, "while the Van Ruysens were entertaining at the Plaza. The jewel safe in Mrs. Van Ruysen's room was skilfully looted and the loss runs into many thousands of dollars. There were no servants in the house. The burglar got in through the transom of the front door."



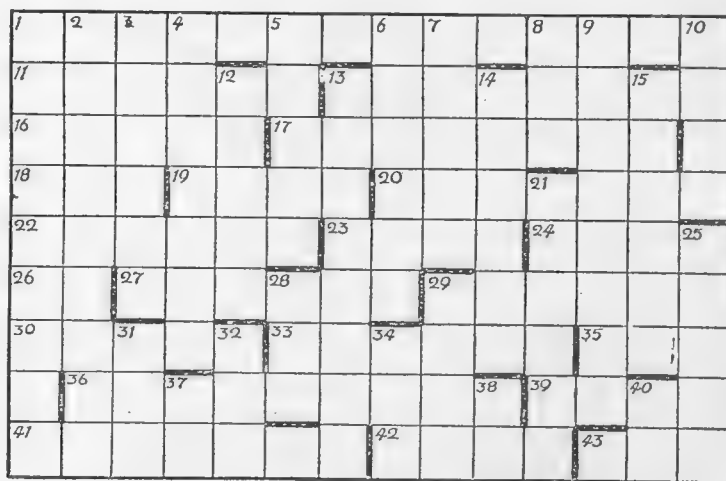
"No, she didn't!" Ormsby muttered.

"What did you say, sir?" John queried.

"Don't be helping damsels in distress, John," Ormsby cautioned his man. "It's monkey-business mostly, and you're likely to be the monkey. Watch your step and steer clear of them."

John stared without comprehending, nodded owlishly, and uncovered the omelette with a studied flourish.

BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS.—No. 8.



CLUES:

Across.

- | | | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Morbid softening of some organ. | 18. Chief Vizier. | 24. Evergreen. | 33. Revenue. |
| 11. Sea holly. | 19. Doormats are made of this. | 26. A relative everyone has. | 35. Son of Odin. |
| 13. Family of star fish. | 20. Hardest substance. | 27. A seed drill. | 36. Sandstone. |
| 16. Scottish town. | 22. Toilet cream. | 29. A threat. | 39. Advice. |
| 17. Siccation. | 23. Maker of toilet | 30. Exterior. | 41. Thin sheet iron. |
| | | | 42. Turkish weights. |
| | | | 43. Twice. |

Down.

1. Dregs.
2. S. Amer. plant.
3. Abnormal contraction of pupil of the eye.
4. Genus of ferns.
5. Wryneck.
6. Dregs again.
7. Killed.
8. Papers.
9. To become pale from absence of light.
10. Obsolete track.
12. Pithy saying.
13. Ancient wind instruments.
14. Band or fillet.
15. Eldest's right of first choice.
21. A public responsibility now.
25. Origin of sherry.
28. Pluto.
29. An inky blotch in print.
31. Garment.
32. Bleaching solution.
34. Carcass.
37. Politician's initials.
38. Two-fifths of three.
40. Girl's name (abb.).

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD No. 7.

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1, Swinburne. 10, Donne. 13, Waler. 16, Rook. 17, Orion. 18, Iris. 19, Aigrette. 20, Do. 21, Viaticum. 23, Mahl. 25, D.C. 26, E.D. 27, Daniel. 31, Onely. 32, Lammies. 36, Introit. 39, Labyrinth. 40, Ivory. 42, Eileen. 43, Adhesion. 44, Rat (Wind in the Willows). 45, Rye. 46, Mosaic. 47, N.E.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1, Swiveller. 2, War. 3, Iliad. 4, Nest. 5, Brain (Lavengro). 6, Uric. 7, Rogue. 8, Norm. 9, Eke. 10, Dot. 11, Ortheris. 12, Nicolo. 13, Noddy. 14, Enoch (Arnold Bennett). 22, Idalia. 23, Months. 24, Anthea. 28, Amber. 29, Ierne. 30, Lindo. 33, Malt. 34, Lye. 35, Siam. 37, Iron. 38, Tyne. 41, Vic.

WINNERS OF CROSSWORD No. 6.

Winners of one year's free subscription to BRITANNIA:—Mrs. Preston, Kirkley Rectory, Lowestoft; Miss Mooney, 12, Palmerston Park, Dublin; Robert Fisher, 20, Manor Road, Beckenham, Kent; William Anderson, Castletown, Isle of Man; Douglas T. Settrington, 4, Kirkham Avenue, Blackpool.

THE AFGHAN REVOLT FROM WITHIN—

By Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah

THERE is much more behind the scene of the Afghan Revolution than meets the eye. The economic pressure, court rivalries and foreign intrigue have all helped to fan the flames of revolt which the westernisation order of King Amanullah has brought about.

Its superficial aspect is that the young Afghan ruler, having a modern mind, was not long in appreciating the fact that the world to-day lay in the lap of industrial advancement. Almost within his own time he saw India growing from an agricultural country to an industrial one. He heard too that over 260,000 workers, more than all the people of Kabul and Kandahar put together, worked in one Indian jute factory, reports reached him that in China they were manufacturing electrical appliances at the fraction of a penny; and, what is more, he learned that in Angora, where his ideal Eastern hero, the Ghazi, had rid himself of the old crust of Stamboul, there were cement houses, broad roads, and even smoky factory chimneys. In Persia they were to link up the Caspian Sea littoral with the Persian Gulf, and start Teheran on the road to prosperity again.

Casting the Die.

AND whilst his neighbours were engaged in this rapid march of industrial progress, he found his people still living in patriarchal conditions. It sickened King Amanullah. "The old ways have gone with my predecessors," he said, "I shall make a Japan of this country."

He waved his hand East and West, to the bewilderment of his kinsmen who had gathered from the snow-capped uplands to hear him from the pulpit after the Friday prayer.

"Look at India, at Persia and the progress

of Turkey. Why, I ask you, you the elders of the clans, why should we lag behind in a race—a race that we must run or perish: yes, disappear we shall as a nation and be stifled economically if we do not progress. Let us break the shell, and now!" he added.

Many of his hearers shook their heads, and stroked their beards, and, saying nothing, moved away. That day the die was cast. The following morning lithographed copies of the Reform Order were pasted wherever they would stick throughout the city of Kabul. These posters were read to those who could not read themselves, and the official pointed out the time limit after which the new laws would be enforced.

The hillmen, devoted to their priests, rode up to their Mullahs with the Royal decree that enjoined upon all the adoption of the European dress and much else. The decision of the clergy was definitely against it. Thus came about the revolt.

A Royal Afghan Statesman.

NOW, whatever the spirit of the age, wiser men than I have held that modernisation in Afghanistan could succeed only if its ruler was careful to strain the Western draught through the muslin-mesh of Afghan customs, carefully adapting each innovation to the peculiar requirements and the mentality of the people. These expectations King Amanullah did not belie, but his



King Amanullah addresses the elders of the clans and advocates modernisation through the microphone.

courtiers would have it otherwise, and they prevailed; for the advanced views of the ruler notwithstanding, it is known to but a few that he never desired to introduce sweeping reforms all at once.

His speech at Kandahar upon his return from his European tour might be cited in this regard. "The time has come to go forward," he said on that occasion, but added that he was not contemplating any measures until he had secured the unqualified approval of his people. It is, therefore, grotesquely incorrect to cast the whole blame upon King Amanullah, who, to my mind, as an Afghan, stands as a statesman of qualities rare in the present day Afghanistan.

Before many weeks had passed after his return from Europe, he was made to feel the pressure of the united flood of mushroom political adventurers in his country, who had drank deeply at the dregs of European night-clubs. Practically all the sober-minded members of old Afghan families were replaced by youths "trained in Europe." These educated young men had become too big for their boots; their fingers were more deft in fitting hair nets (as I saw one of them doing before an official reception in Berlin) than in holding their Khyber rifles.

This coterie of fops intrigued for power, and made the Government take the wrong turning. The Court jealousies at one time were so acute that you could scarcely trust your own brother in Kabul. It was in this atmosphere that many of the reforms were formulated. Anyone who opposed the action was at once styled pro-foreign, especially pro-British, and, consequently, anti-Afghan. No real merit was respected.

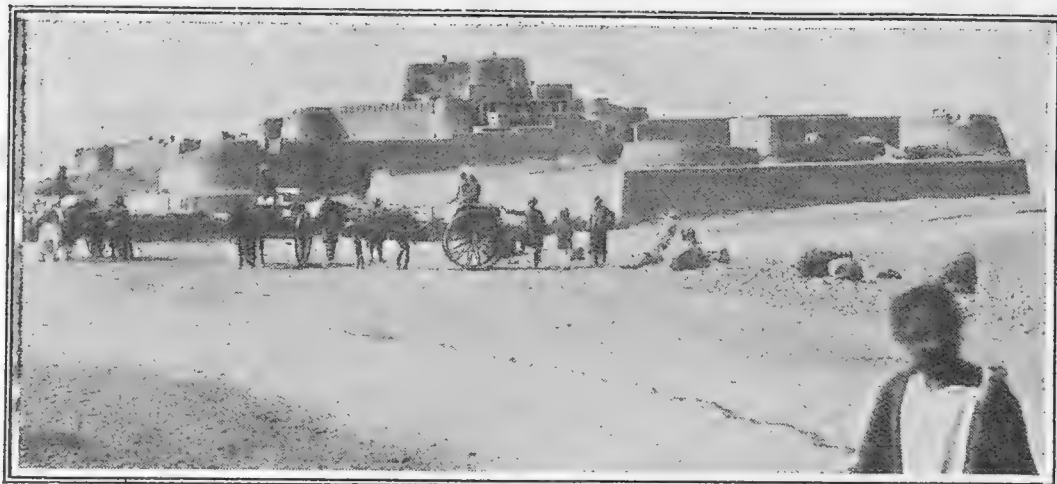
An intelligent worker was regarded as a spy. Only those foreigners were admitted into the country in whose European towns these youngsters had had a gay time. Can you pilot the politics of the most difficult country of the world, indeed so difficult that Lord Curzon once called it a hornets' nest, with such "wise men?" If you know anything of the chequered history of Afghanistan your answer will be in the negative. So, too, the Shinwaris have replied.

Anti-British Prejudice.

THIS state of Qahtur Rijal, or "the dearth of capable men," as the Arabs term it, could be remedied only by education.



Typical Afghan tribesmen, now in revolt against King Amanullah.



Jamrud Fort—A citadel on the Khyber Pass.

But in this direction also favouritism was shown to certain schools of European countries. England, however, was not one of the favoured ones. And yet I emphasise that a closer rapprochement with this country would be infinitely more fruitful to Afghanistan than, say, with Russia.

History will bear me out; although, of course, I know that suspicion has lingered long about my pro-British sentiments, and once in Simla when I was going for an innocent walk my Afghan chief thought that I was really on my way to a secret meeting with some British official. The curious fact is that people in British circles, too, regarded me with the utmost misgiving. These facts illustrate the present-day tendencies in Afghanistan. Of the financial collapse of that country at the hands of the "Europeanised" young Afghans, the less I speak the better it will please them, and yet it is a matter of common gossip in the Kabul bazaars.

When the kingdom of Kabul is thus in travail, the Bolsheviks are making capital out of the situation. It strengthens their position at the Afghan Court. The reports that the revolt not only had its inception in India, but is actually being financed by England, is the cheap repetition of those reports to which they gave currency when, some three years ago, the whole of southern Afghanistan was one enormous rebel camp against King Amanullah.

In justification of the case, it must, of



The historic Khyber Pass, looking towards Afghanistan.

course, be said that during that appeal the mistake of not supplying British aeroplanes to the Afghan Government was a sad blunder, for the Red aeroplanes came to King Amanullah's rescue, the Russian influence eclipsed the British, and the Muscovite propagandist did the rest.

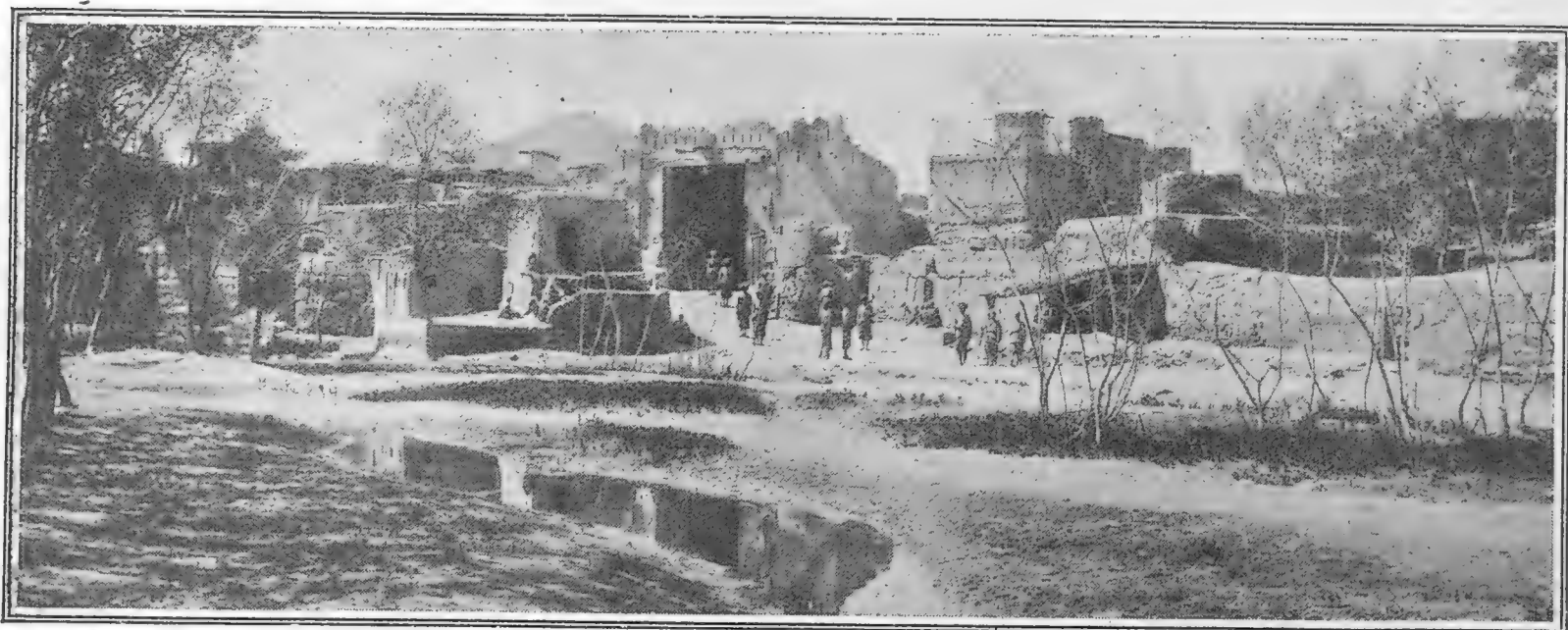
Modified Reforms.

TAKING a comprehensive view of the whole Afghan rebellion, I feel confident

in predicting that the resistance of the rebels cannot last. A disturbance like the present against a more or less organised Government is bound to collapse, for whatever the strength of the insurgent army or the fighting capacities of its members, they must be fed and supplied with ammunition. So far no avenues exist for those supplies. Also chiefs of the rebels like the Mullahs, Bacha Saquo, or even Colonel Ghulam Nabi Khan can never form an enemy front and hold it in an ordered form. They must yield, but they will only yield after the King has modified his reforms, which he has already done by not insisting on European dress, the unveiling of women, and the despatch of Afghan girls abroad for higher education.

For the rest, demands that King

Amanullah should abdicate or part with his Queen are tantamount to asking for the moon. Besides, the little perquisites of the Mullahs which were withheld are now being distributed again, as it has been realised (fortunately not too late in the day) that the "holy men cannot live on holiness alone." Consequently the clergy will be inclined to call off the revolt, and the new statesmen of Kabul will henceforth be slow in making haste.



Kabul, where fighting has been taking place. Our photograph shows the principal city gate.

NEW FASHIONS in READING

By JAMES MILNE

THERE are new fashions in everything, except, perhaps, in men's dress suits, which go on, in the old way, with an occasional unsuccessful effort at change. Even books indulge in new fashions, and these can be interesting as mental evidence of the changing psychology of modern times.

Restless times! Probably; for it takes the world a long while to settle down after a shake-up like the Great War. But new forces drive new paths, as well as bury old ones, and we find a reflection of that, as of other things, in reading fashions.

The Omnibus Book.

Take the "Omnibus Book." "But what," you will say, "is the 'Omnibus Book?'" It is like a London 'bus in that it holds a lot for the money, and hence the name. Maybe it is not a new invention, apart from the name, because there is so little in any sphere of life that is absolutely new. But, in form, it is modern, and it quite meets a modern demand, and there you are. You take the famous short stories of the world, or the famous biographies of all time, cut them down a bit, if need be, and make them into a fat but attractive volume. Value for money! There is no doubt about that, if this is what the post-war reader wants, and he does.

For a time the young man and young woman whom Armageddon threw up were very unsure about anything literary that belonged to the Victorian Age. It suggested antimacassars and crinolines, and, worst of all, Dundreary whiskers, or, at least a moustache. Away with the captain wearing whiskers and his "sly glance at me." Away with everything for which he stood or could stand; and, indeed, there was a tendency to disparage everything that had been in books Classical and Elizabethan, as well as Victorian. Of course that could not last, because the young man of to-day has an ultimate treasury of good sense and the maiden of to-day has sometimes even more.

The Literary Curtain Raiser.

So there has been a recharting of the sea of literature. Not an easy business, and out of that has come the "Omnibus Book," and its train of other novelties. If you are a reader come over to years and accustomed to observe, you will say, "Surely it is an anthology on a big scale, at a popular price." Exactly; but don't say that to the young fellow who jumps so eagerly on to the "omnibus," or he may think it an ancient coach brought up to date, and immediately leap off. He likes to be thought he is "blazing" a literary trail, and publishers are glad to help him with symposiums from authors old or recent. For the "Omnibus Book" takes two main forms: it may be a selection, on some particular line, from all literature, or it may be the writings, also in a particular line, of a living author.

You can, at this moment, have the collected "Plays" of Sir James Barrie, the assembled tales of Mr. John Galsworthy, the federated short stories of Mr. H. G.

Wells, or the whole poems of Mr. John Masefield. Nay, "Sherlock Holmes," is in a single binding, and when you have exhausted him you can go on to Miss Sayers's "Omnibus" of *Great Short Stories of Detection, Mystery and Horror*. Don't, because the young person is reaching back into pages of the past, think that Mr. Edgar Wallace or Mr. Valentine Williams is being displaced in favour. Not even by the Prime Minister's rediscovery of Anna Katherine Green's *Leavenworth Case*, which most of us tried, some time or other, and then were content to forget. The sensational novel, hot from a fountain pen, is the literary curtain raiser of to-day, and we must take it so.

Essays Labelled Novels:

By its nature, as a "human document," literature is democratic, and it becomes more and more democratic in its faithful frankness.



D. H. Lawrence—said by Mr. Arnold Bennett to be one of the most original novelists of the day—but some people can't read him!

The "problem novel" of twenty years ago, was a rude, crude milestone towards this. You never hear anybody say "Problem Novel" nowadays, because there is no such thing. Every novel is one, in the meaning that it gets down seriously—sometimes with dull seriousness—to some page of human life. Consequently we get long essays labelled novels, and story-telling as an art has unduly been left to the workers of sensational stuff. But, again, the harking back of the young mind to old books is a token that writers must learn the art of fiction, as well as having something to say. Otherwise they may have failures, even if they write a work as long and as loaded with knowledge as Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*.

Oddly enough the short story, formerly a drug in the English market, continues to ascend in popularity. Women, old or middle-aged, or youthful, perversely refuse to read it, but all sorts and conditions of men are coming to its rescue. They have justly recognised the true art of the short story in,

say, Mr. Hugh Walpole's *Silver Thorn*, or the late Mr. C. E. Montague's *Action and Other Short Stories*. They have even accepted a war setting in Mr. R. H. Mottram's *Ten Years Afterwards*, and that suggests a kind of looking backward which will grow. The war book of actual, unadorned rough-and-tumble experience has now hardly a welcome; for time dims if it does not blot out. But the war book of psychology, of reflection, of assessment is almost only beginning what must be a long career.

A Simple Prussian Soldier.

The most notable recent book that way has been *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, translated from the German of Arnold Zweig. It turns on a simple incident of the war, the chief character is a simple Prussian soldier, and it is written simply. Universality is its note; the universality of human nature in the ordeal of conflict; and so it is a herald of fiction with that appeal. *Sergeant Grischa* is long, nearly as long as Mr. Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point*, and the two respond to what seems a curious characteristic of our hurried age, the care for very long books. This fashion should, at least, benefit the modern circulating libraries, because it means high prices, and they mean borrowing rather than buying. Even so, *Point Counter Point*, at half a guinea a time is understood to have sold ten thousand copies during the winter.

Any Path of Knowledge.

Diaries, when they are good, keep their vogue, and only a country like our own, with manuscripts to discover in country houses and elsewhere, could go on supplying "Creeveys" or "Faringtons." But at an hour of scarcity letters make a sufficient substitute like those of Dorothy Osborne, which Macaulay praised, or those of Rabindranath Tagore, for he refuses to use his "Sir." Yesteryear and yesterday! They attune themselves in books as in nothing else, and possibly it is the discovery of this truth which causes

the young generation to hark back for its reading as well as bend forward. "Lead Kindly Light," said Cardinal Newman. The young English mind does not ask for kindly leading, but itself ploughs any path where knowledge or diversion abide.

The Art of Biography.

A very favourite adventure in books is with the biography or the autobiography, no doubt on the principle that they record actual lives. But much depends on how they record them and the emancipation of the English biography is almost complete, thanks, particularly, to Mr. Lytton Strachey, whose new book, *Elizabeth and Essex*, was quite the book of the Christmas and New Year market. Of old, our biographies were monumental, like an Egyptian tomb, into which all the belongings of the dear deceased were thrown. Now we expect a biographer to master his man, or woman, and to give us a living portrait; the man alive, the woman still womanly.



THE JOLLY TOPER, by Frans Hals.

THE Dutch Exhibition at Burlington House—to which I referred in general terms two weeks ago—continues to attract some thousands of visitors a day. In some respects it is more impressive than the Flemish Exhibition of 1925, though from the standpoint of decorative splendour it contains nothing comparable with the Flemish tapestries. The decorative effect is weak because the organisers have omitted the decorative pictures of men like Berchem, Poelenburgh, Pynacker, Wouwermans, and Hondcoeter, with which Hollanders of means and taste in the seventeenth century used to hang their apartments; and the visitor is thus led to believe that the Dutch artists were entirely concerned with portraits, genre, and naturalistic landscapes, which was not, in fact, the case.

Were the Dutch "Frumps"?

THE visitor is also led to imagine from this show that the Dutch upper classes were what we should describe to-day as "frumps." But here again the organisers have misled us because they have omitted almost entirely the works of the Dutch portrait painters who represented their sitters as good-looking and fashionably dressed.

Our notions of the appearance of people in past ages are derived, to a large extent, from the works of popular portrait painters. We think of the Courts, where Rubens and Van Dyck worked, as peopled with elegance because the portraits painted there were elegant; and we think of Georgian England as peopled with men and women of the types seen in the canvases of Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney.

It is absurd to compare such portraits with those painted by Rembrandt and Hals and deduce that the Dutch sitters were ungainly and badly dressed, because Dutch people of means and fashion did not employ Rembrandt and Frans Hals to paint their portraits—such people employed Santvoort, Van der Helst, Flinck, and other artists who made them look handsome and well-dressed.

Dutch Elegance.

THERE are, however, a few pictures at Burlington House that reveal this aspect of Dutch civilisation. There is Moreelse's "The Little Princess" from the Amsterdam Rijks Museum, and there is Molenaer's "A Family Gathering," lent by Jonkheer W. H. Van Loon, which shows members of the Van Loon, Alewijn and Geelvinck families gathered together in a spacious apartment, presumably for some wedding or birthday ceremonial.

In Molenaer's picture the whole company is represented as good-looking and dressed with extreme magnificence; a peacock is being brought in by a serving-woman for the feast, a negro and other servants are in attendance, and musicians perform in a gallery above.

THE ART of the

By R. H.

Success in Portraiture.

REMBRANDT and Hals were neglected by their contemporaries and allowed to die in poverty because they refused to stress the elements of elegance and good looks in their sitters. The successful portrait painter in all times and places is the man who endows his sitters not only with fashionable clothes but also with fashionable faces and fashionable figures.

At the Court of Charles II it was fashionable for women to have two chins and an ample figure; and Sir Peter Lely presented every sitter with these characteristics. At the present time it is fashionable for women to approach the skeleton as far as is possible without sacrificing life itself; and the portrait painters who are kept busy here, and in Paris, are those who remove still further flesh from the already protruding bones.

Burlington House, London, is the Art ever brought together in England. Pictures cannot be set down in terms of an unique opportunity for inspection of Dutch masterpieces brought to



THE BRIDAL PAIR, by Rembrandt. Jewish

The Permanent Values.

POSTERITY, however, pays no regard to these passing preferences; and, when to-day we contemplate Rembrandt's picture, called in this exhibition for some reason "The Bridal Pair," though it has been known everywhere for centuries as "The Jewish Bride," we are transported beyond the temporary fads of fashion and



CHRIST WITH MARY AND MARTHA, by Vermeer of Delft.

DUTCH MASTERS

WILENSKI

one of the finest collection of Dutch
and. The value of these priceless
of cash, and the public is offered
a really representative collection
from Holland and elsewhere.



This picture is generally known as "The
Bride."

brought face to face with humanity
as such.

The bridal pair, portrayed by Rembrandt, are not elegant. They are richly appressed, but from the standpoint of the *Tailor and Cutter* they are miserably turned out, for their clothes lack the crisp formalism that is always the essence of fashionable style. Their figures, too, are ungainly; and their faces, though not ill-favoured, are anything but fashionable masks. On the other hand, what simple dignity there is in these figures, what extraordinary tenderness in the man's embrace and the touch of the woman's fingers on the man's hand, and what an atmosphere of sympathy between the painter and his subject pervades the whole picture!

Rembrandt and Hals.

THE "Bridal Pair" is perhaps the finest and most moving of all Rembrandt's works, but its quality derives more from the artist than the sitters. Standing before this picture we feel that the man and woman may have been the incarnation of simple tenderness that they appear, but equally that they may have been quite petty people moved by small passions and material ideals. We feel even that they may not have been a bridal pair at all but just two studio models dressed up. On the other hand, we



THE LITTLE PRINCESS, by Paul Moreelse.

know that the picture exactly fulfils a conception in the artist's mind and to the working of that mind we are instinctively attracted.

Our feeling is quite different when we contemplate the portraits by Frans Hals. We believe that the people whom he painted were exactly the kind of people he portrayed, but we are not hypnotised by the mind of the painter—at most we are moved to admire the keenness of his eye and the accuracy and vigour of his hand.

A Thousand Rembrandts.

THE Dutch Exhibition affords a great opportunity for students to compare works that have not been seen together for three hundred years. This is particularly important in the case of Rembrandt, because, as all the world knows, Rembrandt's pictures are now enormously expensive, and an undisputed example can command anything from £40,000 to £150,000.

Rembrandt had seventy pupils and he was imitated by many artists who never actually worked in his studio. In Holland, in Rembrandt's day, it was the custom for young artists to be apprenticed to their masters and the masters had the right to sign the pictures painted by their pupils during their apprenticeship and to sell them; and the masters habitually did so, generally, we may assume, after putting the "finishing touches" themselves. All the known works of Rembrandt's seventy pupils put together number less than those ascribed to Rembrandt; and there can, I think, be no question that many of the paintings now called Rembrandts are studio productions or works that the master had never even seen.

THE difficulty of deciding which is which in the case of Rembrandt is enormous. Firstly, because Rembrandt himself was an unequal artist who did not always work on the same level, secondly, because he was continually changing his style as he got older and gradually abandoned the Italian influences of his day, and thirdly because all his levels and all his styles were very closely imitated by his pupils and followers.

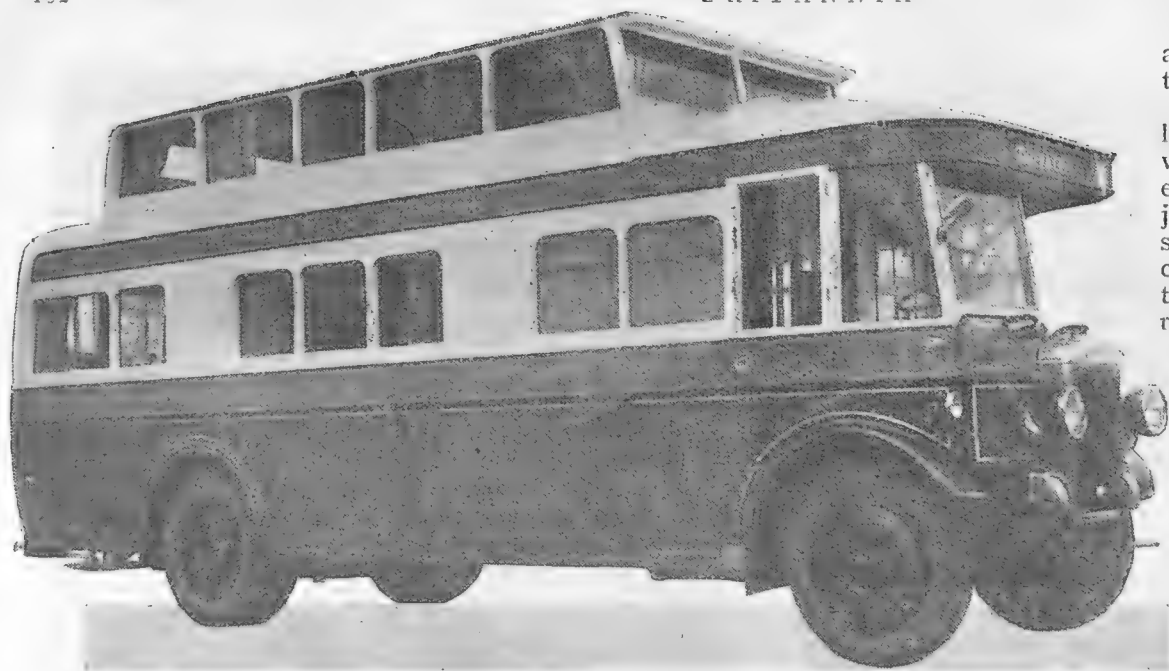
By far the most satisfactory way of determining the problem in the case of a doubtful example is to see the doubtful picture next to an indubitable Rembrandt of the same style—and this in many cases the exhibition makes it possible to do.

The Missing Vermeers.

IN contrast with the huge total of pictures ascribed to Rembrandt, only about thirty-six are ascribed to Vermeer, and these are now as valuable as the most valuable Rembrandts. Twenty years after his death six of his pictures that cannot now be traced were sold by auction in Amsterdam. The pictures were knocked down for prices ranging from 38 gulden (£3 16s.) to 95 gulden (£9 10s.). These six pictures might now be worth £300,000.



THE LOVE LETTER, by Vermeer of Delft.



SLEEPING COACH LUXURY. The latest sleeper, ordered for a service between Dublin and Cork. Individual ventilators, lights, mirrors and bell-pushes are fitted in each of the eight berths. A buffet and lavatory are installed behind the driver.

acknowledge its comfort and the opportunity it affords of seeing the countryside.

A Sunday newspaper recently published a photograph of an express train with the question, "Will the motor-coach ever supersede this?" The answer is that just as far as the private car has superseded the train for the rich, the motor-coach will supersede it for the poor, up to the very limit of the capacity of the roads.

Improvements in 1929.

BIG plans are being worked out to meet the vastly greater demand that is anticipated in the summer of 1929. Last year the services were swept off their feet by the magnitude of the traffic. Scores of people had to be turned away. This year the coach proprietors know what to expect. More and better coaches will be employed, the services will be duplicated and if necessary triplicated, bookings will be made more convenient, and inter-connections will be arranged.

THE PULLMAN of the ROAD Progress of the Motor-Coaches

By E. M. ROSSITER

THE enterprise of the motor-coaches has always attracted me—ever since a friend of mine fought his way to prosperity with a pirate bus on the streets of London—shaking the Traffic Combine to the core in the process—and subsequently became the captain of a small fleet of long-distance motor-coaches that helped in the good work of stirring up the railways.

Road Services Flourish.

WHEN the railways obtained their road powers and the police began to enforce the 20 m.p.h. speed limit, people naturally formed the impression that the day of the independent coach service was nearing its end; that the railways would smash them or that their usefulness would be killed by the slow speed except for holiday runs. But what do we actually find?

The coach services are more extensive and more enterprising than ever, and their owners are brimful of confidence in their ability to hold and develop the goodwill they have won. For every coach on the road 18 months ago there are anything from twenty to thirty to-day, and the demand for more coaches is so strong that the manufacturers are booked up with orders for many months ahead.

Coach travel is firmly established. For the first time this winter the long-distance services have been kept going generally through the slack months. The winter traffic is not, of course, comparable with that in the summer season, but it is proving sufficient to justify running. The coach owners are themselves surprised as much at the

traffic returns as the high standard of reliability that it has been possible to attain in this pioneer winter season.

Motoring for the Poor Man.

MOTOR-COACHING means motoring for the poor man. Its watchwords are comfort, convenience and cheapness. In speed the coach is not so fast as the railway—nor is the private car—but that is not always so important. One motors for comfort and convenience. If the motor-coach had no claim for consideration on economical grounds, it would be impossible not to



A BERTH of the new sleeper. One of the back squabs hinges down to fill the gap between the seats.



OBSERVATION PARLOURS are provided on the latest touring coaches. The space below the "upper deck" is available for luggage.

Improved coaches are being put into service in hundreds. "The Pullman of the Road" is no fancy name for these modern saloon coaches. Their comfort of seating, decoration and "service" arrangements are a revelation of what can be done—and what the railways might do. Most of the modern coaches are as well sprung and as smooth running as a good private car, and the latest ones are provided with such additional luxuries as warmed-air ventilation for winter travelling, individual lighting, flap tables, an upper-deck observation parlour, or a sliding "sunshine roof." Buffets and lavatories are a standard feature on coaches of the best class.

There is coming into sight now a six-wheeled, pneumatic-tired vehicle, fitted with a six-cylinder sleeve-



ROAD SHOCK is smoothed out by the six-wheeled chassis. A modern two-decker coach.



LONG-DISTANCE COACH SERVICES have been kept going generally this winter for the first time. Between 200 and 300 coaches leave London daily.

valve engine, electric transmission and worm-driven back axles. Mechanically the British commercial chassis is by far the best in the world, and it may soon be possible to say that it is in advance even of the average private chassis in developments which make for comfortable travelling.

Popular Night Services.

NIGHT services with sleeping coaches are the next step in progress. The success of the night coaches has bowled out the critics who said that people would not take to this form of coaching, in which the element of sightseeing is lacking. But people are finding the luxury of the motor-coach armchair is more conducive to rest than a seat in a third-class carriage, and upon the general introduction of coaches equipped as sleepers motor-coaching by night is likely to become universal. At night, time is of less importance than by day, and a slow schedule is no disadvantage. The night sleeper service from London to Liverpool, the pioneer of this movement, is attracting steady support.

Some very ingenious designs are being perfected by the coach manufacturers for convertible *wagons-lits* of the road. The luxury of their furnishing is astounding considering the very moderate fares that can be charged. One of the latest types, which has been supplied recently by a London firm for a service in Ireland, is illustrated on this page.

The Old "Parliamentary" Rate.

FEW of the long-distance services have been running for more than three years, and the majority very much less. It is all the more to their credit, therefore, that although working as small, independent enterprises, they have succeeded in inaugurating a new, cheap method of transport for which there is a real public need. They are able to carry passengers at a profit for a fare of one penny a mile, as compared with about 1½d. a mile third class on the railway.

Yet they offer what they fairly describe as first-class comfort. Some of the newer coaches are really sumptuous vehicles. But the operators must not make the mistake of maintaining antiquated "reserve" coaches and palming these off on people who have been encouraged to expect the best.

Need for Co-ordination.

THE coach owners are at last getting together to form a definite policy of co-ordination and improvement of road facilities. Fifty or more of the services have united themselves in a body known as the Motor-Coach Services Association.

The chance has now come for the operators to show whether they possess the vision and brains that are required to convert their infant industry into a great national utility. Inside and outside the business it is recognised very plainly that development cannot come along the present lines of separate one-man businesses, each working independently, or even in opposition to the others.

Now is the time for bigger ideas, sounder organisation on the operating side and a study of the needs of the public on national lines. Motor-coaching is certain to become an immense and lucrative business if properly organised. But if the small men do not rise to the opportunity they have created, Big Business, in the shape of the railways and omnibus combines, will sooner or later take it out of their hands.



THE SUNSHINE ROOF.—The roof rolls up like a roll-top desk.

THE HOUSE OF THE CAGOU

(Continued from page 149).

"Pardon," she said in her best French, "I think I have lost my way. Could you direct me?" They were standing right in front of her; she could not get out until they moved.

Neither of them took the slightest notice of her words. They continued to stare at her with a curious intentness, and then the taller man leaned over to his mate, and said something. The shorter man nodded. "Perfectly," he replied. "It is without doubt." The odd thing was that both these convicts, rough, barefoot, dirty as they were, had something of the manner of educated men about them. And they spoke well.

"They may have been gentlemen once," thought Ettarre. But she was not reassured.

THEN happened that which sickened her with fright. The shorter convict took her firmly, not unkindly, by both hands, and with a movement as swift and clever as any trick of Japanese jiu-jitsu, twirled her into an opening hitherto unseen, pushed her forward, and closed a door. She was a prisoner.

Beyond the door, within six inches of her, the men began to talk in loud, excited tones.

"It is without doubt. She escaped once."

"Once."

"Once was too often."

"Twice would be an infamy."

"The infamy shall not occur."

"She is fat. She looks prosperous. She feasts herself, and when we starve for bread, she tells us—"

"To eat cake."

"Perfectly. She wears diamond necklaces, squeezed drop by drop from our blood. What do you say, citizen?"

"I say—justice!"

"Well, that's all right. Damn you, it's your turn to make coffee, why don't you hurry up?"

"I'm hurrying all I can. Where are the matches?"

Ettarre, on the other side of the small solid door that had been fitted securely into the rocks, beat her hands angrily upon the insensate wood. "Let me out!" she cried. "What nonsense are you talking? How dare you? You will be put in jail!" Then she realised the absurdity of this and for a moment was silent.

A QUEER, toneless laugh from the other side of the door did not reassure her. There was more talking, the clink of cooking utensils, the crackle of a new-lit fire. By and by she caught a sentence that went through her like a lance—

"She shall die . . ."

The cooking fire crackled, somebody broke up wood with a noise. When she caught up with the talk again, it had gone on further.

"The Bastille has fallen. But it has done us no good."

"We had more to eat in the Bastille than here."

"It is all because of her—with her diamond necklaces and her cake. As long as she lives—chop up some wood, can't you?"

"Speak civilly—and remember who I am!"

"You aren't anybody. You are a plain citizen. It is I who am!"

"Say that again, and I strike your head from your shoulders!"

"Very well, very well, you are he—and who am I?"

"The Incorruptible, if you will have it so. But really—"

"I will murder you if you say I am not!"

"No murders, please; remember we have our work to do first."

"Yes, yes! Who is to do it? Not you—you can't handle an—"

"See then whether I can or not." There was a loud crack. "Do better than that."

"Very well, very well. We shall see. In the meantime I am as hungry as a wolf. Where is the coffee-pot? Set it on the fire. No veal left? The bread you took from the hotel then. Did they see you?"

"I think not. I went in the evening, almost dark. There was just light enough to look into the windows as I passed, and as I told you, it was then that I saw—her! I almost fell, I said, 'It is a miracle!' And when I saw her again just now, why, I knew at once that God had—"

"God? What are you saying?"

"Pardon, citizen; I know that there are no gods or miracles, of course. It is a way one has of speaking . . . Yes, give me some, citizen—" the voice droned on, muffled by food . . .

"When shall the vengeance fall—at daylight?"

"Use my name, *canaille*!"



It was blue day and the door was open, and there were the two liberes, standing side by side, so as to bar all chance of escape.

"At daylight, Robespierre—but I think you might give me mine."

"Ah, poor fellow, you persist in believing yourself—well then, Danton; Danton, my good friend, it shall be at daylight, and you shall be the—"

"I shall make her look through the little window and sneeze into the basket!"

"Perfectly. What was that? Is she trying to escape?"

"No, it is one of the cagous, our little

brothers. Hear him cry! There is going to be a storm to-night; the little brother knows it . . ."

Ettarre, standing terrified within the rock-walled room, had made no sound. Alone with two crazed ex-convicts, in the heart of the hills, what use to cry for help? They would miss her at the hotel. Mabel would



tell where she was. A search party would come as soon as possible—pray God it might come in time.

* * *

PRUDENT DE ROUSSILLON, with seven centuries of inherited good manners behind him, had succeeded in passing most of the afternoon without betraying the passionate boredom inspired by Mabel's presence. Nevertheless, he was suffering considerably, and never did "love-lorn chief in lady's bower so pant for the appointed hour" as de Roussillon for the coming of dark. Nothing less than that, he knew, would release him. He judged Mabel with the fearful accuracy of the Latin races; he knew that, foolish as she appeared to be, nothing would induce her to stay at the plantation one minute after the oncoming of sunset had rendered such staying, in her opinion, improper. A hundred times, as they inspected stripping machinery, drying yards and sheds, vegetable gardens, banana patches, as Mabel, dropping coy hints and smiling references to last night, obliged him to take refuge in semi-ignorance of the English tongue, did the last of the de Roussillons curse his unlucky fate. A hundred times did he check himself in

the midst of the curse, remembering that this pestilent idiot was, at all events, the *dame de compagnie*, which meant the confidante, of beautiful Ettarre.

Still, never a word about Ettarre had passed the lips of Mabel, and de Roussillon, disappointed again and again, was beginning to despair, when suddenly the "*mijaurée*," as he rudely and untranslatably called her in his mind, drew herself up, uttered an astonished "Oh!" and pointed to the rapidly setting sun. "Miss Lesina—my friend—will be expecting me," she said. "Wherever can the time have gone to?"

De Roussillon's smallish eyes, keen as cut topazes, fixed themselves on her.

"I thought," he observed, "you have said she has gone back to the hotel?"

"And so she has," said Mabel briskly, her eyes scanning the white ribbon of road above the plantation.

("Or if she hasn't," was her private comment, "she'll be there as soon as I shall. Anyhow, I stuck it out. Anyhow, she can't turn up here now and throw herself at his head. It'll be too dark to see anything in a quarter of an hour.") Aloud, she added, "Really, I'm most obliged to you. I've been quite thrilled."

"It is I who am obliged," replied Prudent mechanically, with roving eyes.

I've wasted the afternoon, if I wanted to make her see how things really are. She can't understand. She won't. God! these English old maids, what they make of a kiss! Then, a vision of ecstasy that made him shiver—Ettarre, to kiss you! If it had been you last night! Pardon, white princess, the thought insults you. But if ever I make your acquaintance how shall I explain? For it is either that I kissed this *mijaurée* because I wished to do so—which is to call myself a fool—or because I meant to kiss you, and thought you—god of gods!—were one who listened at doors. . . . Oh, decidedly there is no hope that I shall ever gratify my cousins by a suitable marriage, which is also a love marriage. No hope at all.

BEING no more logically minded than most men in love, Prudent demanded, "When may I come to the hotel and have the pleasure of seeing the English ladies together?"

He had escorted Mabel to her car. Dusk was coming quickly now; the coffee blossoms, little white stars in a sea of shadow, were all but invisible; the ribbon of the road was grey. There was an exquisite stillness; no sound of traffic, no "murmur or unrest" of disputing voices broke the enchanted calm that is the charm of New Caledonia.

Mabel's answer was long delayed; one might have thought her entranced with the perfect silence—if one were less shrewd than Prudent. "She is considering," he said to himself. "There is something she wants to keep secret. . . . What?"

But he was very far from guessing.

Mabel, beyond and beside her ordinary sober self, driven from all anchorages by the storm of belated passion that had struck her middle-aged heart, was engaged at that moment in throwing overboard every scrap of principle she had left. She knew by now that something had occurred to delay Ettarre. She did not suppose it to be anything serious—one might so easily lose one's way, miscalculate distance and times—but she was prepared to take the risk of that. Now was her only chance. She must induce this man to return to the hotel with her. Ettarre was out of the picture; let her stay out.

"We are leaving early to-morrow," she

replied, after that pregnant pause. "There is only this evening." She figured, rapidly, an hour or two of delightful talk in the hotel lounge, promises exchanged for future meetings, perhaps—though here Mabel's imagination virginally squeaked and protested—a farewell in the corridor. . . .

ALL the time she knew quite well, with one side of her mind, that De Roussillon was bored to death, and did not want her. All the time she refused to listen to that side. Mabel, true Victorian, could abolish a fact at any time by the simple process of shutting her eyes to it.

De Roussillon hesitated. Not altogether on account of the horror inspired by the prospect of motoring to the inn with Mabel. An unnamed instinct told him to be careful—delay. He wavered, foot on running-board, and then jumped in. After all, it was the surest way to see Miss Lesina; and he had never been so much in love since he was seventeen.

Mabel, no mean motorist, backed and turned the car in the narrow space, swung out on to the road, and headed, joyously, for the far-off lights of the hotel. The chatter of the ancient car died down into silence. The stars of coffee bloom were black on black at last. Night lay on the last stretches of the lonely road, and there was no sound save hoarse and far, the call of a solitary, accursed cagou.

WHEN daylight came, Ettarre could see it faintly through the cracks in the solid wooden door that closed her in. She had felt all over the room, had found it to be simply a cave within a cave, impossible to escape from, even had those crazy creatures not been sleeping on the ground just outside. Morning light brought no further hope. She was cold, she ached from the hardness of the stone floor, on which she had vainly tried to rest; she was, moreover, as nearly frightened as ever she had been in her life. Again and again she had opened her lips to entreat, beg, promise, threaten; every time she had closed them again. What was the use of speaking to men whose minds, never, perhaps, quite normal, had given way under the strain of convict life; men who imagined themselves to be heroes of the French Revolution, each amused by the other's folly, each believing passionately in his own? Her only chance lay in the possibility of some new mania taking hold of one or both; in the consequent neglect of herself that would follow. She had heard that crazy minds were, above all, capricious. She prayed it might be so. . . .

All night she had listened, listened. She thought she heard, many times, the sound of feet that hurried across the rustling grasses; shouts from far below. She fancied she saw, through the cracks of the door, the flitting lights of searchers. Long ago she must have been missed. Hours and hours they must have been searching for her.

No one came. There were no lights but the flames of the camp-fire near her door; no voices but the muttering voices of the two old, grey, half-human creatures who crouched over it. Even these lights and voices went at last, and she was left to dark and silence. "Next night," she thought pursued her, "next night—where—?"

"COME forth!" cried a queer, cracked voice, almost in her ear. She opened her eyes. Had she slept after all? It was blue day and the door was open, and there were the two *libérés*, standing side by side, so as to bar all chance of escape.

Ettarre rose stiffly to her feet. "Please move out of the way," she said, trying, with trembling heart, to "bluff" these monsters. "I am an English lady; I must go home."

They did not seem to hear her. The tall convict, he who had pushed her into the cell last night, took hold of her in a passionless kind of way, and clinched her arms tight to her sides. "Bind her, you," he told the other.

"No, no!" shrieked Ettarre, sick with horror. She had seen, outside the cave, a block of wood set up in the morning sunlight, an axe beside it. "For God's sake let me go," she begged, fighting against the iron arms that clipped her. "You can't—you can't—"

"Citoyenne, you talk nonsense; there are no gods," reprovingly said the man who was binding her. He, too, seemed to be made of iron; the frantic struggles of her strong young body availed no more than the kicking of a caught rabbit in the trapper's hands. If she had been capable of thought she would have shuddered over the ease, the practised swiftness of his pinioning; would have wondered what grisly experience went to the acquirement of that skill. . . . The man who called himself Danton, once executioner to the Noumea convict jails, could not have told her himself; mists of forgetfulness had long lain over that past life of his. Only his hands—his able, merciless hands—remembered.

WITHOUT difficulty, the two men led her, struggling furiously, outside the cave. It was a pale blue day of infinite delight, with a running wind at play among the grasses. "The day of my death," thought Ettarre wildly. Then sudden calm came to her. If she must die, she must die bravely. It might have been worse; they might have tortured her, worse than tortured—these madmen who had slaughtered calves, carried off a native woman. . . . She saw them carrying off the woman.

Everything came to her in pictures. She saw herself dead, slain. She saw the hotel in tumult, Mabel screaming. She saw the young Frenchman, he of the topaz eyes, looking at her. She knew, in that racing minute, that they could and should have loved one another; that the loss of him, compared with the loss of her bridegroom, was as the darkening of a star against the putting out of a candle. . . . It did not matter. Nothing mattered at all—but death.

She ceased to fight. She began to say prayers, silently. It would only be a minute. They wouldn't hurt—much. The sun dazzled her eyes; she felt the windy grasses cold beneath her feet.

"I shall not see the sun again," she thought, praying.

"Citizeness Marie Antoinette, Widow Capet," cried one of the men in a loud, booming voice, "die for your sins against the people. . . . Here, put the block a foot or two over, you—that rock's in the way of my swing."

THERE was a momentary delay while the man who called himself Danton shifted the heavy section of tree trunk that had been set up before the door of the cave. In that moment something occurred which transformed the situation for Ettarre. She heard a motor horn—a long way off it seemed—blowing short, anxious blasts. She knew, as surely as if she had been told by a messenger from heaven, that Prudent de Roussillon was searching for her, had nearly found her.

So swiftly that she could not follow its movements, her inner mind found and took a way. She heard herself saying coolly:

"Oh, but you're all wrong, Citizens—where is the little window to look through, and the basket to sneeze into?"

"By God!" swore he who called himself Danton, instantly correcting himself. "By the Republic! That is right! Where are they? Why the hell didn't you attend to it?"

"I like that. Why didn't you? Am I, Robespierre—"

"You will keep up that nonsense! It was you who should have seen to it. Can I do everything? If I am to carry out the execution, must I make the scaffold too?"

"Yes!" screamed Robespierre in a sudden fit of fury. "You will do as I tell you, or it is your head that will fall into the basket!"

"Well, how can it, when there is no basket to fall into?"

THE motor horn sounded again, incredibly; it was quite close at hand now, up among the rocks and ranges. Ettarre took her resolution. They had pinioned her too closely for her to stir her arms; and it is difficult to run, tied; but she knew that as soon as the two madmen had finished disputing they would find some way of getting round the difficulty she had so ingeniously suggested. Now was the only possible minute.

While Robespierre was struggling hard to get the axe out of Danton's hands, with what purpose she dared not guess; while Danton was holding on, fighting and swear-

ing—Ettarre bolted hard across the flat. She knew she could not run except on the level, but she did not allow herself to think beyond that range of circling rocks ahead. If she could get there . . .

She never reached it. Out of it came Prudent, running faster than ever she had seen a man run, carrying in one hand a motor horn and over his shoulder a rifle.

The two madmen saw him almost as soon as Ettarre did, abandoned their quarrel, and made for him. Prudent stopped, took aim as coolly as if he were out shooting deer, and dropped, stone dead, the man called Robespierre. At this Danton halted, and flung the axe of justice, whirling, through the air. He was very quick about it, but Prudent was quicker. His second bullet struck the arm of Danton just as the axe left, and sent it spinning wildly, yards away. Apparently insensible to injury, the man stood still for a moment, and then bounded away through the maze of fox-coloured boulders, shouting, "Robespierre has fallen—it is finished!"

Prudent, perfectly cool and practical, was on his knees beside Ettarre, cutting the ropes. She began to cry.

"I THOUGHT no one was ever coming," she sobbed. "Don't mind me—it's purely physical, and I don't mean it a bit."

"Mademoiselle, I understand," came instantly in the pleasantest voice she had ever known. "We will descend at once. You heard the motor horn? I took it off the car where I left the road. I thought you would hear it long before I could reach you."

"If I hadn't," said the girl, and stopped, "if I—"

"Perfectly. You will take my arm, please, Mademoiselle. The car is half an hour's walk away. You are feeling better now." It was a statement, not a question. "This is the end of the House of the Cagou," went on de Roussillon, talking, she knew, to give her time for recovery. "Now that we know where some of them are, we can trace the rest. They are not all mad, but they are bad; they have been the pest of the countryside. It is very well the discovery has been made, though I would rather—Mademoiselle, tell me, you told your *dame de compagnie* to meet you again?"

"Certainly. I said—"

"I thought so. Prudent's eyes were sparkling wickedly. "I am very glad I did—what I did—when I came to the hotel in her car and found, after I had waited hours, that you had not returned."

"What did you do?"

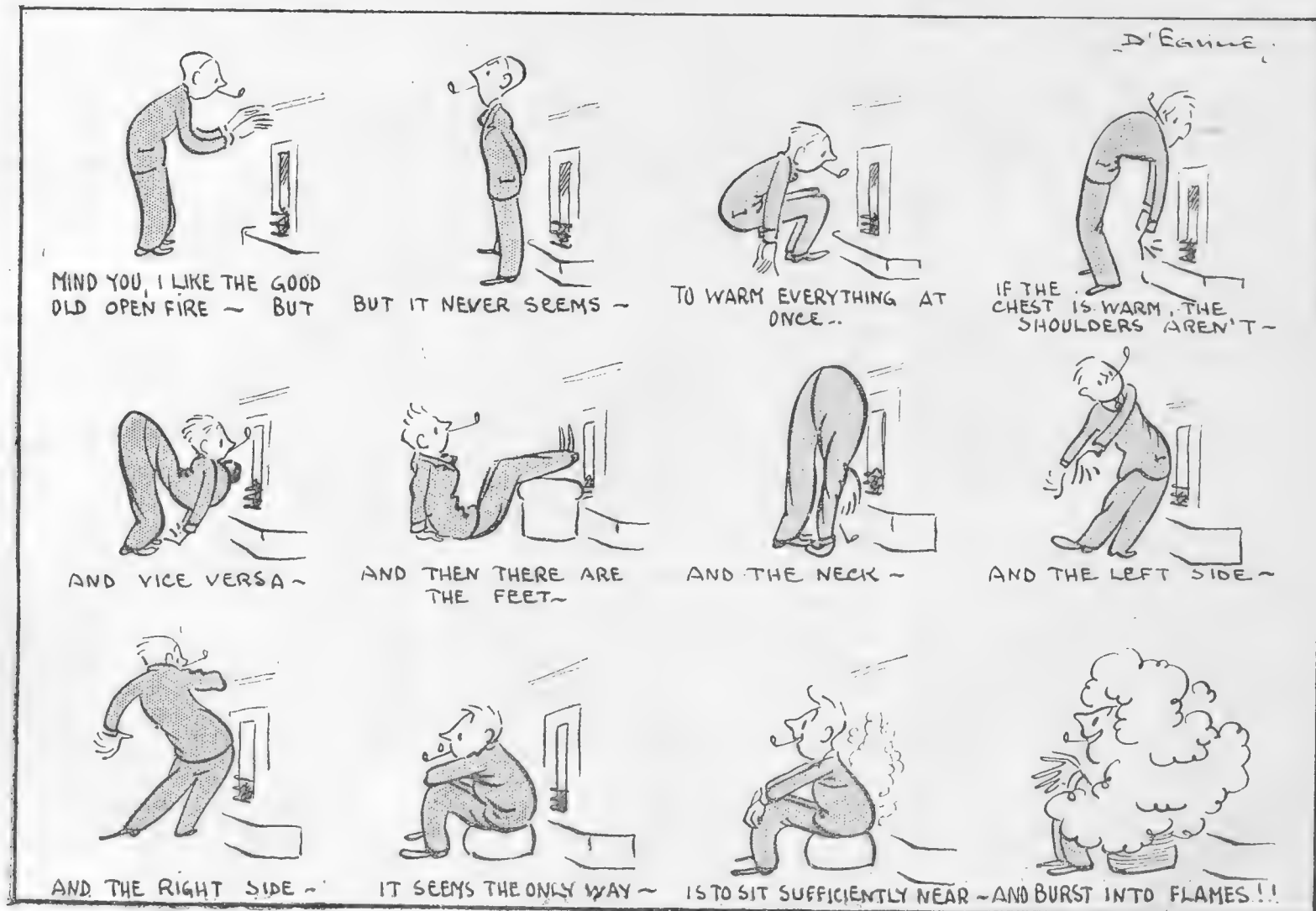
"I looked all night for you, Mademoiselle."

"But before that?"

"*Parbleu*," said Prudent simply, "I boxed her on the two ears—piff-paff! Yes, Mademoiselle, an Englishman would not have done it, but the Frenchman understands her sort. Also, he understands and can appreciate beauty, as no English can."

Ettarre, stumbling with weariness, almost half asleep, could hardly answer him. Prudent saw her eyes; he was satisfied. "I shall give her," he thought, "for a gift of *fiancailles* a splendid brooch made of gold, in the form of a cagou."

A GREAT BRITISH INSTITUTION



BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

By CANON FRANCIS G. BELTON

TREASURE-TROVE does not always consist of jewels and gold.

Most of us have stored away in our memories, some prose passage or poem upon which we set great store. We account this beyond all price, because our first understanding of it brought to us a realisation of the true values of life; it produced a radical and permanent change in us.

This experience was mine, many years ago, when a copy of Francis Thompson's great poem "The Hound of Heaven," was presented to me by a friend. A well-known critic has proclaimed it to be the most powerful lyric in our language; but for me it remains, in addition, the most wonderful sermon I have ever read or heard. Let me recall to your mind those vivid pulsating verses in which the poet describes how God, the Hound of Heaven, pursues "down the arches of the years" the soul that would fain forget Him.

*Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet.*

This is the magnificent expression of a common experience. Try as we may we cannot altogether get rid of God; He is the "tremendous Lover"

who will not leave us alone. And when we search for the cause of this mysterious Divine insistence we find it revealed in the central teaching of Christ—the Fatherhood of God. What earthly parent, who is worth the name, will cease to "follow after" the child he loves; however reprobate or careless and indifferent to his affection that child may be?

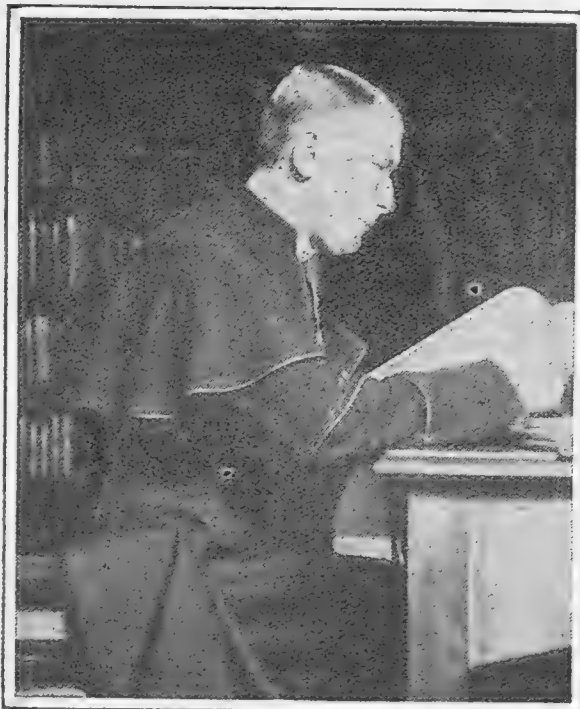
Psychologists may dissect the parental emotion, but they cannot fully explain how it is that the black sheep of the family has always the foremost place in a mother's heart, or why utter forgetfulness causes such anguish of soul.

Parental Love.

IT is the realisation of this old truth, that God's love is the love of a Parent for His offspring, which gives a fresh meaning and impulse to personal religion; and the significance and worth of Francis Thompson's great poem is that it brings this truth home to us with thrilling conviction. Once the parental love of God is understood by the soul our whole outlook on life is bound to be changed. This love will illuminate the mind and shed its light upon the mystery of the purpose of life; it will solve our problems of conduct, and what we mean by "evil" and "good"; and it will lead us on into the inner sanctuary of the spiritual life. Let us put these statements to the test.

The man who has never asked the question, why he is called upon to live his life, is certainly one who will never count for much in this world's affairs; for it is obvious that if he has neglected this fundamental query he has never thought deeply at all. The purpose of life is admittedly a great puzzle, but human nature demands a solution to it.

If we turn to science for an answer, we are at once faced with an insuperable difficulty. Science is concerned with the "how" of things. It probes deep into Nature, and tears her reluctant secrets from her bosom.



THE PURSUIT of GOD

No doubt the very success which has attended the labours of men of science has led to an over-confidence in their methods, and has blinded us to the fact that science in demonstrating HOW we live does not thereby tell us WHY.

The problem of life, however, is not concerned with means but with ends. We find ourselves faced with such fundamental questions as, Why am I here at all? What follows after life? What is the meaning of life? To these questions science does not profess to give an answer. It is religion which claims to provide us with the only solution to the problem which will satisfy the cravings of the soul. It is the Hound of Heaven who reveals the secret of life in the words, "All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

Personal Relationships.

RELIGION, He tells us, is no mere formal observance of punctilious and tiresome obligations; but a realisation of His nearness and His love for us. The secret of our existence is that we are begotten of the Father's love. The consciousness of personal relation between God and man is at the root of Christian religious experience, and it satisfies because it answers the problem of existence and gives a meaning and purpose to life.

Hardly less puzzling are the problems of conduct which constantly face us. We may willingly admit the inherent goodness of human nature, and believe that at least the majority of people are well-intentioned, and that they would prefer to do what is right rather than what is wrong. But the real difficulty is to know what particular action is right.

Standards of conduct seem to vary so much. What is "right" in one class of society is considered "wrong" in another, and many people possess one ethical code for their business and another for their home life.

Must we then conclude that there is no absolute standard of morals? Are we to believe that all morality is based upon opportunism, and that "right" and "wrong" are simply relative terms? I can imagine some one accepting this position as a temporary expedient; but I am sure it can bring no permanent satisfaction to the man of good will.

Once again we are driven back upon the truth of the Fatherhood of God for our answer. It is God's love, and not the harsh despotism of a tyrannical taskmaster, which asks for a ready response to a high moral ideal. Love is never contented with anything but the best, and it generously gives that which it so readily receives. Conduct, like life itself, is something reciprocal between God and man. "Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

The Union of Spirit.

WE now come to the highest appeal which Christ's revelation of God makes to the individual soul—the union of spirit with Spirit. This union of the human with the Divine is a common element in every great religion of the world, and has been the inspiration of all religious leaders and prophets.

But it is only in the religion of Christ that this mystical element ceases to be remote and is made accessible to the ordinary everyday believer.

The profoundest truths are often capable of great simplicity of expression, and our present consideration is an excellent example of this. Christ never taught that union with the Divine was to be reserved for the select few, or to be attained only by severe asceticism and complicated spiritual exercises. He boldly announced it as the birthright of every soul created by God, and he based his claim upon the eternal truth that God is the Father of all men.

This is a busy practical age, and we are in danger of forgetting or ignoring this focal teaching of the Gospel. We are rightly suspicious of undue sentimentality, either in religion or in the ordinary affairs of life; but we do not always remember that spirituality is not necessarily synonymous with sentimentality.

Yet we recognise that no system of Yoga is necessary to train us in our love for our earthly parents; this is something spontaneous, something woven into the very fibre of our being. So also, proclaims Francis Thompson in his poem, is the relation of the soul to God. All that is needed is that we should yield ourselves to that natural impulse, and love at once meets with its response.

Thus God speaks to the soul:

*"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!*

Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

will be next occupied by
Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott.

BRIGHTER BRIDGE

A WEEKLY Bridge Competition is now incorporated in BRITANNIA as a standard feature of the paper.

The answers to the problems must reach this office not later than first post on the Wednesday following the problem's publication. They should be addressed: Bridge Competition, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.

The decision of the Card Editor is final.

PROBLEM IV.

- ♠ A, 4, 2.
- ♥ A, 9, 8, 7, 2.
- ♦ K, 9, 4.
- ♣ A, J.

North.	
West.	East.
South.	

- ♠ K, J, 3.
- ♥ Q, J, 10.
- ♦ A, Q, 5, 3, 2.
- ♣ Q, 6.

South deals and calls One No Trump. (The better bid would be a Diamond, owing to the Club weakness, but I give the calling as it occurred.) West, No Bid. North, Three No Trumps. (I prefer Two Hearts.) All pass.

The first Three Tricks are as follows:—

West.	North.	East.	South.
S. 5.	S. 2.	S. 8.	S. J.
D. 10	D. 4.	D. 6.	D. 1.
H. 3.	D. K.	D. 7.	D. 2.

What deductions should South form, and how should he play the hand? Forecast the almost certain lie of the cards and the result of the deal by completing the remaining ten tricks in the tabular analysis of the play. Small cards may be designated by the symbol x.

PROBLEM II.

The solutions to Problem II. are as follows:

- (i.) Double.
- (ii.) Redouble.
- (iii.) Redouble.
- (iv.) One Heart.
- (v.) The King of Clubs.
- (vi.) The Ace of Diamonds.

No. (i.). The reason for this decision is that, with the score at Game against you, it is better to take a certain double than a Game. The double after partner has called is a positive double and the 300 or 400 you should collect from this hand will prove a good "insurance policy" against the loss of the rubber. The chances that you will lose a rubber on which you have lost the first game are 3 to 1 on.

No. (ii.). The fact that South has preempted in Hearts forbids North to deny his suit. The call of 3 Spades or 3 No Trumps is, therefore, inadmissible. It is a question either of a Redouble or a No Bid. The Redouble is preferred, because, if the Double be negative, East will call and the Redouble should tend to show South that any contract undertaken by the opposition is doomed to defeat.

If the Double be positive, North's hand should ensure the fulfilment of the contract. Trump assistance should not be needed with a hand justifying a pre-emptive bid, and North is well above his estimated quick trick value in side-suits.

No. (iii.). To pass after a "business pass" (leaving in by Doubler's partner a negative Double) on anything less than a

An effort to improve the Average Player's Game. Conducted by G. H. W. RAMSEY.

hand certain to fulfil the contract, is bad business. On this hand you will go down 300 or 400 points. It is, however, quite possible that your partner has a long weak suit which he has properly refrained from mentioning, in anticipation of a bid from East.

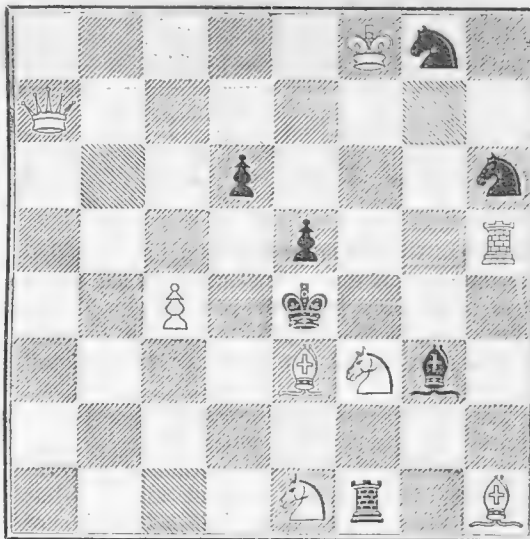
It is not the policy of BRITANNIA to organise competitions for large monetary prizes. We realise, however, that a small inducement lends added zest to the solution of problems, and we therefore offer ten free annual subscriptions for the first five correct solutions to our Bridge and Cross-word problems respectively. Solutions must be received by the first post on the Wednesday following the publication of the problems. The Editor's decision must in all cases be final.—Ed.

CHESS.

By T. C. EVANS.

Problem No. 8.

By H. WEENINK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

Problem No. 7 (Kipping.) Key KxP.

If PxKt=Q dbl ch; 2 K-Kt3 ch, Q-B6 ch; 3 BxQ mate. If P-Q8=Q dis ch; 2 K-B4 ch, B-B6; 3 BxB mate. If P-Q8=Kt dbl ch; 2 K-B2 ch, B-B6; 3 Kt-Kt3 mate. Delightful! But easy for a ger.

SELECTED GAME.

Game No. 8. An excellent game, with plenty of excitement.

White.		Black.	
J. Araiza.	C. Vasquez.	J. Araiza.	C. Vasquez.
1 P-K4	P-K4	12 BxKt	QxB
2 Kt-QB3	Kt-QB3	13 Kt-Q5	QxP
3 P-B4	PxP	14 O-O	P-KR4
4 Kt-B3	P-Q3(a)	15 Q-B5	K-Q1
5 P-Q4	B-Kt5	16 QxBP	QxB
6 B-Kt5	BxKt	17 QxBP ch	K-K1
7 QxB	Q-R5 ch	18 R-B7	R-Q1
8 P-KKt3	PxP	19 RxP!!	Q-B4 ch
9 PxP	Q-B3	20 K-R1	BxR
10 Q-Kt4	QxP	21 QxB	QxKt(b)
11 B-Kt5	Kt-B3	22 PxQ	Resigns

- (a) P-KKt4; 5 P-Q4, P-Kt5 is better.
(b) Desperation! The Kt threatens mate in two directions.

Our "Ladder" Solving Tourney commences with this week's Problem, which is a special contribution by one of the most famous continental composers.

Two points will be scored for the key of each two-mover. Key only is required for two-movers.

Four points for the key of each three mover, with one additional point for each forced White second move.

Eight for the key of each four-mover.

The soundness of problems must not be taken for granted, and a correct claim of "no solution" will receive the same number of points as would be awarded for the key. If a problem has more than one key, full marks will accrue for each key sent in, but there will be, in that case, no points for variation play.

Twenty prizes of a year's free subscription to BRITANNIA will be awarded every three months, when the winner's scores will be cancelled (they start again at the bottom of the "ladder"), while others continue to climb.

Solutions (post-cards preferred) should be addressed, Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and they must arrive not later than the Thursday following publication of the problem.

It may not be possible to publish solvers' names, but, in that event, a number will be given to each solver, and his number published instead.

The Editor's decision will be final.

A ballot for prizes will take place if necessary.

It is, therefore, necessary to keep open the bidding for him. The most inexpensive method of doing so is to employ the so-called "S.O.S. Redouble." A plunge into Diamonds may be fatal; Hearts may be worse. The Redouble in this position commands the partner to bid his best suit, no matter what it is. With the score at 28 in your favour, any bid North can call, and make, ensures the rubber. In the event of failure, it minimises the loss. The Redouble in this position cannot be read by North as satisfaction, or South would be a fool to reopen the bidding for West's benefit.

No. (iv.). To pass a hand with 4½ Quick Tricks is not to be thought of in serious Bridge, even 4th hand. It is, therefore, a question of whether to call one or more Hearts; One Diamond; or No Trumps. The No Trumper is eliminated by the presence of the singleton. The minor call on three cards is misleading, when the hand holds a 6-card major. We are therefore reduced to the Heart suit.

To call two or three—forbidding a Spade or No Trump call to the partner—would be absurd. The decision is, therefore, One Heart. The lack of top honours is fully compensated by the overwhelming top-card strength in the side-suits.

No. (v.). The calling pictures South's holding clearly. He must hold the King-Queen of Diamonds and an outside trick. As North has called Hearts and East has Doubled them, it is unlikely that it is in Hearts; as West has called five Spades, it is unlikely to be in Spades, especially as the contract has not been doubled. It is, therefore, probably the Ace of Clubs.

With such high calling, it is probable that one of the two red suits will be ruffed first round, and of these the more likely is the Diamond. It is also probable that discards of losers may be obtained on the top Hearts announced by East's double. These losers will be in Clubs. The lead should, therefore, be the Club King, followed by a small one.

No. (vi.). The most favoured lead was the 3 of Clubs. Quite apart from the question of the virtue or vice of a singleton, it is useless to lead a lone card unless one can get partner in to return the suit. If partner does not hold the Ace of Clubs, it is certain from the calling that East holds no card capable of obtaining the lead quickly. The lead of the King of Hearts will undoubtedly be taken, and the hand developed to suit the declarer. North's denial of the Spades and support of the Diamonds tends to picture his hand as very short in the black major.

It therefore behoves West to safeguard his Spade tricks by leading Trumps. The advantage of leading the Trump Ace is twofold. If necessary, two rounds can be taken at once; if, on the other hand, the dummy's Club suit is broken, and is not headed by the Ace, the singleton in that suit can be led secondarily if deemed more advisable.

The Prize Winners.

The prize winners for Competition II are:—

J. M. Redington, 63, Park Avenue, Sydney Parade, Dublin, H. L. Crook, 60, Elliscombe Road, Charlton, S.E.7, both of whom registered four correct answers; and Lt.-Col. F. St. John, 63, Cambridge Mansions, S.W.11, T. A. Tancred, Thurcan, Thurtell, Aberdeenshire, Mrs. H. G. N. Evans, 65, Whytecliffe Road, Parley, Surrey, with three correct answers. They were the only five competitors to get more than two answers correct.

OUR WOMAN'S SECTION

EDITED
BY

EVERY reader is invited to make full use of "Britannia's" Service Department. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed with each enquiry, and all letters should be addressed to the Julia Cairns Service Department, "Britannia," Inveresh House, Strand, London, marked "Furnishing," "Colour Schemes," "Beauty," according to the nature of the enquiry.

Julia
Cairns



MISS Nora Swinburne "grees the tardy Spring" in a new Reslaw model, carried out in fur felt and cellophane tubular braid, emphasising the close, helmet-like fit at the back that strikes an interesting millinery note. At the moment, this clever actress is playing the part of one of Mr. Ernest Truett's three charming wives in the American comedy, "Out Goes She," at the Criterion Theatre, delightfully witty but a very poor advertisement of matrimony on the other side of the Atlantic—especially for millionaires!

Vanity Plans a Party

By Oscar M. Sheridan

DINNER at our tiny flat in Shepherd's Market, W., is always a quiet affair. A husband who, from nine o'clock in the morning until half-past six in the evening, suffers the tortures of a City office purely to enable him to provide the expensive luxuries that a beautiful wife needs, desires, above everything else, an hour of quiet repose in which to recover his good spirits and charm of manner. Vanity realises this. That is why dinner at our tiny flat in Mayfair is always a quiet affair.

The two hours that Vanity and I invariably spend over the evening meal are the two blissful hours which, like the magic spell cast by a fairy's wand, restore me from the irritable, surly, bullying business man to my real self—the intelligent, entertaining and restful kind of husband that a wife adores.

SO, in the atmosphere of delightful peace and quiet that pervades our evening repast (other word for meal) it would not be unusual for me to be highly disturbed at a silence broken by the sound of a woman about to choke. When first I heard it I thought that Vanity had swallowed a fish-bone, till I realised there are no fish-bones in fruit salad and cream. The rather frightening high squeal is followed by a sob, and that is followed in turn by a curious sound as if Vanity had swallowed the wrong way. It is, however, nothing more than my wife's charming, if unconventional, way of expressing that she has been struck with an idea!

"Don't you think," said Vanity, on one of these occasions, "that we ought to give a party? Here we have been married Heaven knows how long (why, it must be months now), and there hasn't been a reunion of healthy folk to come and envy the bliss and rapture of a happy marriage."

VANITY, not often given to very long speeches, here paused for breath.

"I feel, like the hot gossellers America sends us from time to time, that I want to do some good work in this world. I want to teach the young people of Mayfair, and other parts of England, too, that there is something after all in marriage. Everything said and done you are a perfect husband—almost. You don't drink—much. And other women don't worry

you; on the contrary, you rather like them. So what, I ask you, is there to stop us from broadcasting our happiness?"

"The B.B.C. and two million listeners," I said fatuously.

"So I have decided we will give a party," said Vanity, with finality, as she lit a cigarette of Turkish blend with an onyx and jade lighter, one of the many beautiful presents I have given her.

"The first thing one does," went on Vanity, "in the organising of a party is to invite people—preferably friends. There must be no gate-crashing; none of those awful men who knew you when you were a drummer in the Guards, or any of those awful old women who met me when I was a male-van driver during the Strike! We must comb Society for our guests."

"In that case," said I, "we must employ a private detective."

"Why?" said Vanity innocently. How I adore Vanity when she says or does anything innocently. She does it so well, one would almost believe she was. "Anyway, you know Lady Pat would just lo-o-ove to come, and Major and Mrs. Splitz would probably bring

Lord Canoe, you remember, the one who never tips! Then we could get the former Countess of Ballyhoo . . . why, the people we know would fill a Court Circular."

"Sounds more like the reading over of the police court summonses after a raid at the Seventy-Four Club, but carry on. . . ."

"I'm going to, don't worry," said Vanity firmly, and sucked hard and greedily at the stub of a green and venomous looking pencil. "The flat will hold thirty comfortably, so I shall invite one hundred and twenty, as half are sure not to turn up. Now this is where you can help me. What do people at a party drink?"

"Everything!" I said.

"Nice people, I mean," said Vanity.

"Oh, brandy, beer and probably barley water," suggested I.

"And gin, ginger ale and Guinness," said Vanity, with heavy sarcasm, "Will my husband please be serious and realise that this is a party and not a board meeting!"

FOR the next five minutes Vanity did a lot of rough, speedy and impossible calculations on odd pieces of paper, and finally looked up with an air of triumph.

With a jazz orchestra of three, that funny dark man who sings spirituals, and that conjuror we saw at the Albert Hall, including the food, wines and extra servants, some new gramophone records, the whole thing won't cost a penny more than £60. You see what a wonderful wife you've got?"

"Wonderful," I agreed, and made great use of my hollow laugh, "and that little matter of the £60, which of the guests provides that part of the party?"

Great big brown eyes grew wide as small saucers, and the tiny mouth, made essentially for kissing, pouted and pleaded itself into an enticing smile.

There was almost a tear in the voice that said:

"Oose big awful man who wants to make ickle wife blub? Oose awful man who won't play at parties? Oose nasty man who no longer loves ickle wife?"

"Ickle dow wow, bow wow!" said I, joining into the fun of the thing.

And what, I would like to know, can a mere man do when someone, a very nice someone, starts biting his ear?



. . . dinner is always a quiet affair.

MAGICAL GLASS

DEPICTING HARMONY OF LINE AND BEAUTY OF PROPORTION

By

AILEEN SCRIVEN

GLASS has a fascinating way with it—a way of lighting up even the dullest table, and making it sparkle. But sometimes the prices of the most coveted pieces discourage us at the outset. Here then is a set of wine glasses and decanters—sixty-two pieces in all—that have a check design in black enamel standing up boldly on the stems of the glasses and on the decanter necks; and another even less expensive of black enamelled-edged glass with a faint leaf design.

THE spirit of the East abides in the candlesticks and statuettes, whose stands shine as only clear, cut glass can; severe and very straight they are, in mauve, brown or white glass. There are too, deliciously amusing



Exquisite candlesticks in cut glass, and the statuette is in accord. The unusual decanter is designed in the manner of a snail. Delicious adornments for the home may be found amongst the selection of Lalique glass at Brèves.



A check design in black enamel standing out boldly on the stems of these glasses gives emphasis to their beauty. They can be purchased in various sizes—champagne, port and liqueur. The mistletoe vase is fascinating too.

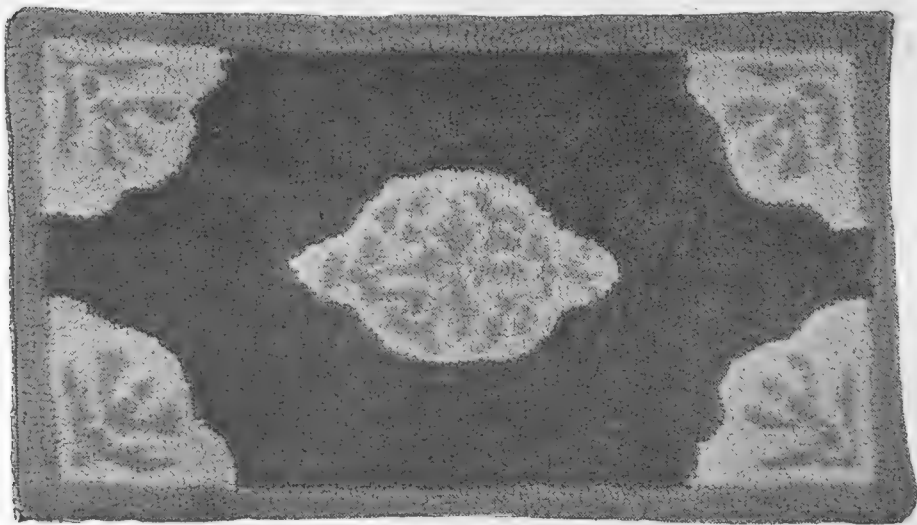
ash trays—utterly different to the more ordinary ash trays one has in mind—in various colours, from the centres of which birds and animals stand up realistically.

There is a dressing-table set, ethereally lovely, and you may have the nine pieces in practically any colour of glass.

A powder bowl, heavy with a close design of tiny flowers is one of the most enviable of these glass-ware pieces, but there are shapes and sizes in abundance from which to choose, scarcely any two alike—vases, bowls, lamp-shades, each a harmony in itself.

RUG MAKING

*It's
Easier
This Way*



YOU would never think that this rug has given over ten years wear—yet it shows no sign of it.

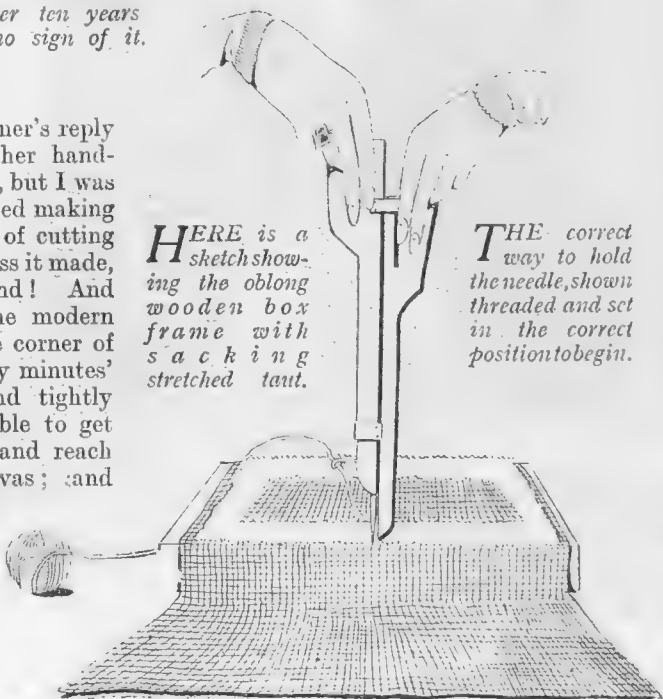
WHO has not heard the owner's reply when someone admired her hand-made rug, "Yes. It's nice, but I was heartily sick of it long before I finished making it." She recalls that unending job of cutting the short lengths of wool—what a mess it made, too!—and the blisters on her hand! And progress was so slow. But by the modern method a novice completed a whole corner of the rug you see here in just twenty minutes! The strands are so beautifully and tightly packed that it is almost impossible to get your fingers down between them and reach the sacking. Yes, *sacking*, not canvas; and you only thread your needle once to each skein of wool unless when changing colours. It's so simple.

GET a joiner—or useful husband!—to make you a skeleton oblong wooden frame about 4 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in. It should be made of hard wood and stand on four dumpy legs about 3 or 4 in. from the ground. Then purchase some good quality sacking (if you have old wartime "rot-proof canvas," so much the better). Draw your design on it in Indian ink, not paint or chalks, as the rough hairy surface will obliterate the lines, and then stretch a corner of the canvas over your frame and pull just as tight as you can upon it (unless the useful husband will pull tighter) and nail at the side. A nail to every inch will well repay your trouble by keeping it taut as a drum, and a double thickness of sacking where the nails pierce it will help to keep it tight. Now, thread your needle, with the entire ball to use up at the other end, and you can begin.

ABOUT five minutes' practical experience will teach more than columns of directions, but rest assured it is *knack* that is needed, not strength. There are three stages and three movements to a stitch, and the size of the latter is governed only by the slope at which you hold the needle. For a beginner it is easier to commence by holding it upright, and you can vary this as you become accustomed to it, with an acutely sloping needle. Speed will come with practice. Should you find that the metal blade behind the needle appears to be fraying the wool at all,

HERE is a sketch showing the oblong wooden box frame with sacking stretched taut.

THE correct way to hold the needle, shown threaded and set in the correct position to begin.



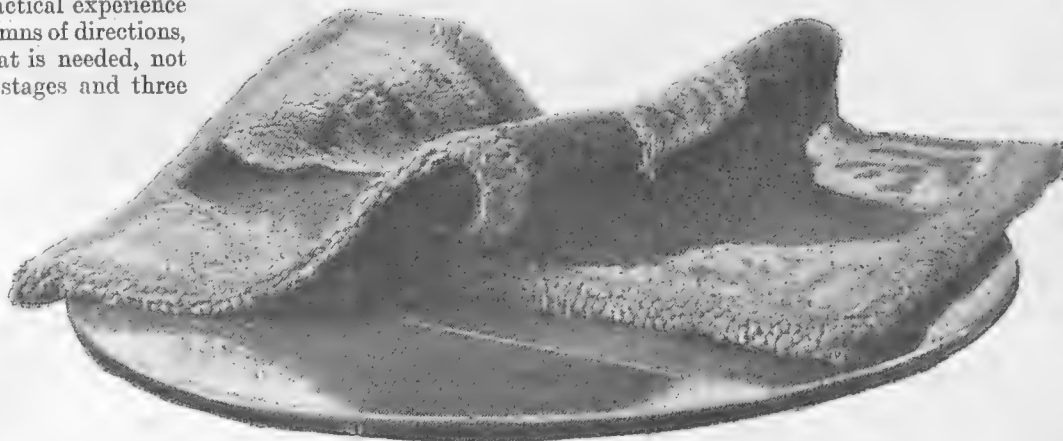
it isn't the sharpness or the pressure that is causing it, but the worker. Don't despair if the sacking appears to be of hide and your fingers of wax, you will get the hang of the whole thing in a little while and away you will go, with no effort, at a tremendous speed.

AWORD to ensure that you get a firm and hard-wearing mat. The old-fashioned way with art canvas as a base produced a nice enough rug when new, but after about three months it often assumed that appearance of tired-looking grass, and began to hold dirt and "bits" of all descriptions. The new patent needle enables you to work so closely that each "loop" supports its neighbour and even the

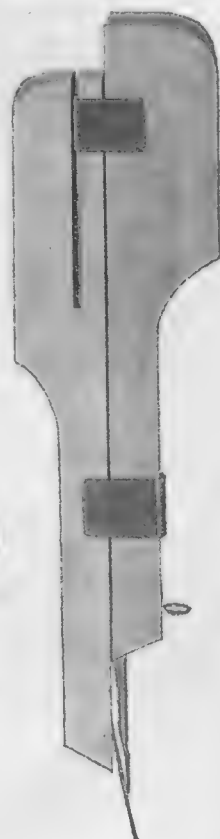
dust can't worm its way between them. To produce this happy result you will want nearly half as much wool again as that recommended for the old-fashioned way of making a rug. It is worth it again and again. The one you see here has had over ten years' wear, and shows no signs of it. In this instance the loops have been left uncut to adapt the rug for hard wear; in this form the stitch gives an impression of a series of French knots, but if you wish to make it softer they can be cut *after* the rug is finished.

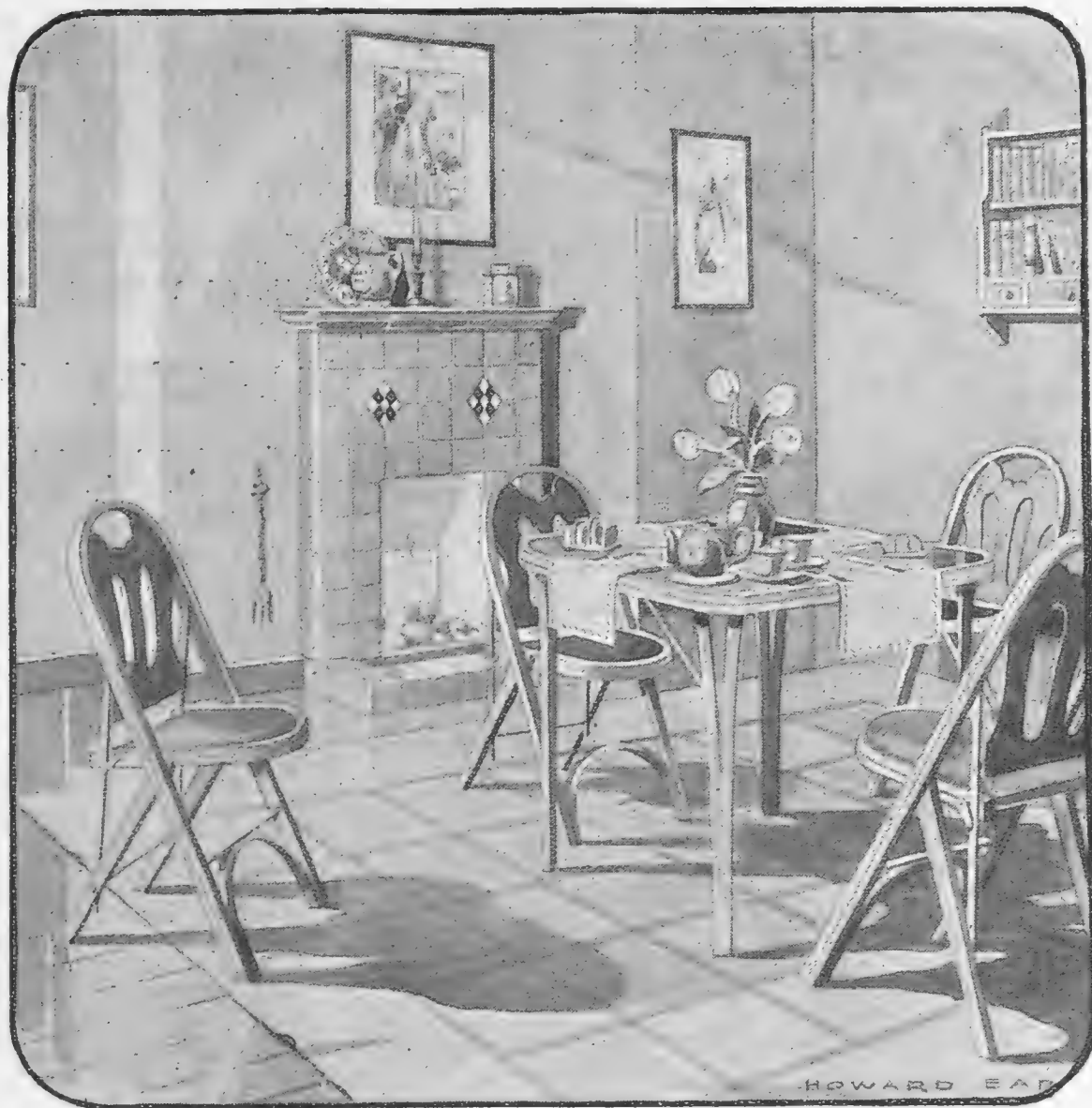
The wools can be obtained in such a lovely wide range of shades that one can follow out the tones of almost any colour scheme or carpet. As to the designs, remember that bold blotches come out better than minute detail; keep brushwork of kindergarten days in your mind when deciding on the design. Again, for door-mats you can follow the stiff square "tiled" effects. For tiny hexagonal hearths in flats you can fit your rug round the angles and just have it whatever size you wish. A good scheme for these small mats is to take a motif of a portion of the design of your carpet and introduce it into the centre of a plain mat. But, whatever you choose, it's the rapidity with which the picture grows under your needle that fascinates you, and remember, it's only the wrong side you see as you work; nothing short of a gasp of astonishment will greet the right side when you turn your frame over.

IF you want your rug for exceptionally hard wear don't cut the loops, leave them, as in this picture, to bed together when, if tightly worked, they will have the appearance of French knots. The strands come so close to each other that they never lie flat.



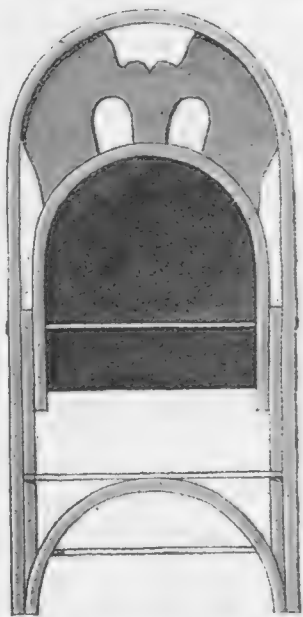
A corner of this rug was finished by a novice in twenty minutes.





TABLES AND CHAIRS À LA MODE

Bridge-time or Breakfast Room Furniture
You can use in the June Garden.



Upholstered in leatherette, with a bent-wood frame and flexible back, this chair opens and closes in one simple motion. At Shoolbreds, London, and Jenners, Edinburgh.

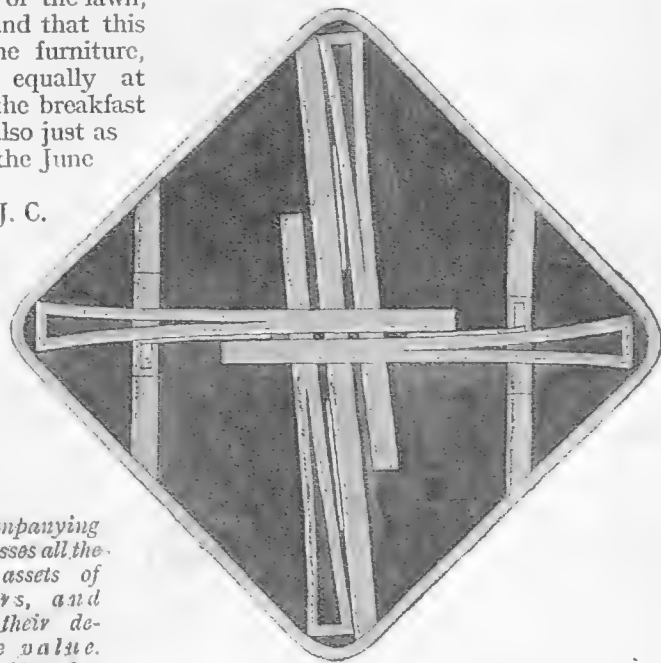
WE, as home-makers, are growing resourceful, very resourceful—a fact which, no doubt, is daily brought about by the difficulty of the modern housing problem, which has constrained us to clip the wings of our one time pretentious imaginations, and confine them to a mere miniature of a home.

The folding tables and chairs sketched here are a particularly fascinating example of the ingenuity of the modern furniture designer, who, too, is resourceful, since he must take his cue from the demands of the buying public. You and I, and most of the home-makers of to-day, have comparatively small homes, requiring relatively small and accommodating furniture. Therefore, what better than a folding table and set of four chairs, whose domestic uses are almost unlimited

strikingly effective Oriental colourings, and, like other models, is light in weight and folds away compactly.

More. As the months pass by and the perfumed fragrance of a summer evening beckons us and our after-dinner coffee on to the verandah or the lawn, you will find that this bridge-time furniture, although equally at home in the breakfast room, is also just as happy in the June garden.

J. C.



The accompanying table possesses all the practical assets of the chairs, and enhances their decorative value. At Shoolbreds, London, and Jenners, Edinburgh.

—at one time their gay colouring bringing life and optimism into the morning room, or breakfast nook, and, later, being admirable for sewing or radio purposes? At another time it forms an ideal set for the card party, being attractive in appearance, essentially strongly made, and, above all, comfortable.

THE bridge table and chair set, in one particular design (constructed on precisely the same principle as those illustrated) is most engaging. It is decorated with a Chinese boy and dragon in

He was the ODD ONE

By PAMELA TRENCH

too?" I asked, squeezing the hand that was thrust confidently into mine. "No. Parties disturb me. They stop me remembering." "Remembering what, Simon?" He flung up his head and said, half defiantly, half pleading for understanding, "Me!"

SO that was it, Simon had come early to that tantalising subject that so exercises the mind and heart of man. I wondered, watching the grave eyes, the intense concentrated upturned face, if merry, smiling Marilyn really knew anything about this third child of hers. "Frinstance," Simon went on, "where did I come from." Ah, that old inevitable question. It further appeared that he had wondered and wondered about that. His mother had told him that he had slept beneath her heart for a long time, and then after days and days came to be in her arms. But he felt that wasn't quite true. He could not remember that at all. It must be a mistake. What he could remember was that a long while ago he lay under a white shady thing with blue showing through in patches. It was a daisy. The singing of the birds he had understood, and the things the wind shouted as it rushed by. He knew them all once.

PERHAPS he was a fairy really, and only a little boy in bits when he was with other people? At any rate he was sure he was one sometimes,

because he had seen the fairies so often—not only the little fluffy ones, but the great 'normous ones too. There was one behind the bathroom door every night. His mother said it was only a shadow, but that was because she didn't understand that shadows are a sort of fairy, and sometimes very frightening. At night when he went to bed and the lights were turned low, the room became full of them. They crept under the chairs and through the curtains, and though he never dared to look, he knew there was one under his bed . . . if he could see these things that were invisible to others he must be a fairy. "You see?" said Simon. I nodded gravely. I did see indeed. He flung himself down on the grass and tugged at my hand. "Listen, listen"—his voice was shrill with eagerness. "I hear the world turning. Oh, it makes a lovely soft humming noise—like John's spinning top, but

much, much more lovely. I always hear it when I am alone.

THIS is much better than going to parties—isn't it, isn't it?" He knew without my saying so that I agreed with him, and we lay quietly together in the warm sunlight that made what Simon called a "purring sound" as it poured down. Who made the sun? God they said. Well, who made God? Was he a fairy too? Nobody seemed to know. Like Simon himself he must have just grown. Together we remembered bits of Simon—the time when he had carache when he was very young and had heard battles and the surging hiss of fireworks in his head—a most beautiful noise and a most terrible pain. Then, suddenly, the pain and the noise went away, leaving a disappointing empty silence. And the time when he had fallen into the pond and dreamed that he saw a new world of tender, bluey green light, where the air was sweet with vague soothing tunes. He was very angry when they woke him up—he wanted to go on dreaming—but when a strange man took off his wet clothes, and listened to his heart through a funny thing with two tickly tubes, Simon smiled and his mother cried. Incomprehensible woman.

OH!—and that day in the house with the wonderful window. When you looked through one part of it everything was blue—blue trees, blue houses, and queer blue people. Then, suddenly, when you looked again, everything was yellow, and again, almost impossible to believe, the whole world was red. It was magic . . . And the time . . .—but just then the garden gate slammed noisily and Penelope and John came up the path, and Simon and I went into the house with them, into the house where their mother was. They gave Simon a chocolate cat from the party, and, climbing into Marilyn's lap, he bit off the cat's head, and finding it very good began with zest upon the tail. Marilyn watched him earnestly. And I could see that she was pondering deeply upon this strange child of hers, Simon gave a contented sigh when he had finished the cat and I saw that he had changed from a fairy to a little boy again. "I bejoyed myself awfully," he said, sighing contentedly. Marilyn's eyes met mine across the drowsy brown head that nodded sleepily over the remains of the chocolate cat. There was a mute enquiry in their depth.

ALL the dreamers and thinkers of all time have been men who did not want to go to the party when they were little boys," I said to her significantly. She flung me a startled glance that suddenly became full of comprehension, and as she gathered the child into her arms there was a new light in her eyes.

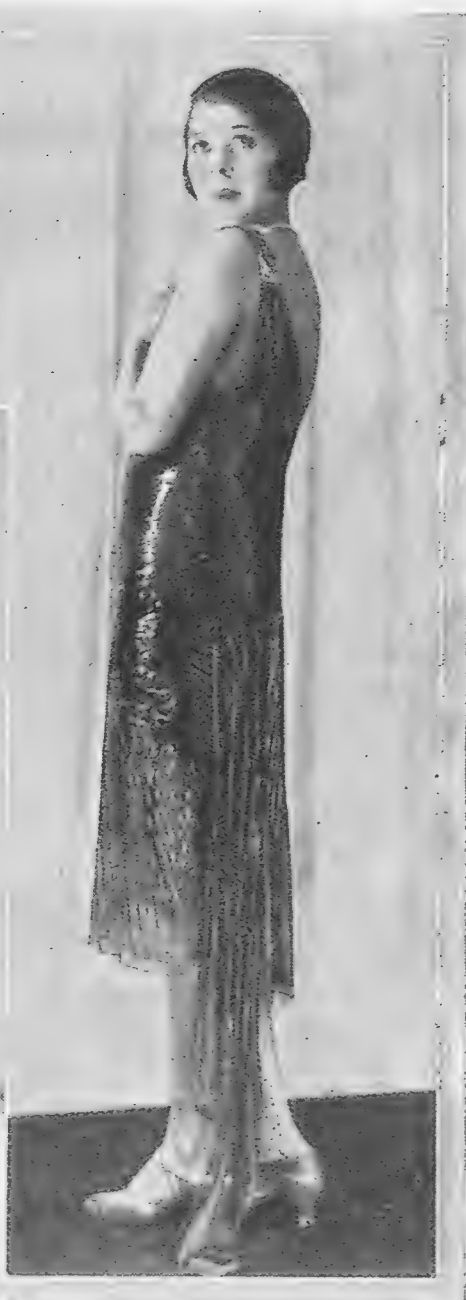
"His hands were thrust deep into diminutive pockets, and I knew by the way that he twisted his heel deep into the grass, that he was thinking hard."

IN every family, even those of small dimensions, there is an odd one—a child who does not want to go to the party. So I said to Marilyn cheerfully, in an effort to disperse the little troubled frown from her brow, "Which one is it—Penelope, John, Simon or Barbara?—surely not Barbara?" "No," said Marilyn, "it's Simon," and she nodded her head towards the window. Out there in the garden I could see a small figure, not more than seven years old, walking slowly with deliberate steps. His hands were thrust deep into diminutive pockets, and I knew by the way that he twisted his heel deep into the grass occasionally that he was thinking hard. I swallowed my last mouthful of cake and went out through the window. "Hello, Simon, where's Penelope and John?" "Gone to the party"—he stopped pacing, and came towards me. "Aren't you going

PARIS LAYS STRESS *on* the UNEVEN HEM LINE

On the right, Celanese satin Marocain carries out an afternoon frock that has a gracefully draped skirt, fashionably uneven in length.
(Paul Caret.)

The latest variety of the picture frock is shown below, knee length in front and ankle length at the back. (Jenny.)



The frock above shows the train in its newest aspect—in the form of side drapery. Curious reed-shaped lacquered beads closely embroider its surface, achieving a glittering, scale-like effect. (Worth.)

NOTHING would induce you to miss the Spring and Autumn Dress Parades, would it? They are as much an established feature of the social life of London and Paris as, say, Cocktail Parties (!)—cocktails, indeed, often being part of the attractive programme. But do you realise that at all the London "Houses" that have names to conjure with there are Dress Parades all the year round? Yes, even in this month of January. Not Parades of the formal variety, with invitations and numbered seats and Bands in attendance, but friendly little affairs that give every woman an opportunity of seeing what is going to be worn, for there is always some one at hand to enter into the question of fabrics and colours, to discuss prices and the adaptation of styles to suit particular figures. The advance models are actually worn by Mannequins, who shed the light of their presence all over the building, not only in the departments specially devoted to clothes. Almost every day there are new arrivals in the World of Fashion, and, even if there is no drastic change in actual style, all manner of subtle touches distinguish the frocks of to-day from those of yesterday. You must study them if you want to dress well at every season.

"The Newest ARE PRACTICAL

— Says —

ONCE we have turned the corner, so far as winter is concerned, and can look forward to spring in the not very distant future, golf begins to loom large in the life of the sportswoman, whether she is staying at home or betaking herself to the Sunny South.

Although some people still maintain that golf can be played in almost anything, and that it is rather unnecessary to invest in a special golfing outfit, there are, on the other hand, an increasing number of women golfers who have firmly, and rightly, made up their minds to look as attractive, though at the same time as practical, as they can when playing. How right they are can only be fully realised by the player who is faced with the ordeal of driving off from a tee crowded with more or less unsympathetic and certainly critical onlookers, who, having nothing to do but wait their turn, very naturally fill in their time by observing the shortcomings of others!

IF you can feel assured at such a moment that your clothes are well-cut, with shirt or sweater, and stockings and shoes, toning in well with the general colour scheme, you can apply yourself with added confidence to the task of keeping your eye on the ball and getting it away down the course in true championship style. Women at such moments are very nervous creatures, and although there may be a chorus of male laughter at the very idea of such minor details really interfering with the actual execution of a stroke, I can only say that it is true and that I have seen it happen a score of times myself.

I DON'T mean, of course, that golf clothes should ever be anything but

severely simple and practical. Those who are at the top of the tree in golf always choose an extremely simple outfit. Miss Joyce Wethered, for instance, wears the plainest jumper and skirt imaginable, and Miss Sybil Esmond and Miss Cecil Leitch, two other famous golfers, who are always "well turned-out" on the links, invariably choose their clothes with a definite scheme of colour in view.

Never buy your sports outfit carelessly. Everything you acquire must, so to speak, "belong." However attractive a certain jumper or scarf may be, it is useless to you unless it will tone in with your ensemble.

It is an excellent idea, if, as is the case with most of us nowadays, your purse is not a long one, to have several skirts and jumpers in the same range of colours. Take beige and brown, for instance. With these two colours, you can ring the changes most successfully, and what is more you will never be in difficulties over shoes, for a well-made pair of brown brogues, with really low heels, remember, will always meet the case.

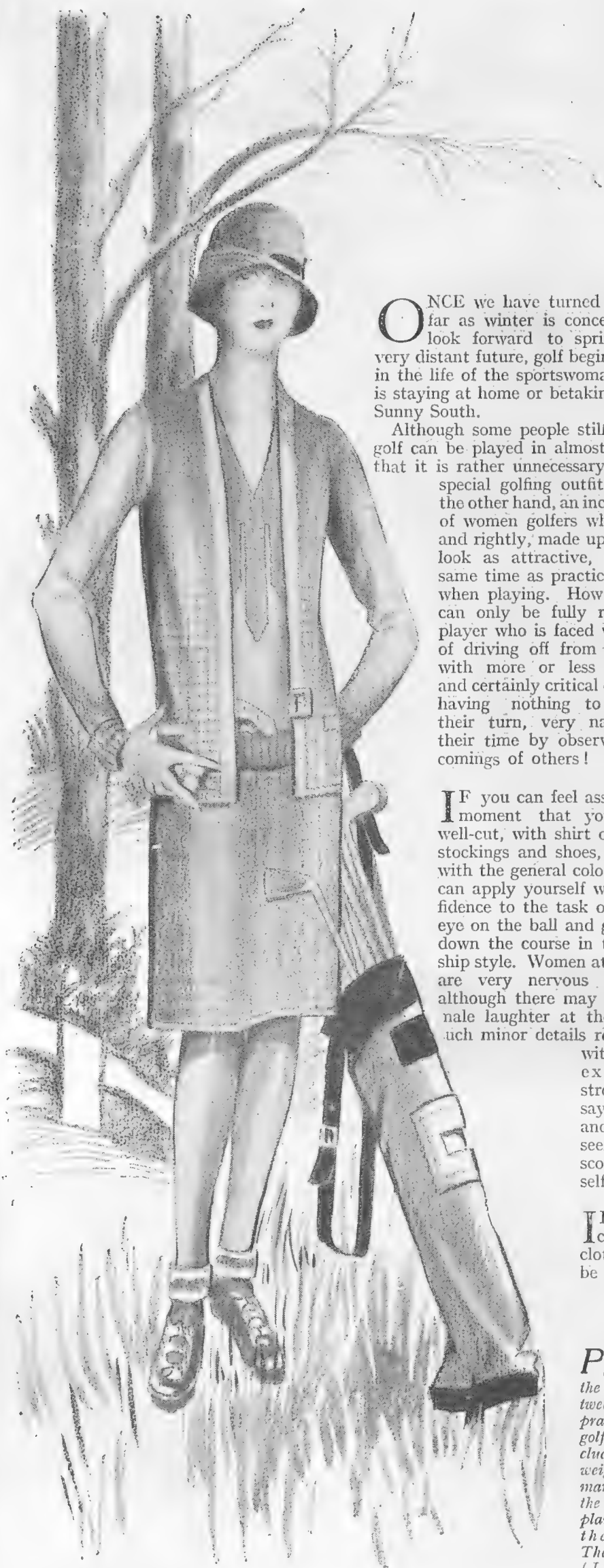
YOU must bear this shoe question in mind when you are considering your golf outfits, for it is extremely difficult, except in very dry weather, to wear light coloured golfing shoes and yet look well turned-out at the end of the round, for you will nearly always find that the wet grass of the "rough" has left a sort of "tide line" round the sides of your unfortunate footwear. With a dark-blue ensemble you can wear black golfing shoes, but with practically no other shades, and somehow dark-blue never seems to suit a country background. A short, lightweight leather coat should never be omitted from the practical winter golfing outfit, and here you must remember that the great thing is to choose one of expert design that is loose in the armholes and has plenty of spring; a model that is not well-cut may interfere with your swing; and have it loose enough to fit over your "woollie," if need be.

AND talking of "woollies," a sleeveless woollen sweater to wear over a shirt is a most useful article of clothing.

Don't indulge in blouses or "shirt waists," as our American friends would put it, that have ends, loose collars, etc., that flap about, for these are likely to be most distracting, especially on a windy day. You cannot do better than buy the most solid Jap silk or crêpe-de-chine that you can afford, in a lighter shade than your tweed skirt, and have it made up perfectly plain on the lines of a man's shirt, with a small, neat, turn-over collar, the tie held securely in place with a small gold safety pin. No jewelled brooches, please!

For head wear I strongly recommend a plain pull-on felt hat, harmonising in colour with the rest of your clothes, or, for sunless days, a beret, if it suits you.

Patterned stockinette, that has all the appearance of tweed, carries out a practical three-piece golf outfit, that includes lightness of weight among its many other qualities, the same material plain being used for the jumper, etc. The price is £3/18/6 (Lillywhite).



Golf Clothes

AND SMART

Mrs. Satterthwaite

AND the question of wet weather kit . . . do bear in mind that just because it happens to be raining there is no need to look unattractive! But you won't look your best unless your clothes are designed, so to speak, to "shed" rain. A well-cut tweed skirt, a short mackintosh coat, a close-fitting waterproofed felt hat, thick stockings that "agree" with your skirt and hat, stout shoes, with specially welted soles . . . that is the sort of golfing outfit that can afford to laugh at the weather. Or you can invest in a feather-weight waterproof costume in a gay colouring, that can be slipped on over your ordinary clothes.

BUT correct sports kit is so expensive; that's one reason why I simply don't consider playing games," quite a number of my friends say to me. This may have been true once upon a time, but it certainly is not so to-day.

In January, particularly, the month of sales, golfers and other sportswomen with not much money to spend will be very agreeably surprised at the prices reigning at well-known outfitters for leather coats, tweed skirts, cardigans, well-cut stout shoes, etc., etc.; indeed, for every type of sports kit, practical, smart, and becoming.

And do learn to study your individuality. In the dim Past, certainly, sports clothes were governed by very hard and fast rules indeed—upstanding collars, for Tennis champions—Norfolk coats and pork-pie hats for the women, who walked with the "Guns," etc., etc. But this is no longer the case to-day, and with Fashions so infinitely varied, there is absolutely no point in being a slave to any particular style, if it does not suit you, however much you may have admired it on somebody else. With a little thought you should be able to evolve something that contains the same idea but cleverly adapted to your own personality.

A Golf coat of expert design, that affords perfect freedom for the swing and is at the same time shower and windproof, is shown on the immediate right made of Gazella suede and lined with artificial silk in various shades. The tweed skirt tones in colour. The cost of the complete outfit is 5½ guineas, or with a tweed skirt, pleated on one side only, 98s. 6d. (Shoolbred).



Or the outfit above, specially designed for the Riviera, may appeal to you if you are going South. Costing 5½ guineas, it is carried out in natural coloured stockinette, bordered with yellow and deep brown, and completed by a pair of matching knickers. (Shoolbred).

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**WEATHERPROOFS, OVERCOATS, MEN'S
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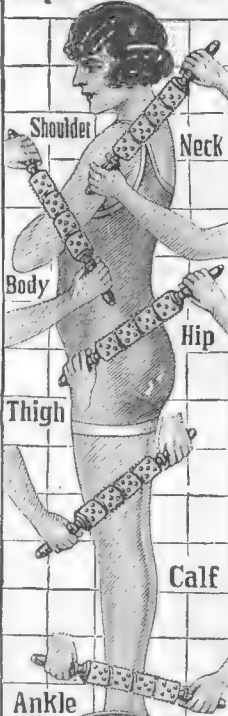
2 dozen, 3/6; 4 dozen, 4/6

FREE. Samples and
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is taken by those with money and time to spare. Do you know why? Because massage is recognised by leading medical men of all countries as a common sense, natural remedy for a great many bodily ills. It is now, as never before, within the power of all to get rid of unwanted fat and alleviate rheumatism, gout, neuritis, neuralgia and kindred ailments by really scientific massage, for with the PUNKT-ROLLER you can procure for yourself, in a simple, easy way, all the beneficial effects of expensive Hand Massage. The gentle, kneading, persuading action of its rubber suction cups stimulates the circulation to dissolve and carry away fat cells and impurities. This is nature's own way. Lengthy gymnastic exercises, properly supervised, achieve the same objects, but cannot remove superfluous fat from specific parts of the body. The Punkt-Roller is a most effective form of massage. The exhilarating effects of five minutes' use leave the circulation sufficiently active to dissolve fat deposits. The invigorating sensation of fitness remains for hours. See for yourself, from day to day, how the use of the Punkt-Roller will slender and shape your hips, thighs and calves.

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the Punkt-Roller.*

Buy a Punkt-Roller to-day. But be sure it bears the Trade
Mark—"Mark on the Brow"—No imitations are as effective.

STANDARD MODEL 25/-.

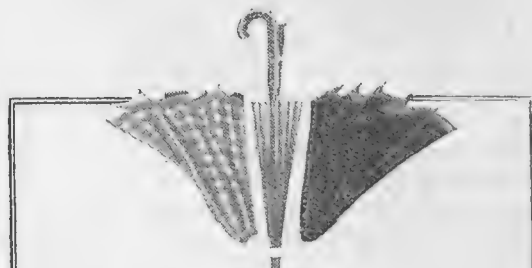
Popular Model 19/6. Face Punkt-Roller 7/6

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General Stores in London and the Provinces, all branches of
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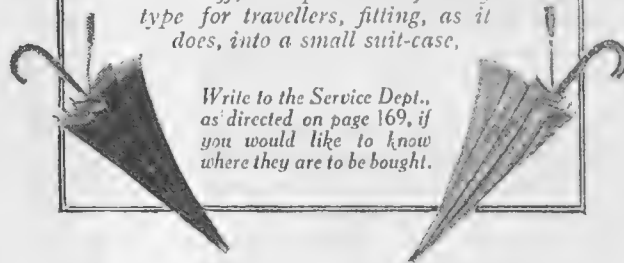
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FASHION

News and Notions



*YOUR umbrella should be "en
suite" too! But few of us can
run to a different umbrella for every
costume! The one illustrated here,
the clever invention of a woman, by
the way, has interchangeable covers.
Choose an attractive handle, and
then some coverings in different
colours and fabrics. There is a
large variety of choice. It takes just
sixty seconds to screw off the ferrule,
remove one cover and substitute
another for it, and as the handle also
screws off, it is a particularly handy
type for travellers, fitting, as it
does, into a small suit-case.*



*Write to the Service Dept.,
as directed on page 169, if
you would like to know
where they are to be bought.*

A PART from the radical changes in line, etc., that we have to expect each season from fickle Madame La Mode, there are always various little Fashion notions that will, if applied intelligently, go a long way towards bringing last year's frocks up to date. You can, for instance, brighten up a frock that seems, with Spring in the offing, to be on the sombre side, by wearing one of the new ribbon scarves with it. These should be about a yard and a half long and ten inches wide, and carried out in two shades of ribbon. You can easily make one yourself. The fashionable tints to use are oyster and periwinkle-blue, pink and brown, or lemon and black. The effect of the ribbon loops, showing off sometimes one shade, sometimes the other, is very charming. Then you can alter the whole appearance of another frock by adopting the fashionable bolero. With a plain dress, an embroidered bolero looks attractive; with a multi-coloured one, a plain material is indicated, carried out in one of the colours; velvet boleros with silk frocks are particularly effective.

Your georgette evening gown can be brought very much up to date by appliquéing on it velvet petals in a deeper shade of the same colour, the effect being enhanced if each petal is outlined with diamanté. And yet another way of bringing informal evening toilettes into line with the advance Spring styles is to add a loose, transparent coat of net or lace, dyed to match the frock. The new dinner gowns are all of the three-piece variety.



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for demonstration
of this epoch-
making invention.



There are many who will always cling to the simplicity and comfort of a shingled head—

WHEN woman first turned her attention to bobbing and shingling her hair, perhaps she dispensed with a greater part of the care which her mother and grandmother took to keep their hair well brushed and combed.

Yet, on the other hand, the fashion has taught many that individuality—and even charm—can be added to quite an ordinary appearance, if the art of hairdressing is discriminatingly employed.

While you cannot make up your mind as to whether you will remain bobbed or shingled or grow your hair, you can adopt a chignon for evening wear. Then, if you insist upon appearing in the last phase of fashion's latest whim during the day, you will be wise to grow your hair to what may be termed a long shingle, well shaped to the head. If desired the hair can then be either water waved, if inclined to curl, or otherwise permanently waved. In the case of the latter, there need now be no fear of an artificial appearance, for long and varied experience has taught the modern hairdresser the art of perfecting the natural wave. Of course, in some cases, straight hair can be equally becoming, and both styles are subject to endless variations to suit individual types.

BUT all this that I have been saying only concerns the ultimate finish of a well-cared-for head of hair, for if the hair and scalp itself are not perfectly healthy, the desired result can never, never be obtained. I would stress the importance of first finding a reliable hairdresser, and then always going to the same one, for he will thus get to know not only what style suits you best, but also what is good for your hair and scalp, doctoring both under one continual treatment, for it is obvious that progress cannot be maintained under a variety of different methods.

Cleanliness, naturally, comes first in the care of the hair; that is to say, that not only the hair, but the scalp too, must be kept in perfect order, so that the skin remains soft, and the roots of the hair may receive nourishment. Washing will help to do this, but to ensure that the scalp is thoroughly clean, grease also should be used.

Too frequent washing is not desirable in most cases, but this, of course, alters with the individual. Once in a fortnight or ten days



Photos, Peter North

—while some have already grown weary of it, and seek a more feminine coiffure.

should be sufficient, except on rare occasions, as sometimes, for instance, when bathing often in salt water, or when the hair is particularly greasy. If you wash the hair yourself be most particular to see that it is well rinsed afterwards, else the hair will be dull and lifeless in appearance. If it is to

Our Woman's Section.

NEXT WEEK.

Adolphe Menjou, the famous film star, talks on "The Art of Making Love," of which he is a past master . . .

A Special Riviera Fashion Supplement will be included among other interesting features.

JANUARY 25th, 1929.

be water waved afterwards a few drops of pure lemon-juice in the final rinsing water will help to make the hair easier to set.

IN cases where tight hats have helped to increase the greasiness, through lack of ventilation, it is a good plan to pierce holes

Your HAIR—

The LONG and the SHORT of it

By SONIA

in one's hat with a pin. The holes thus made will not show, and will have the effect of allowing the necessary amount of air to get to the hair. If, after this, the greasiness still continues a special preparation will overcome the difficulty.

Again, fresh air and sunshine are alike good natural tonics for hair and scalp. But, too often, time and weather do all they can to prevent one taking advantage of these most necessary health factors as one would wish. However, when opportunity occurs a time should be chosen when the sun is not too hot, because, after all, the loveliest head of hair is not worth a headache, and whereas strong sunshine will sometimes bring out beautiful red tints in the brunette it will often bleach the blonde to a most unhappy straw colour.

LAST, but perhaps most important of all, she whose hair will vie with the best-dressed head in modern beauty's salon, must, at the same time, go back to her grandmother to learn the importance of brushing the hair.

In this way dust that has accumulated during the day is brushed out; the natural oil is distributed and the hair becomes glossy as nature intended it to be. And massage the scalp, too, with the tips of the fingers for several minutes at night, and, if possible, for the same time in the morning.

Of course no two heads of hair are alike, and, naturally, it is impossible to lay down definite laws which can be followed without alteration by every reader, and where it is not possible to go regularly to a reliable hairdresser it will be wise to do so once or twice at intervals to find out what is the best treatment for the hair, both as regards the care of it and the style of hairdressing.

In the former case, it is often as well to try out different styles from time to time for yourself, until you find the one which is most suited to your type. Or, alternatively, although in nine cases out of ten there is one way which is, without question, the best, it is quite

interesting to make a practice of changing the style.

In conclusion, may I add, that I shall be happy to help my readers with their own particular problems if they will write to the Service Department as directed on page 169.

LEFT-OVERS NO LONGER

By

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

THERE are lots of jolly little tit-bits, dainty morsels, small relishes, that add a touch of appetising brightness to meals that otherwise would be colourless, which come in agreeably at the close of a humdrum dinner, leaving a pleasant memory, and some which are satisfying repasts in themselves, particularly when a very light supper or luncheon is called for. Also, they help the distracted housewife to face that awful unexpected guest. I am not going to chat about elaborate affairs or those that are expensive, such as caviar and *pate de Foie Gras* and plovers' eggs! Those are purely bought pleasures, and it is the home-mades that appeal to me, and to you? The essential thing is that the tit-bit shall be tasty and appetising. Stodge is a kill-joy!

Butters.

AS a poet said: "Man needs butter little here below, nor needs that butter strong!" At least, I seem to remember some such words. But for tit-bitting, butters made strong are often very helpful. Even by themselves, spread generously upon hot thin toast or cold thin brown bread, they are not to be sneezed at, unless you are too free with the pepper pot! Anchovy butter is a stand-by, made this way: mix well into a quarter of a pound of butter a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, and a dash of cayenne pepper. If you use curry powder instead of the essence, with half that amount of lemon-juice and a tiny bit of meat essence—hey, presto!—Curry Butter! Replace the curry powder with very thick made mustard, and lo!—Hot Butter! Green butter, thus: butter mashed with finely chopped parsley, of which you can use what proportion you like, a few drops of lemon-juice, a few spots of red pepper and a trifle of salt. "Green grows the butter, O!" Various pastes and potted meats can be mixed into butters.

Anyone with a sense of taste and a tasty imagination could write a big book about savoury tit-bits. I will not do so, but just try to be helpful to you by describing a few which will serve as indicators. A tit-bit made out of your own head tastes twice as well as one made of someone else's.

The Lively Sardine.

OUR little friend the silver-coated sardine makes himself very useful in the tit-bitty line, always ready to appear before and disappear into you, or me. Always skin and backbone him. Mash him and spread him on squares, or rounds, or *rhomboids* of brown bread (no crusts, by request), already spread with green or hot butter; a few capers on top—that's tip-top. Or you can fry some bread in fingers, and deal with them as above, and then make them very hot in the oven. You can play your own variations on these themes. Or you can cook a bloater—I hope you can? Scrape out his meat and pretend he is a sardine; he will not object. Nor will you and yours.

Use Your Tongue.

IF you have any tongue left, or any quite lean cold ham or boiled bacon, mince some of it very fine and mash it up with a quite small proportion of chopped shallot. Mount

this thickly on green buttered pieces of toast and hot up. You may use tomato or any other sauce or French mustard in place of the shallot. Let your fancy have fair play as to what you shall add to these meaty foundations and which of the butters you will use. It is dull doing only what you are told to do, in cookery as in other things.

Grilled mushrooms, piping hot, on hot toast with Curry Butter are something to dream about; they are better still as actual fact.

Cheesers.

CHEESE provides the means of contriving many tit-bits, such as Cheese Straws, and the rightly famous Welsh Rabbit, which last is only too often infamously made. I am sure you will find this way good; almost too good, for people eat such a lot of it. Cut up very finely half-a-pound of stale mild cheese. Mild yes, because a Welsh Rabbit should not bite. In a frying pan melt a tablespoonful of butter, and when it is very hot, add the cheese; then stir in half a teaspoonful of Paprika or considerable less red pepper, several pinches of salt, and a tablespoonful of mild ale. Stir and stir till the mixture becomes a thick cream. Then slowly stir in one or two more tablespoonfuls of the ale; but draw it mild, you must not make the rabbit tipsy. Stir on, and beware of lumpiness. Lastly, a teaspoonful of made mustard. When the rabbit begins to bubble wildly, he is done! Serve on hot toast on hot plates. Some people use milk instead of beer; oh, dear!

Cheese Straws thus: thoroughly blend a tablespoonful of butter with the same amount of flour; then work in a same quantity of very fine, dry breadcrumbs (though these may be left out), and the same amount of grated cheese, preferably Parmesan; a touch of salt and of unmade mustard; and not a drop more water or well-beaten egg than is needed to make the lot into a very stiff paste. Roll on, roll on! Until about a quarter of an inch thick. Then cut into "straws." Put them on a well-greased baking sheet and bake them in a not too fast oven until they are brittle, which will take about a quarter-of-an-hour to twenty minutes. For cold-cheese tit-bits, use cream cheese on buttered brown bread, adding some chopped olives, or some chopped capers, or some chopped gherkins, or some—well, what-you-will. Be a cream-cheese "thinker."

Eggs.

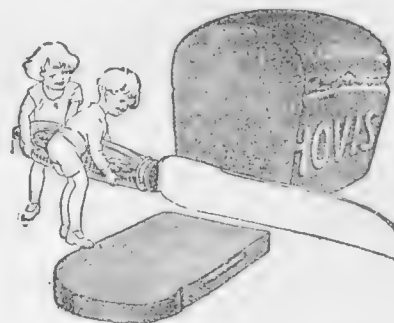
THE enterprising tit-bitter will find eggs a trusty ally. Hard boil as many or as few as you will be able to consume. Chop them fairly finely and spread on Green, Hot or Curry Buttered toast. Curl an anchovy fillet or two on top, and touch up with your favourite sauce or tomato ketchup. There are lots of variations. Or cut the eggs in halves, across, extract the yolks, and cut off enough from the ends of each half white to make the egg-cup sit up pretty. Mash the yolks with anchovy paste or any other paste or potted

meat you fancy, or with curry powder, or even with simple chopped parsley. Perhaps a small touch of butter. Then build up a cone in each white cup. You can dress these and other cold tit-bits pretty-pretty on a dish with mustard and cress, quarters of tomato and so forth. You may eat the decorations.

Trifling Suppers.

SOME of these tit-bits, and others that you will think out for yourself, can be used as *hors d'œuvres*, that is, as appetisers. A variety, carefully assorted, make up an alluring luncheon for an appetite that has not recovered from breakfast, or is a bit groggy for other reasons. Or returning home from some entertainment is it not enticing to find a daintily-laid table, with snowy napery and twinkling silver, flowers, one or two dishes of cold tit-bits and places vacant for hot ones? Perhaps a cold sweet or a trifle; some fruits, especially apples which are golden at night time; or a fruit medley? What about coffee, if it will not keep you awake? And some soda-water on the side table for HIM? I like to find this tit-bit table in the cosy kitchen. A kitchen supper is as jolly as kitchen lancers used to be in pre-rag times. It is a friendly meal!

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THROUGH SNOW TO MONTE CARLO

By the HON. VICTOR AND MRS. BRUCE

AT the time this issue of BRITANNIA sees the light, we—the authors of these notes—shall be at, or within stone's throw of, Riga, in Latvia, ready for our start in the Monte Carlo Rally. In contrast with the journey eastward across Europe to reach the starting point, for which we shall have allowed ourselves eight days, the trek west and south to the Azure Coast will need to be something of a lightning dash.

In fact, in order to adhere to the schedule required by the regulations of the Rally, the 1,900 miles must be covered in 75 hours 49 minutes, plus five and a half hours' allowance for delay in crossing frontiers. Nearly three and a half days of continuous driving are involved, therefore.

Much of the journey will be through very lonely, and probably snow-bound country, but since no fewer than twenty entrants—including three women, and three British competitors (ourselves and Mr. E. E. Leverett

LIGHTING-UP TIMES: JANUARY 18th

London ...	...	...	...	4.54
Manchester ...	...	...	...	4.54
Glasgow ...	...	...	...	4.51
Plymouth ...	...	...	...	5.16

In addition, there are the three British entrants from Riga, already mentioned, making a total representation from this country of 17. Among competitors will be ten women entrants.

The Prizes.

NUMEROUS prizes are offered, including 40,000, 18,000 and 12,000 francs for the first, second and third in the whole Rally, a Ladies' Cup, a Regularity Cup for the competitor obtaining the greatest number of points in the Regularity competition, and a Challenge Cup, offered by *Le Journal* for the competitor covering the greatest distance in the Rally. In addition, the competitors who are placed 4th, 5th, and so on down to 10th inclusive are awarded cash prizes ranging from 8,000 down to 1,500 francs.

Except for the prize-giving parade in the Palace Square on Sunday, January 27th, and a banquet at the

Hotel de Paris in the evening, this concludes the actual Rally, but various other competitions are held in the intervening days. The most interesting is undoubtedly the Concours de Confort—not Elegance, be it noted.

The event is reserved for cars which have completed the Rally in schedule time, and such points are taken into account as the accommodation for each passenger, and the ease of access to each seat; the arrangement of luggage space; measures adopted to prevent lighting defects; the tool equipment and its arrangement, and the interior fittings. Cars are classified closed, all weather, and open cars, and several prizes are awarded in each category, including a Grand Prix d'Honneur if necessary.

There is also, on the Saturday, a timed climb of the Mont des Mules, over a 3-kilometres course abounding in "hairpins." This is organised by the Automobile Club of Monaco (the International Sporting Club being primarily responsible for the Rally itself), and there is, of course, a further prize list.

Trying Out the Marmon Straight Eight.

Engine ..	Eight cylinders in line, 2 13/16 in. bore by 4 1/2 in. stroke; 3,430 c.c.
Tax ..	£26.
Brake horse-power ..	76 at 3,200 revs. per min.
Ignition ..	Coil.
Carburetter ..	Stromberg.
Clutch ..	Disc.
Gearbox ..	Three speeds; central control.
Cooling ..	Pump and fan; dashboard thermometer.
Electrical system ..	Delco-Remy starting, lighting and ignition.
Price ..	Saloon, £565.

AS might justifiably be expected from a 25 h.p. eight-cylinder car, the acceleration of the Marmon 68 model is literally wonderful. From a crawl at which it seems impossible that the engine can be running at all to a maximum of about 75 miles an hour, the car picks up steadily, smoothly and rapidly, its single Stromberg carburetter being apparently ideally suited to its work.

The control of the car is delightfully light, except in regard to the brake pedal, which requires considerable effort to operate, in spite of the fact that the four-wheel braking system is of the Perrot mechanical servo type. Steering is as nearly perfect as may be, there being practically no road shock in the wheel, which has a satisfactory degree of self-aligning action. Apart from the heaviness of the brakes, their operation is excellent, and well suited to the speed capabilities of the car.

Two other points might be mentioned which seem common to many cars of American manufacture—the front seats are not adjustable, and the brake lever might be much more accessible with advantage. The gear lever, on the other hand, could not be better placed or designed—presumably because it is so seldom required.

The particular model tested was the five-passenger sedan, a notable feature of which is the comfort given by high seat backs. With its wire wheels, large chromium plated lamps and bumpers, the car has a distinctive appearance, in which the suggestion of the commodious family vehicle is nicely blended with a slightly sporting air.

The sole concessionaires for this country are Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd., of 24-27, Orchard Street, W.1.



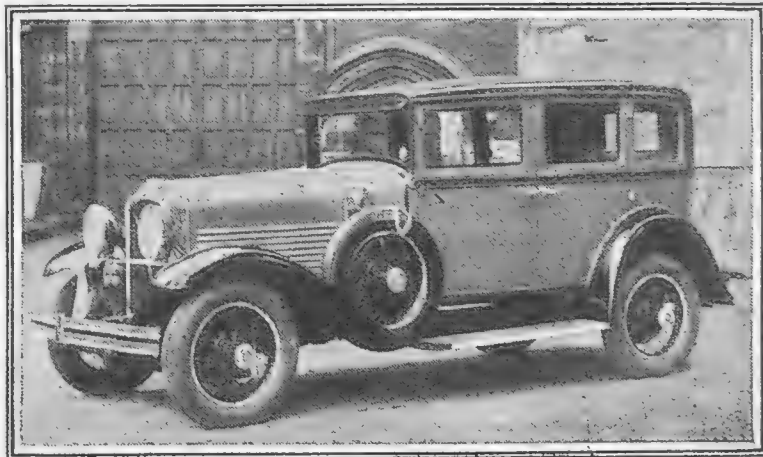
Snowy conditions in Sweden during last year's run to the Monte Carlo Rally.

on Arrol-Aster cars, and Mr. D. M. Healey on a little Triumph) have chosen to start from Riga, the desolation should not quite reach the depths of abomination! Which is, perhaps, as well, since a report appeared in the daily papers recently that two Lithuanians had been attacked by hordes of starving wolves somewhere on the road which we shall have to traverse. Even a very starving pack, one imagines, would think twice before interfering with a convoy of twenty speeding automobiles!

Some of the Entrants.

THE total number of entrants in the Rally is 93, of whom the greatest number are starting from Riga, while the next largest contingent is that which has chosen John o' Groats as a starting place. The British party is as follows:—

Miss Kitty Brunell ..	Talbot ..	(1,665 c.c.)
Mr. A. H. Pass ..	Sunbeam (3,619 c.c.)	
Mr. G. Hare ..	Rover ..	(1,185 c.c.)
Mr. E. W. Deely ..	Singer ..	(848 c.c.)
Mr. E. Y. Dickson ..	Steyr ..	(1,569 c.c.)
Major E. M. Douglas-		
Morris ..	Triumph (837 c.c.)	
Mr. A. Wright ..	Lagonda (1,950 c.c.)	
Mr. L. V. Cozens ..	Sunbeam (2,916 c.c.)	
Mr. J. L. Finigan ..	Riley ..	(1,087 c.c.)
Mr. F. H. B. Samuel-		
son ..	M.G. Six (2,468 c.c.)	
Mr. M. B. Joynson ..	Riley ..	(1,087 c.c.)
Mr. J. W. Whalley ..	Ford ..	(3,289 c.c.)
Mr. G. E. Stott ..	Marmon (3,134 c.c.)	
Mr. L. C. Becker ..	Buick ..	(3,394 c.c.)



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SIDDELEY
six

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you must have the Armstrong
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Driving Sense and Instinct.

TO what extent is that abstract quality known among motorists as road sense, or driving sense, an instinct? It is a very necessary possession, and one that is not gained in the course of instruction which is given to the beginner at a motoring school. The point is, however, whether it is an inherent instinct which is merely developed by experience, or can be created by experience. If the former, then there is little hope that some people will ever become good, safe members of the motoring community; if the latter, then something ought to be done about it.

Even matter of fact individuals who have been driving for some length of time will admit that occasionally, for no apparent reason, they know definitely that another vehicle or some obstruction exists around a corner which they are approaching, and events almost invariably prove them right. At other times they are just as certain that the road is clear, and again they are right.

There is certainly something almost uncanny about this road sense, but unfortunately it has not been reduced to an exact science, and consequently cannot be reckoned upon to operate every time. The safest way, in fact the only way, to drive, therefore, is merely to be doubly careful when instinct gives its warning; and not to be too optimistic when it gives the "all clear!"

These apparently etheric warnings, however, may not be quite so spiritual as they appear. At the back of the mind of the motorist of a few years' experience are a host of unconscious recollections; the memory of thousands of emergencies which he has avoided, and of millions of road signs which convey information to his subconscious mentality.



It is the unexpected that happens. Note the front wheels of a car emerging from the left beyond the tunnel.

Such signs may have been present on the road, or in the actions of animals or people, immediately before the "warning," and although the eye has not consciously seen them—although the driver may be actually talking animatedly to his passenger—his mental telegraph system registers and acts upon the signs.

In conversation with a friend who has leanings towards spiritualism recently, the same subject was discussed. His view of the matter need not be detailed; and even if a less materialistic explanation of "road sense" than that given above be accepted, the careful motorist will still depend upon his own carefulness rather than upon super-normal warnings.

Can a Car Be Too Quiet?

TO step from a car of ordinary, everyday characteristics into one of the most modern, almost silent multi-cylinder vehicles is sheer delight to the motorist of refined perceptions; but can a car be too quiet? For the driver or passenger, one would be inclined to answer most emphatically, "No," but the pedestrian may well regard the stealthy approach of an ultra-quiet vehicle as adding one more terror to his use of the roads.

This is by no means intended to be a plea for more noisy cars. It is rather a plea to owners of these lovely vehicles to remember the—shall we say—disadvantage of silence. To creep up almost soundlessly behind the cyclist or pedestrian and either pass him without warning or blow a fearsome blast in his ear is not good driving, but it is an error into which one might easily fall if the point of view of the pedestrian—or cyclist—were not realised.

In referring to the 16-50 n.p. six-cylinder Humber Saloon in BRITANNIA of January 4th, the gear change was referred to as being central. As on all Humber models, the gear change is on the right-hand side.

A RECENT fatality in which a man lost his life while erecting an aerial in his garden emphasises a danger which is strictly nothing to do with radio. In this case the bare aerial wire came into contact with a power cable carrying current at a pressure of 6,000 volts; and the Radio Manufacturers Association, in a letter on the subject, quite correctly point out that the same result would have been obtained if the aerial wire had been merely a steel clothes line.

The desire of the R.M.A. is, naturally, to remove from the minds of those who may be contemplating taking up radio any suspicion that this accident—which, by the way, is not the first of its kind—was attributable in any way to the wireless set itself. It is pointed out that when a set is working, the amount of current utilised is insufficient to cause any bodily harm.

Aerial Dangers.

This unfortunate occurrence brings into prominence again the whole question of danger which may be caused through the installation of a radio set. It is unnecessary to point the moral that in erecting the aerial the greatest care should be taken to see that in no possible circumstances could the wire, if blown down by a gale, fall across power or lighting cables. Overhead cables are relatively unusual in towns—but overhead tram cables are not.

A more common "danger"—in the eyes of those who have not closely considered the question—is that to be feared from lightning. Although thunderstorms are not often experienced in this country at this time of year, there are other contingencies against which precaution can be taken; and in any case it may be profitable to discuss the matter now, in preparation for the spring-clean which all town dwellers should give their aerial systems as soon as the murk of winter has passed.

First, however, let us just think out this lightning question. Lightning is popularly, and in the main correctly, supposed to choose the highest point in the vicinity for its attentions. The desire of the lightning—which is merely the visible effect of a discharge of surplus electricity which has been stored up in two adjacent clouds—is to find the easiest path to earth. Generally speaking, this will be the steeple of a church, or the chimney pots of a tall house, since such masses are to all intents and purposes at earth potential. Just as a wire will sometimes fuse because it is not sufficiently robust to carry an ordinary domestic current (or would, if safety fuses were not inserted in the system), so the chimneypot or steeple is inadequate for the enormously high pressure and volume of the discharge of atmospheric electricity which we call lightning—and the "wire" fuses.

An Act of God.

Still, we are not here to discuss lightning, but its effect on wireless listeners. The first question to ask, therefore, is: Is my aerial the highest point in the neighbourhood, and so likely to attract lightning? In the vast majority of cases, it is not; and elaborate precautions to earth the aerial as a protection in case the latter is struck are superfluous.

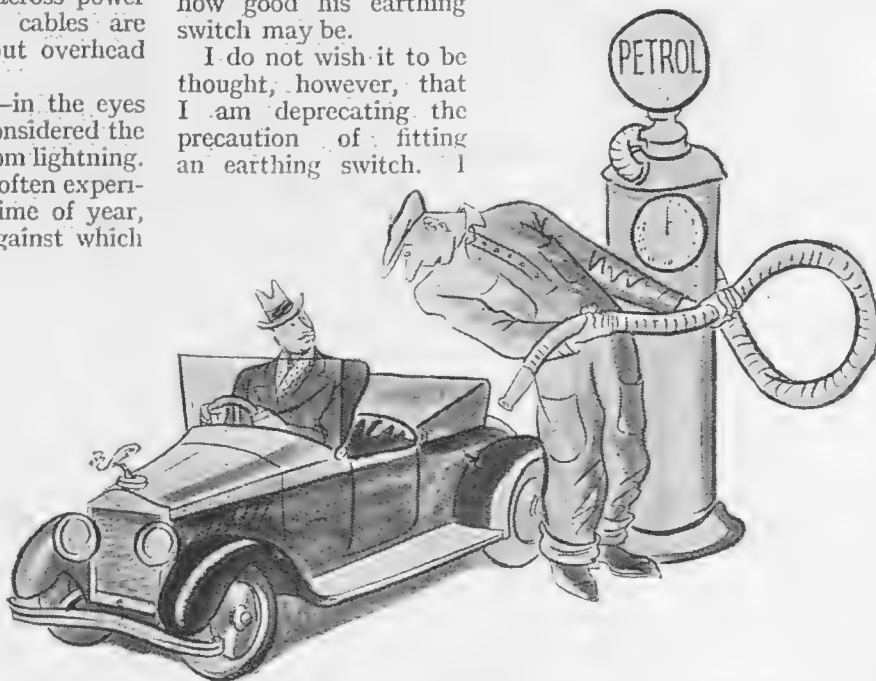
MAKING YOUR AERIAL SAFE

By ROBERT W. BEARE

They are also perfectly useless, as generally carried out, for the simple reason that the aerial wire itself and the safety earthing switch are hopelessly insufficient in current carrying capacity to afford a safety path for a discharge of millions of volts and a current that, so far as I know, no one has attempted to classify in terms of amperes. The aerial itself would fuse; and even though down lead and switch stood up to the current, the latter would seek a still easier path to earth—through the walls of the house.

A good deal of worry would be saved if listeners could be brought to realise that the striking of a house by lightning is an Act of God, against which human precautions are sadly ineffective; and if the reader will mentally compare the sturdiness of his down lead with that of the copper earthing rod of a proper lightning conductor, he will perhaps appreciate the point that the aerial itself is inadequate as a conductor, no matter how good his earthing switch may be.

I do not wish it to be thought, however, that I am deprecating the precaution of fitting an earthing switch. I



Garage hand, having been called from dinner to serve a baby-car: "Ow many pints, or will yer 'ave it in a bottle?"

merely wish to emphasise the fact that if a house is to be struck by lightning, the presence or absence of an aerial and a wireless set will have no effect one way or the other, and that the presence or absence of an earthing switch will be very unlikely to influence the amount of damage that is done.

A Switch should be fitted.

On the other hand, for different reasons, such a switch should invariably be fitted and used. If we cannot protect ourselves against the terrific discharge of actual, visible lightning, there is often a minor accumulation of electricity in the atmosphere which may charge the aerial to a degree that is embarrassing, if not dangerous. Without going into technical details, it is an accepted fact that a body—such as an aerial wire—suspended above and insulated from the ground is at a definite potential above that of earth in strict accordance with the number of feet above the ground at which it is suspended.

The insignificant voltage, or potential, of the ordinary aerial, therefore, may be taken as its normal state. When there is electrical activity in

the atmosphere, however, the aerial may become charged to an abnormal degree. The wire is, in fact, one of the plates of a condenser, of which the earth is the other plate.

We all know that the shorting of the terminals of a 2 mfd. Mansbridge condenser in our high tension circuits produces quite a hefty, snapping spark—a miniature lightning flash, in fact. Well, the condenser formed by aerial and the earth itself may become charged beyond its capacity; or it may be charged only to such a degree that if it or the aerial terminal of the set is touched by the wireless operator, the effect is just the same as that of shorting the Mansbridge condenser.

Instead of a spark—though I have actually seen a spark when the lead-in wire has been allowed to swing near the earth lead-in—the unwary operator receives quite a distinct shock. Since the average capacity of the aerial is generally taken as being of the order of 0.0003 mfd., it may be supposed that any accumulation of electricity would discharge itself before reaching dangerous proportions; but the effect, as I said, may be distinctly embarrassing.

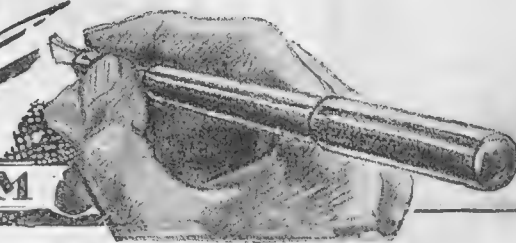
An ordinary earthing switch is, of course, no protection in such a case, but there are on the market various gadgets known as "lightning arresters," which should be capable of handling such discharges, while the closing of the earthing switch when the set is not in use prevents an accumulation which might give a shock to the first person who switches on the set and casually tightens up the aerial terminal. As we know, atmospheric disturbance is present at all times of the year, even though it is more common at certain seasons, and particularly when a thunderstorm is in progress it may be anticipated that the aerial will become highly charged, quite apart from any question of a "direct hit."

The New Wave Lengths.

My personal experience during the past week, since the new wave length scheme has been in operation, has been that there is a distinct improvement in reception conditions, although I have found that several of the less reliable foreigners have been not only markedly off their allotted wave length, but to a degree which varies slightly night by night—in one or two cases, hour by hour! Still, criticism of the scheme cannot be based upon reception from a single point, and I should welcome any reports from readers of BRITANNIA who have been listening carefully with a view to discovering the precise effect of the new scheme.

In my case, I find that there is an increased number of distant stations to which one can listen in comfort, and with enjoyment, since the number of heterodyne whistles which were becoming increasingly prevalent all around the dials before the change, has been materially reduced. Particularly, I should like to have reports upon the effect in different parts of the country.

Dear Sir



BRITANNIA'S OPEN FORUM

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 200 words.

Lord Rothermere and the Socialists.

With the mass of Lord Birkenhead's article, a muddle of flattering cajolery and bogey-flaunting, I am not much concerned, but since slighting reference is made, *inter alia*, to the Labour Party's demand for an inquiry into the "Red Letter" scare, and it is assumed that there exists little doubt as to the authenticity of the letter, then I think that your readers, as fair-minded Englishmen, will welcome an opportunity to consider the following facts, and decide for themselves whether there ever was an "original Zinoviev letter."

When the mystery was being probed in the House early this year, Mr. Baldwin melodramatically produced a letter from a "gentleman in the city," Mr. Conrad Donald im Thurn, which only served further to involve other people, and make Labour's demand for an inquiry more necessary than before, for the following reasons:—

1. The im Thurn letter does not establish the authenticity of the Zinoviev letter. Mr. im Thurn, it seems, like everybody else whose testimony has yet been taken, never saw the original of the letter. Nor did the unknown "friend in the city," from whom he obtained what purported to be a copy of it.

2. The im Thurn letter, whilst it may explain how the *Daily Mail* received one copy of the letter, does not explain how or whence the *Daily Mail* received the second copy of the "Zinoviev" letter, which the editor said he had in his possession.

3. The im Thurn letter does not explain how it was that the editor of the *Daily Mail* came into possession of the "inside" information that on a certain date the Zinoviev letter had been circulated to four Government departments: the Foreign Office, the War Office, the Admiralty and the Home Office. This could only have come from someone acquainted with the inside working of these Departments.

In view of these facts, if Mr. Baldwin still stands by his decision not to allow an inquiry, we of the Labour Movement will still believe that this Government was elected on a document, without doubt, faked; published, in view of its dubious origin, from anything but patriotic motives.

LEON G. R. HART,
Member Fabian Society,
Dulwich I.L.P., etc.

The Foreign Office and China.

With reference to the article "The Foreign Office and China," by J. O. P. Bland, may I make the following comments:

The author is no longer a permanent resident in China, where events move from day to day, and of which old-timers are no longer qualified to write or speak. The present writer has almost completed a quarter of a century in China, has travelled widely and claims through commonsense an acquaintanceship with things Chinese and with Chinese officialdom and Chinese mentality.

The Chinese Revolution, dating only from 1911—and in this connection consider the English, French and American Revolutions, the populations of which countries were in their tens, twenty or thirties of millions at the times; whereas China is credited with 400 millions—has been accomplished with much less bloodshed and disturbance in comparison,

and seventeen years in the life of a nation is as nothing. The piracies and assaults on foreign subjects or citizens mentioned are nothing to what happened in the past or in recent years in Mexico.

The far-sighted action of the Foreign Office in December, 1926, despite the attack of the author and others, has resulted in the elimination of the Russian influence. This action of the Foreign Office was alluded to and applauded by the Minister of Foreign Affairs when the British Chamber of Commerce and the China Association entertained him and the Minister of Labour and Commerce to dinner in the Shanghai Club.

It is the considered opinion of many that, given two or three years of peace, the existing National Government will show results beneficial to the country at large and to trade in general. After twelve years of internal warfare it should be understood that the difficulties, financial and otherwise, of the Government are tremendous and sympathy in the difficult task is due to it, not perpetual criticism and carping over this, that or the other incident. Political fighting and manœuvring there will be, and it may be that a Chinese "Mussolini" will evolve, but the outsider must patiently await events and be as optimistic as possible.

BRITON.

Mediaeval English Piety.

In spite of his sane remarks on most topics, your *Diarist* appears to lose it when he deems it his duty to extol the Roman Church as opportunity occurs.

It is rather amazing to be informed that Dr. Gore and his associates have been left behind by Rome, whose pronouncements on the Bible approximate closer to the ideas of old-fashioned Protestants than your *Diarist* would have us believe.

And what point is there in declaring England one of the oldest "Catholic" countries, in connection with the Bishop of Durham's pronouncement on Church and State, except to bring in Rome, whose Popes certainly managed very well with Peter's Pence indulgences and other sources of revenue out of English "piety," and for which we are told Popes proudly used English embroidery—not, of course, on account of its unrivalled beauty. Mediaeval England pious!—A SUBSCRIBER FROM YOUR FIRST ISSUE.

Competition in Ireland.

Mr. E. A. Lawlor puts questions to you and Mr. Webb which, to anyone who knows the facts, are so much quibbling. English firms never had a chance with regard to the Shannon and beet sugar schemes, for the following reasons:—

1. The Shannon electricity scheme was never put out to tender. The German firm was asked to tender subject to their offer being examined by a body of Swedish experts.

2. The sugar beet undertaking was similarly presented to a foreign firm already working on the Continent, and naturally they built their factory and brought over their own machinery.

3. English firms did tender for the cleaning of the Dublin Streets.

Whether English firms should have got a chance of tendering for the Shannon scheme is a moot point. The scheme was largely in its inception a piece of Government window dressing, and if the Cosgrave Government had given the contract to an English firm they would in all probability have committed political suicide.

H. L. NELIGAN.

[Mr. Cornelius C. Murphy also writes on Irish Competition.—ED.]

The Test Matches.

As a keen follower of cricket may I congratulate you in doing what no other paper has had the courage to do—namely, to speak downrightly and frankly on Fender's petulant criticism of Mr. Chapman's leadership.

I have been unable to read a single one of his cables without wishing to tear the paper up. They are futile and verging to the point of pure childishness.—M.C.C. MEMBER.

Bolshevism and Modern Youth.

I have read with great interest "Bolshevism and Modern Youth."

But why does your contributor say: "Bolshevism is a mental state that happens to have a Russian name because it first (?) found expression and recognition among Russian people?"

The disease, which broke out in Russia in 1917, is in reality, as old as History, and the reason why up to the present all attempts to neutralise it have been more or less abortive, is due to the fact that the majority either localise it or else wedge it into a narrowly political frame, whilst "Bolshevism," when rightly understood and properly studied is a world movement and uses political pretexts as a mere smoke screen. Its very ideology, particularly where its atheistic outbursts are concerned, is borrowed from the antiquity. My feeling, based on an experience of years, is that so much more could be done to combat its spread if people could only get this right idea of it.—(Miss) E. M. ALMEDINGEN.

South African Patriotism.

It is with considerable regret that I have read the attack on the Dutch contained in your article entitled "A Big Empire and Little Minds" (November 30).

It is not by articles written in a critical, I had almost said hostile, spirit to the nationality that forms roughly half the population of the Union of South Africa that the Dominions are likely to be drawn closer.

I have lived, on and off, twenty-four years in South Africa since 1896. I have travelled over most of South Africa, have visited South-West Africa, and can speak the Taal and so have a first-hand knowledge of South Africa's people of both English and Dutch descent.

Divisions in South Africa are fortunately getting less and less racial. Incidentally, I would remark that the Labour Party which, by the Pact, enables the Nationalist Party to keep in power is, I think, exclusively composed of men of English descent.

In South Africa, neither the Dutch can push the English into the sea nor the English the Dutch, nor do they want to. Let us not forget that some 20,000, very largely I believe Dutch South Africans, fought in the victorious campaigns of German South-West and German East and conquered those immense territories for the Empire. A South African Brigade, composed of both Dutch and English, also came to Europe, and the South African flyers made themselves a reputation in Europe.

It is scarcely generous to say to Afrikaners of Dutch origin that there are more of them than is required. The South African Government makes advances to settlers who are mostly British. The inhabitants of the great South African Dominions are now all South Africans, whether originally they be of English, Dutch, Scotch or Irish extraction. I will add that in the last week or so the South African Government has placed an order for 600 steel trucks in England.—AUSTIN KING.

ROMANTICISM *in the* THEATRE

By Maitland Davidson



"THE CHINESE BUNGALOW." A moving scene in which Frances Doble, Matheson Lang and Marjorie Mars take part.

Is it possible that there is a reaction in progress towards the more picturesque kind of play? A certain tendency, experienced by the public and sensed by its providers, to revolt against a realism inclined to verge on the sordid? There are indications that the oft-veering wind of popular taste blows just now in that direction. One or two costume pieces, lately revived, have had a surprising success on their resuscitation, and there have been other signs of a move towards the cult of romanticism and a more decorative past.

Dramatic Dresses.

"The Lady With A Lamp." By Reginald Berkeley. (Arts.)

It is not by any means the main merit of Captain Berkeley's new play, "The Lady With a Lamp," that it can be classed among the romantical-historical, as Polonius might have put it, but it is certainly an asset of attraction. The dresses alone of seventy, forty and even twenty years ago have acquired a curious and sentimental value, even as those of the 18th and earlier centuries.

They might almost be called in themselves dramatic, by virtue of the associations, as well as the movement of time, that they suggest and connote. Indeed, a play of another period than our own may be held generally to start with a slight advantage, in that a certain initial "atmosphere" is *ipso facto* wafted into being and helps to build up the sense of drama—always provided, of course, that the play itself is big enough and dignified enough to benefit by its attendant *aura*.

Saint Florence and Saint Joan.

This play is, Someone, more than one person indeed, has already compared it with

and to "Saint Joan." The comparison was an easily obvious one, since each is concerned with the career of a woman hero of historical existence. But from the point of view of the ordinary playgoer, this is a more appealing, moving and tragically satisfactory drama than "Saint Joan."

Mr. Bernard Shaw is a most entertaining and often brilliant writer, but he suffers from the disability of being eternally determined to re-exhibit to us the undisputed fact that he is so damnably clever. This is all right in the library, where you can skip these ebullitions of exhibitionism, if you want to, but in the theatre there is no escape. Quite a slice of "Saint Joan" is irrelevant scintillation in the Shaw manner, which only

hinders the action—however faithfully the groundlings of Golders Green may have goggled at their accepted wit.

Two Actresses.

On the other hand, episodic as it is by nature bound to be, this life-drama of "Saint Florence" (a much more real Saint) is never anywhere but exactly right on the point. And—since we, too, have been lured into comparison—the actress in the present case is on a very noticeably higher plane.

Miss Sybil Thorndike is an actress of much merit and more mannerism; she is overgrown with emphasis as an ancient wall with ivy; while Miss Edith Evans, in spite of the peril she has run, through excursions into theatrical antiquity, of a clouding affectation, can still at a moment's call produce the magic solvent and emerge crystal-clear to this her latest, and in at least one opinion, greatest performance.

Always it is a difficult matter with complete exactitude to differentiate the author's work from the actors', the play from the performance. But in this instance at least one may and must say that Miss Evans is half the show, and that it would not be imaginably the same jewelled thing without her. For a gem of its kind it indubitably is, and most surprisingly human in spite of the comparative faithfulness to fact which might so easily be a stumbling block to the fiction of the stage.

Heroine with a Will.

You see here a sort of life-history of Florence Nightingale, expressed in salient moments of her career, from the girlish days when she refuses a loved lover for the sake of what she believes to be a call to devote herself to nursing. Had she really such a lover? It does not matter, except that the incident does add deeper colour to her magnificently single-minded sweeping away of all other interests before this one dominating and over-mastering mission. Not an altogether lovable character, hers, in the ordinarily accepted sense. With the pitiful woman is combined the ruthless *ma'tresse femme*. She does not spare herself, nor does she spare

others. The ministering angel with the lamp is also a very devil, though a benevolent one, in the way of driving-power.

Is it as a punishment for this kind of selflessly passionate arrogance that—as she had dimly foreboded—she is doomed to end with many long helpless years, unable to work and unable to die? Nothing in this or any other play is more completely and ironically tragic than that last scene in which the aged shell of this once so vital personality is wheeled in, barely alive yet with still some years to live, to receive high tribute and decorations for long-past work, that she can neither see nor hear.

"Too kind, too kind," is all the poor thing can vaguely murmur when the nurse shouts



COSTUME DRAMA. Gerald Lawrence and Mudge Compton in "Monsieur Beaucaire."



"THE ETERNAL FLAME." Fred O'Donovan as Craig and Marie Dainton as Mrs. Craig in this strange play recently given at the Court.

something of the purport of the formal ceremony in her car—and it adds poignancy to it all to know that this is what actually happened in 1907, some three years before her death.

An Unforgettable Scene.

This scene, above all, is unforgettable; it is a moment infinitely more moving than any death of princes that the heavens themselves blaze forth. Indelible, also, the impression of Miss Evans's supremely unaccentuated embodiment of the tragic figure in the invalid chair—motionless, insensate, and yet that same woman who aforetime had so magnificently declaimed: "I believe that my hour has struck and my appointed work is ready."

Everything in the play was naturally a little overshadowed and overborne by the chief personality—even as Florence Nightingale seems to have dominated her company in life—but Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies also put a peculiar and distinguished individuality into her part as the Mrs. Herbert who was Florence's close friend and dearest enemy.

And Mr. Leslie Banks (the lover), Mr. Eille Norwood as Lord Palmerston, Mr. Neil Porter as Sidney Herbert, Miss Muriel Akep and Mr. Henry Oscar were others of a distinguished cast who brought an exceptional play to something near that always-hoped-for pitch of perfection. I am glad to hear that it has now been decided to put on this piece next week at a theatre where all can see it.

Mr. Lang's Chinese Party.

"The Chinese Bungalow." By Marion Osmond and James Corbet. (Duke of York's.)

It is a far cry from the thoughtful psychology and essential though well-draped actuality of "The Lady with a Lamp," to such a frankly surface melodrama as this "Chinese Bungalow," with which Mr. Matheson Lang has rather disappointingly elected to continue his actor-managerial régime at the Duke of York's. Disappointingly, because

the affair is on such well-worn and sensational lines. Also the story, what there is of it, is not only rather ugly but rather inconsistent.

A rich Chinese gentleman living in the Malay States (Mr. Lang, of course) marries an English girl (Miss Marjorie Mars) who shamefully deceives him and has a guilty intrigue with a young Englishman, her sole justification, apparently, being that of boredom. Mr. Lang—I mean, Yuan Sing—discovers the affair and poisons the lover by an ingenious device in which a Siamese cat plays an important part. (This method of murder has, in fact, been authentically employed by an actual criminal.)

A Poisoning Affair.

Sing then turns his amatory attention to his wife's sister who (being Miss Frances Doble) is at least equally attractive. But Miss Doble has also, though respectably, an English lover, so Sing asks him to have a drink and then reveals that one of the two glasses was poisoned, though we are not allowed to know which till Sing puts his hand uncomfortably to his throat and thereafter dies with a noble Chinese appearance of calm philosophic apathy to the last.

The story is ugly, because the wife is an obvious little street-cat, yet our sympathies are quite unjustifiably demanded for her; inconsistent, because the pitiless Chinese autocrat of Acts I and II would never have let his surviving English enemy escape in Act III, far less sacrifice his own life. Still, Mr. Lang can always carry off this kind of thing with an air, and he does. His Chinaman is an excellent and almost convincing impersonation—that it is not entirely so is due to his authors rather than to himself.

The play has some beautiful scenery and a suggestion of the exotic that would be even more successful if it were the background of livelier movement. On the first night, at any rate, it seemed to me that things happened with an excess of Oriental leisureliness—and in the West, if we cannot have thought we do demand action.

Costume Possibilities.

"Monsieur Beaucaire." By Booth Tarkington and Mrs. E. G. Sutherland. (Embassy.)

The revival of that old-in-bottle costume-drama, "Monsieur Beaucaire," is one of the

possible symptoms I have already alluded to, and to judge by its reception on the night I visited it in the little Hampstead Theatre it may well be one of the straws indicating a more general movement of the weathercock. Personally I enjoyed the performance quite reasonably well, considering what stilted though healthy poppycock it is.

Its evident popularity certainly set one thinking of what might be done if some one of wit and perception were to write a real play with a similar setting—though, after all, Mr. Ashley Dukes has already proved a good deal with his experiment along that road. Mr. Gerald Lawrence, the Beaucaire of the occasion, ruffled, diced and swaggered it with a broad and ample success.

IF R I E

J. D. C. Mackay
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You and your Money

K37/A95617
London May 30th 1928.
By A. G. WALSH

ALL the great English banks have now published their profits for the year 1928. The figures give cause for satisfaction.

The condition of the basic industries and the state of trade and agriculture affect, in some measure, banking prosperity. But I should hesitate to say that in the past year the banks, and particularly the London institutions, were maintaining their prosperity in adverse circumstances.

They must have benefited from the financial activity and new issue boom of 1928. There was a larger demand in that connection for money than generally is experienced. And to this cause I should attribute the general improvement in the latest banking profits.

The provincial banks apparently did not have the same opportunities as those of the metropolis of participating in financial business, for in some cases their recorded profits, I notice, are somewhat lower.

STARTING with the "big five," as the London group is called, the outstanding increase is one of £101,904 in the profits of the Midland. The results are the best since 1920.

Advances of £52,469 are reported by Lloyds, £15,211 by the National Provincial and £15,593 by the Westminster. Barclays are down £5,000, a mere bagatelle on the total.

The profits of Martins Bank are not comparable, as they include for the first time the results of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank, which was taken over.

Here are the latest profits and dividends of the London and the provincial banks:—

	Net profits. £	Divs. Per cent.
Barclays	2,301,285	14
Lloyds	2,528,143	10½
Midland	2,050,554	18
National Provincial ..	2,108,604	18
Westminster	2,148,408	20
Martins	825,434	16
District	455,132	18½
Williams Deacons ..	305,340	13½
Manchester and County..	188,681	16½

Lloyds, in addition, is paying the usual 5 per cent. on the £1 fully paid "B" shares; Barclays 10 per cent. on the £4 "A"; Westminster 12½ per cent. on the £1 shares; and Williams Deacons 12½ per cent. on the £1 "B."

Banks' Dividend Policy.

IN popular language, the banks don't live up to every penny of their income. What I mean is that the whole of the profits is not distributed as dividends without something being earmarked for contingencies.

Take the "big five": the latest profits are divided in a manner that amounts of 30 to 45 per cent. of the sums distributed in dividends have been utilised to increase the various resources and so strengthen an already strong financial structure.

Below I set out the amounts paid in dividends this time, along with the allocations to the reserve and other funds:

	Paid in dividends. £	Alloca- tions. £
Midland	1,923,788	720,000
Lloyds	1,973,880	550,000
Barclays	1,666,349	650,000
National Provincial ..	1,706,295	400,000
Westminster	1,356,275	775,000

The banks thus set an example in sound finance. I have heard a few shareholders complain that the reserve and other funds might be given a miss now and again, and the shareholders presented with a cash bonus instead.

There is too much "self" about such suggestions. The sound financial methods of the British banking institutions have raised bank shares to the status practically of gilt-edged investments. At any rate, investors think so well of such shares that at current quotations the yields range from 4½ to 5½ per cent.

AN idea of the enormous strength of the British banking institutions is gleaned from the accounts of the Midland Bank, which together with its affiliations has more than 2,450 offices.

The assets of the Midland Bank and its associated banks now amount to £575 million a figure never before attained by any commercial bank in the country.

A feature of the accounts is the large expansion of credits to customers and at the close of 1928 the amount lent by the Midland exceeded £214 million.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

The Rise in Rubber.

WHILE I am hopeful regarding the outlook for rubber, the rise in the commodity to over 10d. per pound, has taken me by surprise. The situation has not improved sufficiently to justify the recovery and I can only attribute the movement to speculation.

What I believe has happened is that the East has sold more rubber for near delivery than it can supply. The sellers, accordingly, must buy rubber to fulfil their contracts. Hence, the unexpected demand.

Apparently it was thought that the removal of restriction would be followed by a temporary slump in prices. This did not, of course, happen.

The situation is now an interesting one, for the present price may actuate manufacturers into buying more rubber, because

stocks, particularly in America, are understood to be low.

Buy Tea Shares.

TEA shares are coming into favour again as a comparatively high yielding investment. Shrewd people, who foresaw the general advance that has taken place in the prices of all classes of tea, commenced buying the shares some weeks ago.

Quotations accordingly are now somewhat higher, but still attractive enough to afford good yields.

Why have tea shares been overlooked, you may ask? Because of the indifferent prospects that confronted tea growers a year ago. Tea then was fetching lower prices.

Looking into the average prices for the past year, I find that many companies obtained 2d. to 3d. per lb. less for their crop than in 1927.

Now, to a large tea estate 1d. per lb. makes a big difference. During the last few weeks tea has been fetching better prices—as much as 1d. to 2d. per lb. above the average for 1928.

My Selection.

GENERALLY, I should say prospects are good. Current season's crops are none too ample, so that the market will not be swamped by cheap tea.

The consumption of tea tends to increase, particularly abroad. Indications at the moment also point to the maintenance of good prices at the tea auctions.

These are some of my reasons for bringing to your notice the merits of tea shares. Some of the companies have been in existence for over half a century and have wonderful dividend records.

Most of the old-established companies are capitalised on what, in these days, seems a very low basis. The effect of this is to show a high percentage of earnings. Large dividends naturally follow and the shares generally stand at substantial premiums.

In the subjoined table you will find a selection of sound Indian tea producers, mostly operating in the Assam and Dooars districts:—

Company.	Tea Acreage	Cap. Value per acre.	Last Div. Per cent.	Share quotation.
Assam	12,700	180	17½	46/-
Juk-i	12,000	215	30	90/-
Imperial	12,000	100	30	58/6
Jorehaut	10,000	185	35	92/-
Assam Frontier	9,800	95	12	27/-
Empire of India	9,000	120	25	55/-
Doom Dooma ..	5,500	200	35	94/-
Caulsa	5,250	190	30	70/-
Upper Assam ..	4,200	150	25	63/-
Eastern Assam ..	3,450	280	45	£5
Pabbojan	2,150	360	55	£7½

These are all £1 shares. The column "Capital Value per acre" means the capitalisation at the present market price of the shares.

It takes into account all expenditure on the property, including that on buildings and plant.

You may have to pay a little more for the shares, but they would be worth it. Next week I shall deal with Ceylon tea shares.



By A. G. Walsh

THERE is no question that the attention of the investing public is turning to those sections of the market which have been neglected for some time. Industrials no longer monopolise speculative interest.

Fashion has changed on the Stock Exchange, as it does very quickly. Just as industrial shares were the vogue a few months ago, the rage is now for Rhodesian base-metals, rubber shares, and Home railway stocks.

Speculation in industrials has been by no means stifled by the late slump in values. Even gramophone record shares can still command a following, and higher levels are predicted for Gramophone (H.M.V.) and Columbia shares.

A Mining Boomlet?

SO much character appears in the price movements that I feel some ground exists for the growing belief in the City that the near future may witness one or two boomlets on the Stock Exchange. In which section? I should predict amongst South Africans for one.

The activity in Rhodesian copper shares is backed by the big mining groups. There is a good deal of loose talk about heavy American buying of these shares; but it is an exaggeration.

I have reason to believe that the buying is on account of several mining magnates, whose support is necessary to keep the market lively for a time. The public are still a little hesitant. Shares such as N'Changa, Loan-gwa, and Rhodesian Anglo-American are strange to them.

Home Rails in Favour.

AT last investors are beginning to recognise that Home railway stocks are really cheap. I knew that this would happen; for weeks past I have directed attention to railway stocks. So many people are now buying them that prices have jumped up all round.

There is good reason for this. The working arrangements with road transport companies plainly indicate that the railways are now making a strong effort to secure all the traffic they can.

The dividend dates also are drawing near, and, as a more confident feeling prevails, many stockholders consider this an opportune time to average their holdings. I happen to know that there has been some very good buying, up to 28, of L. & N.E. preferred ordinary stock, which I recommended the other week at 23½.

Havana Rails.

TOO much notice should not be taken on the sudden activity in Peruvian Corporation stocks. I consider it to be premature. Lately the corporation's railway earnings have fallen off a little. The activity is a preliminary to introducing the stocks on the New York market.

On the other hand, I believe that the rise to 60 in Leopoldina ordinary foreshadows an

early improvement in traffics. Antofagastas (your broker calls them "Fags") are moving up on the idea that the company will do well this year as a result of the improvement in the nitrate situation. The line serves the nitrate fields.

The sharp recovery in United Havana ordinary to 49 has come earlier than the market expected. It does not appear to be fully warranted, although the traffic position has improved.

Courtaulds.

DIVIDEND anticipations are stimulating speculative interest in Courtaulds and I am glad to see that my recommendation to purchase the shares at 4½ is now coming home. The price is now within sight of £5.

From my correspondence I find that many people are unaware that the prospects of Courtaulds, to some extent, are based upon the potentialities of the Viscose Company of America, which is practically owned by the English company. The Viscose Company is by far the largest producer of artificial silk in the United States and its net profits are somewhere around £5,000,000 a year.

NOW, as to Courtaulds' dividend, the point to remember is that as a result of the share bonus last year (one for one) the original share is now represented by two shares, so that if the same amount of profit is distributed the dividend will be halved this time.

The dividend for 1927 was 25 per cent., free of tax. The same cash distribution this time would mean a rate of 12½ per cent., tax free.

The market, however, is optimistic. An interim of 5 per cent., tax free, has been paid. Anticipations now run to a final payment of 15 per cent. This would make 20 per cent., tax free, for the whole year, a rate which would be equal to 40 per cent. on the capital as it was a year ago. This seems too good to me.

Coats and Art Silk.

J. AND P. COATS' shares are enjoying one of their periodic spurts, and I am tempted to advise holders to sell out over 72s. The activity is based on the old idea that the company is venturing into artificial silk, and is seeking an arrangement with Courtaulds.

Another good feature is the strength of Imperial Chemicals. Holders should sit tight for the time being. Those who followed my advice to keep Dunlops when the price fell to 23s. 6d. have cause for satisfaction, as the price has recovered since to 26s. Until the report is available in April, the price should settle down around this figure.

Safety Glass Merger.

SOME of the new companies in the safety-glass trade are feeling the effects of the increasing competition. Amalgamation rumours are rife, and in this connection the names of Safetex and Newtex have been mentioned.

General Electric Shares, after touching £3, have dropped back. Shrewd holders seized the opportunity to sell out at that figure. English Electrics, I notice, are moving up and are likely to see half a guinea before long.

Metropolitan Vickers have come back a little on the idea that the immediate benefits to be derived from the recent alliance have been over-rated.

Mining Market Features.

I LOOK for continuance of the activity in Rhodesians. Not only so, but there is a likelihood of public interest spreading to Kaffirs. Chartered have fallen back on profit-taking, but I look for an early resumption of the upward movement and fully expect to see the shares touch 40s. by the time the annual report appears.

Bwana M'Kubwa's are being talked higher; it might, therefore, pay shareholders to wait a little longer before taking profits. The introduction of Burma Corporation shares to the New York curb market is partly responsible for the marked rise to over one guinea. I am inclined to think that this discounts prospects some way ahead, and that it would be advisable now to realise the shares.

Tin shares still hang fire, but very little selling has been in evidence. The unfavourable character of the past year for tin mining propositions is reflected in the report of the Tin Selection Trust. Although the profit amounts to £154,374, as against £252,150, the dividend is only reduced from 16½ per cent. to 15 per cent.

An allocation of £25,000 as against £80,000 for the reserve has enabled the company to pay the latter rate.

The Trust has ambitious projects in hand, and a proposal to increase the capital by the creation of a further one million shares is to be submitted at the forthcoming meeting.

Fanti Consolidated.

SPECIAL interest attached to the report just issued of the Fanti Consolidated Investment Trust, by reason of its substantial holdings of Rhodesians. These include Chartered and Bwana M'Kubwas. The past year's profit is almost double that of 1927, and shareholders are to receive this time 12½ per cent. as against 9½ per cent. The 8s. shares stand at 15s., but I understand that this is fully represented by the break-up value of the assets.

WITH speculative interest absorbed by Rhodesians, the oil market cannot be expected to show much vitality in the absence of favourable influences. Prior to the issue of new shares at par, there has been some selling of Shells. I look for recovery when the market settles down.

Holders who are not prepared to take up the new shares should note that the "rights" are valuable and can be sold. They should get into touch at once with their brokers.

SPORTS & PASTIMES

By "Arbiter"

been able to do with the materials at their disposal when the crew goes to the Upper Thames.

It may be a good omen that the two men who had most to do with Oxford's victory in 1923 are now directing the Dark Blues' fortunes. Nickalls is by common consent the best "7" that has been seen in a 'Varsity boat for ten years or more. It was his magnificent support of Mellen, the American stroke, combined with the artistic last-minute touches of Mr. Harcourt Gold on the tideway that gave Oxford a narrow victory six years ago.

It is even said that Morphett, the O.U.B.C. President, has given Mr. Gold the right to have the last word in the composition of the crew on the tideway. If this be true, it is a remarkable tribute to the estimation in which Mr. Gold is held as a coach by Oxford. The coaching, indeed, will be quite a family affair this year, as Nickalls is a nephew of Mr. Gold, and these two Oxonians know all there is to know about rowing.

Light Blues' Advantage.

At the moment of writing, it looks as though there will be a strong overseas element in the crew, since, in addition to the President, both Inglis and R. N. McCulloch, two likely Blues, are Commonwealth oarsmen. McCulloch has been in residence for three years, and was generally held to be somewhat unlucky to have missed his Blue in the last two boat races.

Cambridge will start off with the initial advantage of having a big proportion of seasoned Old Blues around whom to build their crew. Although the giant, Collins, is at present occupying the stroke thwart, the best opinion would seem to favour either Lander or Brocklebank as the probable Light Blue leader.



A NARROW ESCAPE. W. A. Oldfield, the Australian stumper, is nearly run out by Duckworth in the First Test Match at Brisbane.

ALTHOUGH the Ashes have been won, intense public interest continues to follow the remaining Tests, the fourth of which being at Adelaide on Friday week. A good deal of interest will centre on the question whether Chapman can find places for one or more of the four—Leyland, Freeman, Ames and Tyldesley—who have not so far played in the Tests.

In an interview after the Ashes had been won, Chapman stressed the strength of his position in being able to face with equanimity the prospect of having to relegate players with such credentials to the pavilion. As Duckworth has kept wicket so efficiently, there is obviously no room at Adelaide for Ames. Then who is to be left out for any of the other three, great players though they be?

Cricket's Lighter Side.

In 1924, when the Australians had won the first three Tests, they did not make any experiments, but went on and won the whole series. In stressing how important it is for England to copy this example and make her triumph as complete as possible, the *Daily Express* has put those of us who love the lighter side of cricket in its debt by quoting a letter to Mr. P. F. Warner in 1911-12 from "an Englishman for many years resident in New South Wales." One extract will suffice:—

"The British Navy might swing out into the North Sea and smash up the German Fleet before breakfast, but that gigantic feat would not impress the Australian nor appeal to his imagination so much as the little fact of England's winning three tests against the pick of Australia and on Australian grounds."

The naive assertion that "if this was a faithful picture of Australian psychology then (1911-12) it is doubly and trebly true to-day" will amuse no one more than Australians, in whose philosophy a Test Match finds probably the same ephemeral place among more serious things like a big murder trial or a "hold-up" by wharf labourers or coal lumpers, as it does here. The richest thing is the claim that it is "a faithful picture of Australian psychology."

Really they don't go into national mourning over a lost cricket match in Australia, although there are doubtless a few serious-minded cricket enthusiasts here ready to

believe that they do. This is not to say, of course, that Australians do not take their cricket seriously. They do, although not quite as seriously as the *Daily Express* suggests. The rather quaint lengths to which they are prepared to go is revealed by a recent cable that an Australian newspaper is bringing, at its own expense, twenty young cricketers to Sydney, where they will be given a trial. By this way, I understand that Wisden's "Special Crown" balls were used in the first two test matches.

The Boat Race.

WILL the drastic changes made by the Oxford President in the coaching arrangements for this year's crew break the spell which has hung over the Dark Blues since 1923, and put an end to the long series of victories established by Cambridge since rowing was resumed after the war?

That is the question which all rowing men are asking now that the crews are taking shape. It cannot be answered with any certainty until we have seen what Mr. Harcourt Gold and Mr. "Gully" Nickalls have



BOAT RACE PRACTICE STARTS. Both Oxford and Cambridge have experimental crews out. Above, Oxford's "A" crew is seen taking out their boat at Oxford.



FEET! An episode in the County Championship Rugby match at Exeter, when Devon beat Somerset by 17 points to nil. Stanbury leads a Devon attack.

In view of the great success of Jesus crews in Head of the River races and at Henley since Mr. "Steve" Fairbairn took them in hand after the war, it is rather remarkable that so few Jesus men have rowed in recent Boat Races. The genial "Steve" once told me that he would guarantee to pick a Jesus crew which would defeat either of the Boat Race crews under any conditions; but orthodox rowing men would probably treat this as one of "Steve's" little jokes. There is, of course, no prospect of the matter ever being put to the test, and so the old controversy about the orthodox and "Jesus" styles will continue to make rowing the perpetual live subject at Cambridge that it always has been.

Mr. Fairbairn has long been an enthusiastic supporter of swivels, and I can imagine the glee with which he has welcomed the experiment now being made by Oxford with swivel rowlocks. Most of the Jesus and other Cambridge crews coached by Mr. Fairbairn in the Lents, Mays and at Henley use swivels, and to this fact "Steve" attributes much of their success. If Oxford, using swivels, win this year's Boat Race, "Steve" will doubtless feel that he has not preached heterodoxy in vain. The "Golden Bears," the Californian crew who defeated Thames R.C. in the Olympic Games at Amsterdam, were exponents of the swivel.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

By "PENDARVES"

THE atmosphere that surrounds a Rugby ground on the day of an International match is peculiar and unique. The pent-up excitement that is to be seen on the faces of practically every man the moment he arrives on the ground is quite a different thing to the grim tenseness you will observe in an audience coming into, say, Olympia on the night of a big fight. And yet quite a large number of those lucky people who have managed by some astuteness to wangle themselves a seat for an International are not necessarily conversant with the somewhat intricate laws and finesse of the game; they probably know very little about it.



CUP-TIE FOOTBALL. R. Williams, the Stoke City goalkeeper, saves a hot shot by the Arsenal in the Third Round of the F.A. Cup. Arsenal won by two goals to one.

The ex-players and the followers of the game, of course, know all about it, and there is some reason for their avid anticipation. But in the case of a goodly proportion of the 60,000 people at Twickenham and at Murrayfield, it does not really matter to them which side wins. All they are concerned with during the hour or so immediately preceding the match is the knowledge that they are going to be thrilled to their very marrowbones; and thrilled they most assuredly are, and in a way that cannot be experienced by being present at any other athletic contest.

I have sat alongside people at International matches who have never seen Rugby played before in their lives; know absolutely nothing about it (and are an infernal nuisance because they continue to ask futile questions) and yet sit glued to their seats either yelling like fury for one side or the other, or else are rendered absolutely speechless by excitement and admiration.

Personalities of Ground.

Every International ground, too, has its own quite peculiar, and to me almost tangible, personality. I know this sounds odd; and yet it is perfectly true to say that I feel quite differently—though equally excited and strung up—at Twickenham to what I do at Murrayfield, or the Cardiff Arms Park ground, or in Ireland, while sitting in the Stand on a

National Match day, waiting impatiently for the clock hands to creep round the dial to kick-off time.

There is a sparkle and social assembly feeling about Twickenham between one and two of an afternoon on these days that is lacking at Murrayfield. You have also been through mental, and sometimes physical, adversity before you reach the Twickenham ground. There is the awful business of getting there. Will it be best to go by train, fighting your way into an already terribly overcrowded carriage at Waterloo? Or shall half a dozen of you share a hired car and go down by road? In which case at what time is it best to start? Very early? Or shall we risk it this time and creep down behind the mob, getting more or less a clear road?

The Worse Way.

If the road has it, then there are those absolutely frantic moments of anxiety when the dead slow queue of cursed cars begins somewhere the wrong side Kneller Hall; meanwhile the clock is simply racing round the dial, so that, panicking completely, you feel you will be damned lucky if you get into your seat before half-time; oh, why did we come this silly way? More ghastly still—worst agony of all—is when you definitely are late. Some other congenital idiot is responsible; never you.

When at last you reach the ground the game has begun (I once had to run in a heavy motor coat practically

a mile to the Twickenham ground and was half dead when I reached it); there is a roar of cheering; you can see nothing, being still at the gates—and another—and then a mightier one. Some one has scored a try. You have probably missed the finest try of the century. In pushing and edging a way to your seat high up in the East Stand you are the most hated man in all England; lovely women stare frigidly at you and big men mouth imprecations at you under their breath. Phew! an awful quarter of an hour—in reality only a minute or so.

I was late, I remember, on that never-to-be-forgotten day when Adrian Stoop made Rugby history by his unorthodox attack in the very first three seconds of an International game, resulting in that try which men still talk about, and disgust me when they do so, as I was struggling through the

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turnstiles, unsighted, as fighters say, instead of being in my place and revelling in it as I should have been.

However, having at long last achieved one's coveted seat in any of the Twickenham stands, what a glorious moment that is when the teams come out to be photographed, and you know that nothing can happen now to deprive you of a spectacle that you have been looking forward to probably for months. The zenith of the day's pleasure is when that forward raises his hand and advances towards the ball lying there waiting for the gargantuan battle to begin. Bedlam breaks loose and sixty thousand men and women are utterly content: lovely!

That Murrayfield Feeling.

The scene at Scotland's headquarters is as different as Edinburgh is from Eastbourne. The visiting Englishman feels a sense of drama overlaying him. Excessively friendly are his Scottish hosts. They have done their best to show him tangible, thirty over proof, evidence of their desire for his welfare last night and at lunch to-day. Nevertheless, one is in the enemy's camp. Round me creep all those old blood-feud feelings of the Englishman *versus* the Scot that have been fought out down the centuries.

I find myself putting up a little mental prayer for the victory of those chaps of ours in the dressing rooms down below the huge stand. To me they appear to be about to settle this England-Scotland question once again and finally. This is not a Rugger game that is about to be played—this is another Border Battle; another Otterburn, which was the fiercest fight the two races ever fought hand to hand; and I go cold with anxiety and keenness at the thought of it.

And then a kindly Scot sitting next to me asks thoughtfully if I can see all right; and that he is afraid they are in "for an awfu' beating the day—aye." He does not think so at all, of course, but he is just as taut inside as I am, and he must say something, for even inanity of speech gives him some relief. And there is that cold grey, sombre shadow of the Castle looming opposite in the afternoon mist, typifying the grim tenacity of the foe; and . . . but here come the white-rosed jerseys and the thistle-marked blue; no more silly reflections and internal panics; they've kicked off; they're at it; the English forwards are rushing them off their feet. GOSH . . .!

LAWN TENNIS

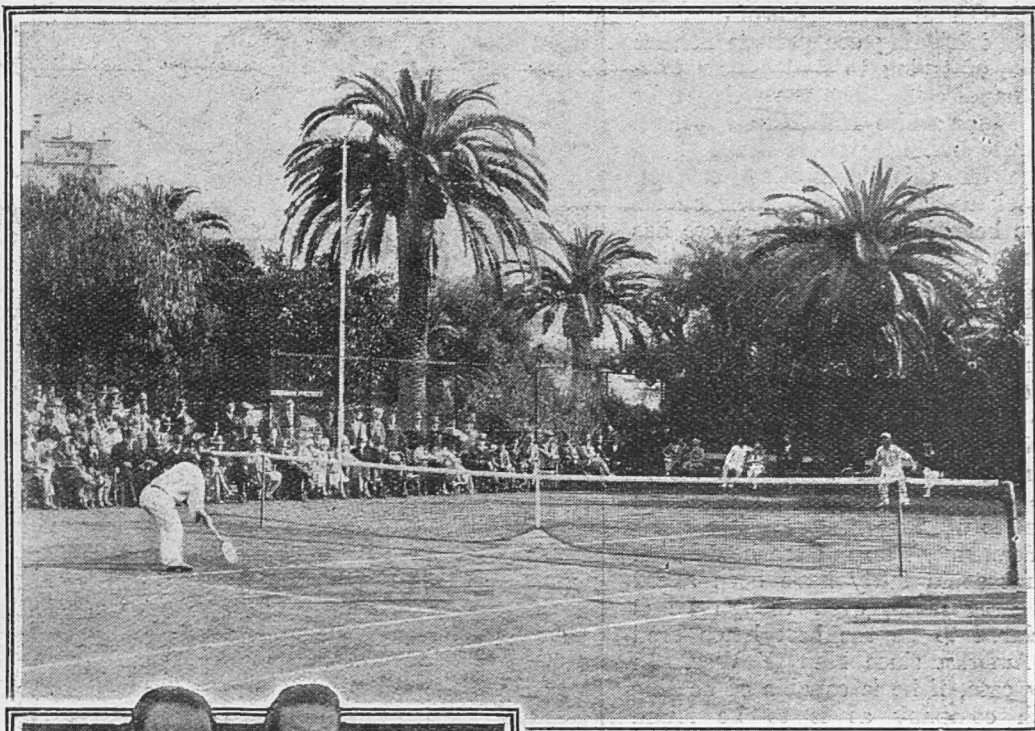
By F. GORDON LOWE

THE chief Riviera event of last week was the French Professional Championships at Beaulieu. This meeting from a small beginning in 1920 has developed into one of real importance, and large crowds from all points of the Riviera come to Beaulieu for the final stages, knowing that they are going to see some of the best tennis of the season.

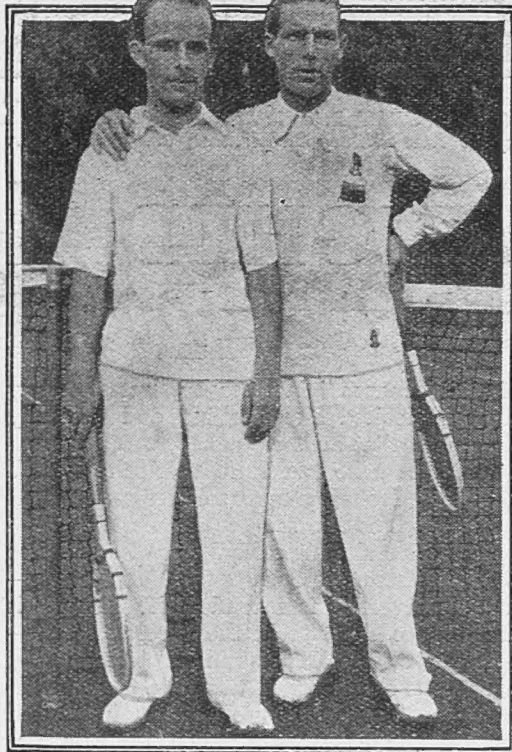
Kozeluh's Third Triumph.

Last week Karel Kozeluh again triumphed for the third time. In thus winning the Bristol Cup outright he gave further evidence of his wonderful mobility and uncanny retrieving powers. Having just returned from the States where he has, in all, won thirteen matches out of eighteen against Richards, Kozeluh was in perfect training for this Championship. He was in deadly form against Edmund Burke who could only secure two games in three sets.

In the semi-final, however, Ramillon, the talented young Frenchman who played so splendidly at Queen's Club in the autumn,



LAWN TENNIS ON THE RIVIERA. The Final for the Bristol Cup, in which Karel Kozeluh (Hungary) beat Albert Burke (Great Britain).



LOUIS AND KAREL KOZELUH. The latter won the Bristol Cup at Beaulieu outright last week.

was able to give the famous Czecho-Slovakian a distinctly harder fight, and was only beaten 6-0, 6-4, 6-4. Ramillon is a gifted volleyer; he showed, as Richards has also done, that Kozeluh is vulnerable against a brilliant and sustained attack. Although within a point of 5-2 and again of 5-all in the third set, the Frenchman failed through lack of experience to force his advantage home. Both men during this encounter gave a fine exhibition of stroke play.

A Terrific Match.

Albert Burke, another polished stylist, was the other finalist, but had a terrific match of three and a half hours duration in the semi-final before he could subdue Najuch by 6-1, 6-4, 4-6, 7-9, 10-8. Although played for the most part from the baseline, this game never dragged; the large crowd missed their lunch in order to see the finish.

Najuch lost the first two sets, Burke being at his very best. From then on, however, the Pole played the game of his life, while bringing the scores to two sets all. The final set developed into a fierce struggle in which both men at one time only wanted their own service game for victory. Towards the end Najuch had a nasty fall and Burke went out.

Our English Hope.

On the whole Maskell, the young English champion, played well, considering that he has little experience of the tricky conditions on the Riviera. His chief victory was gained in a hard fought match against Page, of Mentone; in the next round Maskell also succeeded in thoroughly extending Albert Burke, although his old fault of not being able to clinch a winning lead was in evidence.

The young Englishman was 5-2 in the first set and actually had three set points, including a simple smash, but in spite of these golden opportunities he allowed Burke to win the next five games. The Carlton Club professional eventually won at 7-5, 6-2, 6-4.

The Old Boys' Association.

The public school Old Boys' Lawn Tennis Association is now an accomplished fact and this excellent movement, judging by the distinguished names who are supporting it, seems pretty sure of success. Lord d'Abernon is the President, and in addition to several leading headmasters, Lord Desborough, Major Cazalet, Colonel Kingscote and Mr. Wilberforce, President of the All-England Club, are Vice-Presidents. The association also has a live Committee, including four young players of note.

Any movement whose primary object is to stimulate lawn tennis interest at our big public schools should be handsomely supported. It has long been admitted that the best chance of regaining our lost tennis laurels lies entirely through the agency of these schools. Through them some of the finest athletes in the world are turned out yearly, but, unfortunately, only a very small percentage of these boys are taught lawn tennis. Up-to-date, to put it bluntly, it has generally been those who are no use at other games.

Let us hope the new association will concentrate whole-heartedly on popularising the game at the schools themselves by arranging matches and personal visits of well-known old boy players. The idea of fixing more matches and competitions, even on the splendid lines of the Arthur Dunn Football Cup, seems hardly necessary. Surely old boys, from whatever school, have all the lawn tennis they can possibly want without introducing any further fixtures.

TO a racing man, one of the most intriguing occupations is that of trying to find a flaw in a big handicap. Since the weights for the Lincolnshire Handicap appeared all the racing writers have been busy on this fascinating subject. So far as I have seen, their efforts have been in vain. True, there has been a tendency to question whether Mr. Penrhyn-Hornby has not erred in setting the American crack, Reigh Count, no more than 9 st. 2 lb. to carry, but this criticism has been lukewarm, as if the writers were not too sure of their own ground. They probably appreciate that Mr. Penrhyn-Hornby has been working a bit in the dark, having had no collateral form to work upon.

Personally I do not see how Reigh Count could fairly have been asked to carry more, even though he is declared to be the best horse bred in America since Man O' War. In any case, if he is capable of beating such company as is to be found here with over nine stone in the saddle, he is not likely to be trained for a race like the Lincolnshire with so many better-class events to be won later in the season. A serious attempt to win on the Carholme could scarcely be regarded as a wise move in the training of a horse whose main objective is such a totally dissimilar event as the Ascot Gold Cup.

Scintillation Well Treated.

If there is a horse treated with undue leniency, it would seem to be Scintillation, who stands only six pounds above the minimum mark. I remember that this colt, when making his debut as a three-year-old, beat a big field with some ease over a mile at Newbury last spring, Baytown, giving ten pounds, running second, beaten a length and a half, with Sea Crag and fifteen others behind. Baytown is now set to give his conqueror 29 lb. Again, when Scintillation divided Speyside and Gang Warily in the Jersey Stakes at Ascot, Pondicherry, giving six pounds, was only fourth. Yet Pondicherry has to concede him 17 lb. at Lincoln.

Harry Cottrill, who trains Scintillation for Mr. C. W. S. Whitburn, does not usually get going so early in the season, but if serious business is intended with this colt, the Lambourn representative may be a big danger to the best of them. Others that I intend to watch closely with a view to developments are Guard's Parade, Garnock, Caballero, to whose chance I referred a fortnight ago, Grotesque, Thackeray and Voltero.

It is generally supposed that, because Mr. S. B. Joel has taken out Porthole and Trelawny, Fohanaun will be the sheet anchor of the stable. But my impression is that it is Thackeray that has been earmarked for the task of attempting to win Mr. Joel his second successive Lincolnshire Handicap. Last season, it is true, his only victory in eleven essays was gained over a sprint course, but he made several praiseworthy efforts over longer tracks in the autumn, and I vividly remember how desperately unlucky he was to lose that eleven furlong handicap at Newmarket, a defeat that caused his owner to ask for an inquiry.

Wootton's Hope.

Mention of Thackeray reminds me that he was once an inmate of Stanley Wootton's stable, whose hopes of success on the Carholme must rest on Grotesque. This natty little colt's name was often in the mouths



RACING AT HURST PARK: Mr. Anson's *Savernake*, winner of the *New Century Steeplechase*, taking the water.

WEIGHED IN

By "Blackfriar"

of the "sharps" last season, but the only time he looked like winning and the only time, too, that he was backed, was at Goodwood, where he ran third to Archway and Blue Boy for the Drayton Handicap. That was really good form.

As I have already said, I do not anticipate that Baytown will be prepared for Lincoln—if a spring race is intended for him it is much more likely to be the Liverpool Cup—but Sir Charles Hyde can provide a really dangerous candidate in Garnock. This cast-off from Stanley House greatly impressed me by the ease with which he won the Markeaton Handicap at Derby in November after giving start away to all his rivals. He looks an ideal horse for a race like the Lincolnshire.

Probably there is no more genuine horse in training than Guard's Parade. His consistent running all through his career has endeared him to the public, and the fact that Sir Abe Bailey did not dispose of him along with the rest of his horses last back-end was positive proof of the affection that the South African millionaire has for the son of Grand Parade. The colt appeared to run a little stale towards the finish of

the season, but he is essentially a spring horse, and after the winter's rest will probably strip his old virile self at Lincoln.

Those people who like to pin their faith to horses that have been hurdling will doubtless take Voltero on their side. This colt of many names—he started his career as Maryborough, and while still a juvenile became known as Bar One—did not win a race on the flat last season, but he was usually carrying big weights. Perhaps his best performance was when he ran fourth to Guard's Parade, Ranjit Singh and Camelford for the Nonsuch Stakes at the Epsom Spring Meeting. He can meet Guard's Parade here on a stone better terms.

Ruddyman's "National Trial."

The racing at Gatwick last week, was scarcely up to the standard usually associated with this meeting. The so-called "National Trial," the Stayers' Handicap Steeplechase, proved anything but a test of Aintree hopes, and the winner, Ruddyman, can have told his connections very little beyond the fact that he can stay four miles, so moderate was the opposition. Ruddyman, which Mr. Gordon Selfridge purchased to replace the ill-fated Misconduct a couple of seasons ago, is a good type of steady chaser that has already shown his ability to jump the Aintree country, but whether he has the necessary combination of stamina, agility, and luck to win the "National" is another matter.

One of the curiosities of the meeting was the way the crowd tumbled over themselves to back the Irish horse, Wondrous, for the Maiden Hurdle. On his fine effort against Easter Hero at Lingfield, and his subsequent victory at Plumpton Blue Vinny's chance looked much the better I thought. So it proved, for splendidly handled by that rising amateur, Captain Weber, Blue Vinny readily beat his field, incidentally paying tribute to his Lingfield conqueror, Easter Hero.

Moneyspinning Jugo.

Much of the sport at Hurst Park was mediocre, especially the steeplechases. But there was a really good race for the New Year Hurdle on the first day, although it was easily won in the end by the well-handicapped Jugo. What a bargain Mr. T. Richards made when he paid 620 guineas for this tubed son of Son-in-Law, after it had won a "seller" at Newmarket fifteen months ago. Since then, Jugo has credited his owner with nearly £2,000 in stakes-money alone. This was his second success over hurdles.

Walter Nightingall, his trainer, also won the chief event of the second day, the New Century Steeplechase, with *Savernake*, and here again victory was easily achieved. *Savernake* has had a varied career on the turf. At one time the hope was entertained that he would make a name for himself as a long distance performer on the flat, but the nearest he got to that distinction was in 1924 when he was narrowly beaten by Charley's Mount and Bolet Satan for the Cesarewitch. When his attention was turned to jumping, he managed to win a fairly good race at Sandown, but since that day, nearly three years ago, no success had come his way until last Saturday. Then, at his first attempt over the bigger jumps, and at the age of nine years, he literally runs away with a four hundred pounds steeplechase.

Week-End Selections.

WINDSOR, FRIDAY.

Clarence Hurdle.—*Silver Cord*.
Borough Handicap Steeplechase.—*Eagle's Tail*, if absent, *Sir Shaun*.
Peascod Selling Hurdle.—*Nautical Swell*.
Royal Handicap Hurdle.—*Angel-Angel*.
Carry-On Steeplechase.—*Footer*.

WINDSOR, SATURDAY.

Barracks Hdp. Steeplechase.—*Dash O' White*.
Gardiner S. Hdp. Hurdle.—*Theodust*.
St. Leonards Hdp. Hurdle.—*Easter Hero*.
Montem Hurdle.—*Master Dabber*.
Over the Top Steeplechase.—*Kilreckle*.